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GLADSTONE STREET

Frontispiece

MY CLONMEL SCRAP BOOK

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

JAMES WHITE

SECOND THOUSAND

E. DOWNEY & CO., WATERFORD

MCMVII

DEDICATION

I DEDICATE "My Clonmel Scrap Book" *to the people of "Rare Clonmel," and especially those exiled all the world over. I sincerely hope that the sketches, pictures, and songs will recall many pleasures of their youth, and give them as much enjoyment as I had in collecting them.*

To the many kind contributors of the selections, to those who took photos and lent pictures for my purpose, and also to the several friends who encouraged me in the publication of the book, I return my warmest thanks.

For myself I can only claim patience as a collector. Acting on the knowledge of the love which my fellow-townsmen have for our grand old Borough, I now place the result of my efforts with some degree of confidence in the printer's hands.

I may perhaps mention that the selections of my long-time friend C. J. B., breathing as they do the pure atmosphere of our beautiful river, our mountains, and our glens, first inspired me to make this collection.

I send them forth in the hope that any shortcomings of mine may be overlooked in this to me a "Labour of Love."

THE COMPILER

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MY CLONMEL SCRAP BOOK

CLONMEL

The following historical and topographical notes with reference to Clonmel and its neighbourhood were published in the *Clonmel Chronicle*. They will, perhaps, interest our stranger visitors, and may possibly induce them to prolong their stay amongst us, in order to enjoy the beautiful drives around here, and to see for themselves some of those remarkable ecclesiastical and other ruins which so abound in this locality.

Between two and three thousand years ago the Tuatha de Danaans, a people of Eastern origin, landed on the Irish coasts, and driving the Firbolgs before them—a still earlier tribe—halted when they reached the valley of the Suir, guided, so tradition asserts, by the instinct of a swarm of bees. Every one knows the story. They resolved to remain where their little pioneers had settled, and soon was raised the "baile," or circular fort, which in after years became the nucleus of the future town of Clonmel. Passing down the stream of time, and coming to the era of Christianity, we find Olliol Ollum, King of Munster, conferring upon Ængus, in the third century, a settlement from the river Suir to the sea. His descendants obtained a further accession of territory north of that river, even to the plains of Cashel, comprising the ancient locality of "*Cluain Mealla*" (Clonmel), or "The Field of

Honey." We need not revert to the slow but certain decline of Paganism which now set in, nor yet at any length to the devastation of those Danish hordes, who afterwards came and carried fire and sword over the greater portion of the south. The native princes offered a stout, and for a time a successful resistance, occasionally meting out a fierce retaliation for those barbarous deeds of pillage and incendiarism which fills many a dismal page in our annals. The men of Munster, in the tenth century, met "The Proud Invader" on the plains of Tober-na-Glethrac, between Clonmel and the famous Moat of Knockgraffon, where eleven hundred of his army bit the dust, and his crimson standard was sullied with defeat.

Clonmel, up to the year 1300, was in a defenceless position, and as the neighbouring chieftains had long been in a chronic state of rebellion, and were becoming rather troublesome, Edward II., with a view of enabling the inhabitants to place the town in a proper state of defence, "graciously" sanctioned the issue of what was termed a "Murage Grant" (to continue for seven years), which authorised the provost, bailiffs, &c., to levy tolls on all merchandise sold within the borough. These tolls were specifically designed to raise a fund for the erection of walls, ramparts, and other fortifications around Clonmel. Grants of a similar character were made in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV., from which we are left to infer that these works must have been of a very extensive character. The remains of those ancient fortifications bear the impress of great engineering skill. There are still to be found considerable portions of the old town wall, which was protected, at regular intervals, by small square towers. At the north-west angle of the wall there is a massive bomb-proof tower

called "The Magazine"; while at the west end of the town, on the thoroughfare leading to Caher, stood one of the old gateways of Clonmel, the only one of four yet extant. Restored in the early part of the present century, through the active agency of a native merchant, Mr. Joyce, and the liberality of his fellow-townsmen, it now presents a plain obtusely-pointed arch, surmounted by a battlemented quadrangular structure of two storeys, from one corner of which ascends a circular embattled tower. A few years ago a very interesting map of the town and fortifications of Clonmel, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was accidentally discovered by the late Mr. Joseph White amongst a number of family deeds and documents. It traced the line of the encircling walls and watch towers, with apparently complete accuracy, and showed how well defended the town was in those days, especially on the southern or water side, where there was no wall, but a series of flanking towers and ramparts on the verge of the river: a formidable protection for its "pontage and wharfage."

Clonmel seems to have made some figure in the fierce struggles between the English and Irish along the frontier of the English pale: and it comes distinctly into notice in connection with the rebellion of Simnel and Warbeck, when it sent a considerable levy of its inhabitants to aid the loyal citizens of Waterford in resisting those pretenders. The first regular siege of Clonmel mentioned in the pages of Irish history was undertaken by Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare. In the year 1516 he ventured into the country of the Butlers —the home of his hereditary rivals—and there, with a new-born zeal for the king's service, he carried matters with a high hand. Advancing with his forces to near the walls of Clonmel, he sought admission, which he

must have been denied, at least for some time. Sir James Ware tells us in his *Annals* (page 63) that Kildare (with whom were Peter, Earl of Ormond, and James, son of the Earl of Desmond, " marched with all possible speed to the fenced Town of *Clonmell* (scituate on the Sure), that he might anticipate the fame of his coming. Not long after the Town was yielded up unto him by the Inhabitants, upon what conditions I know not ; and thence he returned Home with certain Hostages and Prisoners, and was received of his Friends with great joy ; the rest betook themselves in safety to their own homes." The Earl of Kildare was then Lord Deputy. Sidney pitched his tents under the walls of Clonmel for three days in his progress through the south, with all " the pomp and circumstance of war ; " while the ill-fated Mountjoy brought his heavy guns, intended for the siege of Caher, in boats drawn with horses to Clonmel, in just the same manner as they are bringing to-day machinery and other matters for exhibition at our Royal Agricultural Show. For three hundred years the navigation of the Suir has undergone no change except in the character of its traffic, and that change has been a happy one.

The inhabitants of our good town evinced a disposition to revolt after the death of Elizabeth, but were so checked and repressed as to be deterred from open outrage.

The Siege of Clonmel by Cromwell

Clonmel acquired much importance during the civil wars of the seventeenth century. It was one of the first places seized by Colonel Richard Butler of Kilcash, and the Lords of the Pale, when they resolved to take up arms and make common cause with the northern

insurgents. Its citizens insisted strongly upon their allegiance to the royal cause, avowing that their only purpose was to defend themselves against a Parliament equally hostile to the sovereign and to themselves. They acted with singular magnanimity, for we read that their leaders granted a safe-conduct to such of the Protestant townsmen as were unwilling to join their ranks. It should also be mentioned to the credit of our town, that when Cromwell's Commissioners afterwards made inquisition into the massacres of 1641, and following years, it was discovered that Clonmel had remained free from crime, and that not a single outrage had been perpetrated here. Life was found to have been held sacred within our walls. In the year 1650 Clonmel earned for itself a proud distinction, winning from Cromwell himself the highest tribute of admiration. The Parliamentarian general was sweeping with fiery haste through the southern counties of Ireland, and at last resolved to summon the garrison of Clonmel. The Earl of Ormond had already poured into the town some 1500 Ulstermen for its defence, entrusting the command to Hugh O'Neill, a kinsman of the great northern chieftain. Fethard had been quietly surrendered; Cashel garrisoned with a Parliamentary force; Caher and Kilkenny were also safe in their hands; and now Cromwell, with his "Ironsides," turns towards Clonmel, where the death-agony of a terrible war is to be experienced.

For more than a month the lieutenant-general lay encamped before Clonmel, and siege operations were carried on with great difficulty and daily hazard. Day after day wore on, and still the enemy held out until about the 8th of May, when Cromwell resolved to push matters to extremities, for events in England were demanding his speedy return. A formidable battery

was erected, and the guns opened fire upon the devoted walls: a breach was effected at about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th of May—it is supposed near the northern gate—and the besieging forces were thus enabled to dislodge the "flankers," who had annoyed them with an unceasing cross-fire.

Cromwell lost many of his men in attempting to enter through the breach which his guns had made. The lot fell upon one Colonel Cullen, who was chosen to lead the advance with both infantry and cavalry. Where the wall had been battered down, was at the end of a great street—so the despatch of Mr. Secretary Cliffe runs—on either side of which were old houses, with wide bay windows, filled with armed men, who maintained a galling fire upon the assailants. Every effort was made to force a passage into the town, and beyond the counterscarp which O'Neill had thrown across; but a deadly storm rained thick upon the devoted band, and they were thrown into disorder. A precipitate flight ensued; and the ranks of the invaders were reduced to a skeleton. Cromwell had met with, indeed, "the stoutest enemy" he had ever encountered since his landing in Ireland. Those who survived that fatal hour had literally to be dragged up by hand over the débris of the broken ramparts. Cullen and several of his bravest companions were killed in the attack.[1]

[1] It was in the course of this disastrous affair that Captain Langley, who was one of the first to volunteer for service with the storming party, had his left hand cut off by a blow of a scythe as he was attempting to mount the breach. Ever after he wore an iron hand, which curious and interesting memento is, we are informed, still preserved in a glass case at Coalbrook, the residence of that brave officer's lineal descendant, Geo. Langley, Esq., D.L. Another relic is to be found at Coolmore, the residence of the late Captain Sankey, R.N.—namely, a pair of military gauntlets presented by Cromwell himself to an ancestor of his, who also was at the siege of Clonmel.

Oliver next issued directions to have heavier guns brought up from the battery, and placed that night nearer the ramparts, ready for the morrow's work. That night Hugh O'Neill and his Ulstermen — the gallant defenders of Clonmel—held a council of war with the civic authorities, which had been hastily summoned to consider the question of an immediate flight or further resistance. The latter was found impossible, for the very plate of the richer inhabitants had been melted down for the purpose of casting bullets; and now these were all expended, and the powder supply totally exhausted. It was decided that the general and his brave army should make good their escape under the cover of night; this they were enabled to do through a clever stratagem.

At about twelve o'clock that night some of the officers stationed on the breach came to the camp, escorting two of the townspeople, with word from the mayor and governor that they were ready to treat for the surrender of the town, their lives and properties being guaranteed. Cromwell entered into treaty with them, and the articles of capitulation were actually drawn up. Nothing remained to be done, except their formal signature. It was not long before the silence was broken by a shrill alarum; the troops rushed from their tents, but only to learn that O'Neill and his officers and men had escaped. Cromwell, though outwitted, kept his word with the townspeople of Clonmel. This was all the more remarkable, as he had lost 2500 men in that one siege alone. He traced his great burly "Oliver" at foot of the articles of surrender, and sent immediately a force of cavalry in pursuit of the fugitive army. The next morning Cromwell marched into Clonmel: a new garrison was appointed, and Colonel Sankey was placed as governor of the town.

From the bed of the river, near the old Manor Mills, several cannon-balls have been taken. Terrible reminders these, of that pitiless storm of iron hail which rained so furiously over Clonmel!

Civic Annals

Clonmel, it has been said, may be considered in its corporate capacity as of the prescriptive class of borough endowed with civic rights anterior to written authority. The first event on record in connection with the town carries us back to the period of the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. Henry, through the submission of the Irish princes and governors of the south, soon became established in his newly acquired authority. As he marched from Waterford to Lismore, he parcelled out the principal estates to certain of his valiant knights, who had proved his more devoted adherents. To one of these—Otho de Grandison —was given all Tipperary. One of Otho's earliest acts was the erection of Clonmel into a borough, according to the powers conferred upon him.

At a Parliament held in Dublin A.D. 1300, to which all the boroughs of Ireland were required to send representatives, Clonmel appears as "from the borough of De Grandison at Clonmel," on which occasion its representatives voted an assessment upon it for the service of the State to the amount of twelve marks. In the reign of Edward II., "The Provost and Commonality of Clonmel" sued the king to relieve them from some difficulties; and in the year 1313 a charter of amercement was granted, which proved that, whatever they had done amiss, the royal favour was not forfeited.

In 1329 the King's Escheator was commanded to

take possession of all the lands and tenements which had belonged to Otho de Grandison, then deceased (2nd Edward III.). This seizure by the Royal Escheator was consequent upon the existing state of tenures, whereby, upon any alienations, a license should issue from the Crown to legalise them. The alienation in this case was from Peter, heir male of Otho de Grandison, to *Maurice*, son of Thomas Earl of Desmond, then a minor, and was duly certified in Chancery.

Edward III. seems to have held the ancient and loyal borough of Clonmel in his especial favour, for we find from the Patent Rolls that on the 20th January, in the forty-fifth year of his reign, he granted "to the Provost and Commons of the town" a charter giving them full license to elect annually a sovereign from their co-burgesses; a privilege which, it is to be inferred, had formerly been exercised by the De Grandison family. The manor and lordship of Clonmel soon after fell to the Butlers, and at a time when the sovereign was showering honours thickly upon them.

In Morrins' *Patent and Close Rolls* (p. 376) we find what is termed "The Governing Charter of Clonmel," dated July 5th, in the sixth year of the reign of James I. (1608). It recites as follows:—

"That the town of Clonmel was an ancient Borough, situate in the Liberty of Tipperary and Waterford—fortified from the time of its foundation by forts and walls, erected by English lieges: springing from an ancient race using English habits, customs, and laws.—That the inhabitants duly rendered laudable service to Englishmen, with the loss of their blood and life.—That the town was contiguous to the Suire, with a port convenient for navigation, having a Bridge long and high; fortified with towers, castles, and bulwarks; in

the reparation of which the inhabitants had expended considerable sums of money, but now, in consequence of the poverty of the inhabitants, had become ruined and decayed; and the residents, in consequence of the Plague and the Burning of the Town, are reduced to great poverty, and likely to remain so unlesse aid be speedilie given.—And as the town is convenient for the King's Commissioners, Justices, and Army.—In consideration of the fidelite and obedience of the inhabitants which they have manifestly exhibited :—

"His Majesty Grants

"'That the town and suburbs and the entire extent of land and water on every side within the ancient limits Be for ever a Free Borough Incorporate, consisting of a Mayor, Two Bailiffs, Free Burgesses and Commons (23 Burgesses)—of whom the Mayor and Bailiffs shall be three. License was also given to appoint a man *learned in the law* to be Recorder of the Town : a Clerk of the Tholsell : a Sword-Bearer : three Sergeants-at-Mace, and so many inferior officers as shall be necessary for the service of the town.—To have a *Common Seale*, engraved with such inscription as to them shall seem expedient, to seal all Writings, Evidences, and Muniments of the Town; and another seale or signet wherewith to seale all Testimonials, Certificates, and Attachments.

"'They may have a Guild Mercatory [Chamber of Commerce], and a hall appurtenant. No foreign merchant shall sell by retail any merchandise in the town without special license unlesse the wares be bought or sold from day to day at the usual times and places.

"'They may have two markets, namely—on every Tuesday and Saturday, and the Mayor shall be Clerk : They shall have the Assize of Bread, Wine, and Beer,

and *the Mayor may wear such robes and garments as the Mayor of Waterford.*

" ' They shall have a Quay or Wharf in the town upon the Suire, and take *from each ship* coming to load or unload, for the maintenance of the quay, 4d. for every ton weight imported or exported : and they shall have the pontage or custom of the Bridge as they anciently had without molestation or impediment. All their goods and chattels shall be free of lastage, pontage, passage, pavage, anchorage, quayage, gravage, and wharfage, in all cities and towns, in as ample a manner as the citizens of Kilkenny.

" ' They may acquire Manors, Lands, and Tenements ; Advowsons and Services of the annual value of £20 : and they shall have all waifs and strays occurring in the Town, and may quietly enjoy all their lands, tenements, houses, mills, orchards, and pastures—the ancient burgage of the town.—July 5th, 6 James I.' "

This charter continued in operation until James II. forced its surrender by *quo warranto !* An " Exemplification " of the charter of 1608 was subsequently granted by King William III., and taken out at the instance of John Moore, Esq., Mayor of Clonmel. It is this " Exemplification " which is at present to be found amongst the records of our municipal corporation.

There is an old tradition that the victims of the violent epidemic which occurred here were interred in the old burial-ground of St. Nicholas, in the south suburbs of the town, and near the Goaten Bridge. The ancient name of the place—now all but forgotten—was *Teampull a plau,* or " The Church of the Plague."

About a mile from Clonmel, in the south-eastern suburbs of the town, there has existed from time immemorial an unfailing chalybeate spring, protected by a

low, arched building, resembling a crypt. This once famous Spa—which, in the olden time, drew many a wanderer in search of health from distant parts of Ireland—stands upon a portion of the corporate estate, now held under lease by Mr. Bagwell, of Marlfield, with, however, all public rights reserved. A stone tablet, built into the wall of the old structure, with its ancient-looking inscription, introduces us to one of the earliest "Mayors of Clonmel." There were *Sovereigns* who governed this time-honoured and historic borough for three hundred years before; but *Mayors*, from the days of James I., ruled with greater power, and represented a higher degree of civic dignity. The inscription runs simply thus :—

WILLIAM STANLEY

MAYOR OF CLONMEL

1693[1]

In 1667, the plan of Sir Peter Pett for introducing the woollen manufacture into Ireland was carried into effect by the Duke of Ormond, then Lord-Lieutenant; and, in order to provide a sufficient number of workmen, five hundred families of the Walloons were invited over from Canterbury to settle here. The manufacture continued to flourish for some time, but at length fell into decay, in consequence of the prohibitory statutes passed by the English Parliament soon after the Revolution. It is now in part revived in this neighbourhood. At Ballymacarberry, about seven miles from Clonmel, the Nire Vale Woollen Factory is worked by a Dublin company. Its romantic situation is greatly admired; and visitors will rejoice to hear the whirl of machinery

[1] The figure "6" has been partly cut away so as to make it resemble "0" at first sight.

and the hum of cheerful industry mingling with the musical flow of the river. Mr. J. Mulcahy has another woollen factory, also at full work, adjoining Ardfinnan Castle.

Returning to Clonmel, we are not altogether devoid of manufacturing industry. Free trade and the importation of foreign grain levelled a blow at the manufacture of flour, and many of our large mills, which have often excited the stranger's curiosity, now in their half-employed condition, tell only of a vast industry that has been lessened in extent, but is still an important one. The Clonmel Brewery, the most extensive manufacturing concern in Clonmel—Messrs. Thos. Murphy & Co.—has recently been considerably enlarged. The Clonmel Brand, in beer as well as butter, is in high repute on the other side of the Channel. This year a very large boot and shoe factory, fitted up with the finest machinery, and giving employment to nearly one hundred hands, was opened at Suir Island, Clonmel, by Mr. James Myers.

The visitor will find Clonmel wearing a clean and thriving appearance. Its streets—from almost every one of which views of the adjacent mountains are had—are spacious, handsomely edificed, and well regulated. The town is now under the immediate charge of the Corporation. Commercial enterprise serves to fill our various establishments with articles of the best class, rendering a visit to the metropolis unnecessary. Clonmel was the residence from early childhood of the celebrated and beautiful Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, third daughter of Mr. Edmond Power, who was the publisher of one of the earliest newspapers printed here. She was first the wife of the unfortunate Captain Farmer, to whom she was married at St. Mary's Church, Clonmel; afterwards of the Earl of Blessington. Her

salons in London were as popular as those of Holland House, and were the resort of the learned men of the day. To support her expenditure, she entered upon a career of authorship which knew no relaxation throughout the remainder of her life. She died at Paris in 1849. Here also was born, in the year 1713, Laurence Sterne, the distinguished novelist; and remoter still, Bonaventura Baron, who wrote numerous works, during a long residence in Rome, where he died in 1696. Clonmel gives the title of Earl, in the peerage of Ireland, to the noble family of Scott. Captain Thomas Scott was an officer in the service of William III.; and his grandson, John Scott, Esq., was made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Baron Earlsfort in 1874, Viscount Clonmell in 1789, and Earl of Clonmell in 1793.

The Suir bisects both the parish and town of Clonmel; and during the whole of its transit, as well as over long stretches both above and below, it is rich in the beauties of landscape. Nearly all the parish is a gallery of fine scenes, all interesting, many much diversified, and some sweetly and even grandly powerful. From Merlin, the residence of S. Fayle, Esq., situated on the right bank of the river, close to Clonmel, a magnificent view over the valley of the Suir is laid open—not surpassed, in richness and variety, by any of the celebrated vales of England and Wales. In the immediate environs of the Waterford portion of the town are some very handsome villas. West of the town is Marlfield, the beautiful estate and residence of the Bagwell family, and where, during the last Royal Agricultural Show at Clonmel, the then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (Lord Wodehouse) was entertained with splendid hospitality. Adjoining Marlfield is the beautiful demesne of Knocklofty, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Donoughmore, remarkable for its fine old timber and the richest

of woodland scenery. Two miles from the town, on the road to Caher, is Barne, the handsome mansion of Stephen Moore. Esq., D.L.; and four miles on the same road is Woodrooffe, the extensively wooded demesne of Samuel Perry, Esq., D.L. On the way to Cashel are Rathronan House and Knockeevan, the seats respectively of George Gough, Esq., and General Sir John Bloomfield Gough, G.C.B. Below the town, at from two to three miles, are Newtown, the seat of the Osborne family; Tickencor Castle; the interesting and extended mountain ravine of Glenpatrick; and the magnificent woods of Gurteen.

The Franciscan Friary

The Franciscan Friary was founded in 1269, either by the townsmen, by Otto de Grandison, or by the Desmond Geraldines. The convent was reformed by the Observants in 1536, and surrendered by Robert Travers, the last guardian, 3rd March, 31 Hen. VIII. The property was given, half to the Earl of Ormond and half to the townsmen, who maintained the church, which the Provincial, Father Mooney, found in good order at his visitation to it in 1615. The Tudor iconoclasts had even failed to destroy a miraculous image of St. Francis, on which witnesses used to be sworn, "it having been observed that perjurers had often been punished and confounded when they had had the audacity to swear against the truth, calling St. Francis to witness" (Alemand).

The Rev. C. P. Meehan has given us further particulars about the condition of the place when Mooney saw it. The conventual buildings were gone. But in the church the altars were standing, and also a magnificent monument to the Baron of Caher, and many

others. The zealous Provincial was much "scandalised by the conduct of some Jesuits and other ecclesiastics, who, in the absence of the Franciscans, allowed the remains of the Protestant sovereign of Clonmel to be interred close by Lord Caher's monument in the choir, and that he caused the body to be exhumed in the night time, and buried elsewhere. This, he informs us, he did with the permission of the Archbishop of Cashel." The Archbishop was David Kearney. The Jesuits, if they showed less zeal than this distinguished Franciscan, certainly showed more policy. Mooney succeeded in rescuing the church altogether from the disciples of Loyola; but the lands, in spite of all his efforts, remained with the Earl of Ormond. These were but a few acres of land, partly situated at "New town, near Anner's Bridge." A long narrow pasture-field by the riverside, and lately added to the Osborne estate at Newtown Anner, is called, to this day, *Inch-na-braher*, or Friar's Field. There were also some houses, one or more mills, and a fishing-pool and weir in Clonmel. The Earl of Ormond and the townsfolk respectively paid twelve pence rent to the Crown for their moiety or halfindel.

Cromwell is said to have stabled his troopers in the church, and the place fell gradually to decay. After other strange vicissitudes, the building passed once more into the possession of the Franciscan Order. In 1827 the Friary was restored, and it is to be regretted that this was accomplished in a manner calculated, in a great measure, to destroy many traces of its original architecture then in existence. From the remains of the east window of the choir, which can now only be seen between the present ceiling and the outer roof, it was evidently a pure specimen of the Early English style, similar to the cathedral on the Rock

Photo by W. S. Cross

OLD ST. MARY'S, IRISHTOWN

As it was built about 1849. Divine Service was continued in it while the New Church was being built over it.

of Cashel. The tower is the only part left in its original state—its parapet and pinnacles are, however, of modern erection. The present resident guardian, the Rev. James Walsh, O.S.F., has done much in beautifying the interior of the church, and has also shown a most praiseworthy interest in protecting from further injury the few fragmentary remains of the ancient sculptured monuments which once adorned the abbey. The covering slab of a remarkably fine tomb, belonging to the Butlers, and bearing the effigies of a Knight Templar and his wife, of the House of Ormond, has been carefully set up inside the church, immediately opposite the main entrance. We learn from the inscription it bears that this tomb was originally erected to the memory of "James Galdie Butler," and other members of the family, who died during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

St. Mary's Church

The Church of St. Mary's is a very ancient and highly picturesque structure. In its present re-edified state it is, perhaps, the most beautiful of the parochial churches of Ireland; and it is to be regretted that, while its original foundation seems completely buried in obscurity, so little is known of its after-history down to comparatively recent times. And yet that old church was the scene of some remarkable events—perhaps the most remarkable being the visit of the famous Dr. Brown, Archbishop of Dublin, who came in 1593, and preached before the Archbishops of Cashel and Tuam, and eight of the Bishops, and also in the presence of an immense popular audience, a sermon "advancing the King's supremacy." Then there was, in the following century, the enthronement of the

famous Bishop Gore, whose valuable bequest in aid of "ruinated churches" was lately rescued from an adverse possession, and secured to this diocese for all time, mainly through the zealous and persistent efforts of the present Rector of Dunmore, the Rev. Thos. Gimlette, D.D.; and latest of all, the very first episcopal election after the passing of the Church Disestablishment Act was held within those walls, when the present Lord Bishop of Cashel, Maurice Fitzgerald Day, was elected.

St. Mary's occupies what may be termed the north-western angle of the ancient borough; and stands in the centre of an extensive and beautiful enclosure, now overcrowded with "the habitations of the dead." The churchyard, with its shady avenues of venerable trees, is enclosed on the north and west sides by the remains of the ancient town walls; the recessed arches in these walls are filled in with granite or marble monuments—while with their parapets are connected three of the old watch-towers belonging to the original fortifications. They are rather quadrangular in shape, and are pierced with narrow windows, evidently of great antiquity.

As to the church itself, its age can only be approximately arrived at from a careful inspection of its older parts. Probably it should be ascribed to the twelfth century; and it is said that St. Mary's was built just two-and-thirty years before the Abbey of Holycross.

The church was re-edified in 1805, partly by subscription, when the style was totally changed, the chancel, amongst other alterations, having been considerably diminished in length; while the Corporation Gallery, emblazoned in front with the Clonmel arms, in oak, and erected on the north side, was then swept away.

In 1857 the church was all but entirely rebuilt in

the pointed style of the thirteenth century, and a new transept was afterwards added, on the north side.

"On entering the interior of the church itself, one is immediately struck with the elegant simplicity of the structure. The architecture is pointed, and, unlike the interior of the old church, the style is strictly carried out in the pillars, arches, and all the mouldings and ornaments of the building. The light and elegant proportions of the pillars and arches, with the absence of side galleries, and the height of the open roof, give an effect of simple grandeur that is most impressive. Seven pillars divide the nave from the lateral aisles—which, with the wall of the tower and the terminal walls of the building, support nine arches, a tenth forming the entrance to a small southern transept, which has been opened in the tower. The pillars are of white sandstone—the mouldings, the shields, and corbels supporting the principals and spandrils of the roof, being all in character. The chancel has not been altered; it is nearly as wide as the nave, but not so lofty, the roof of the latter being 56 feet 6 inches from the floor. The beautiful arches at either side, enriched with chevron ornaments, foliated capitals, and corbelled out with grotesques and sculptured heads; the groined roof, with diagonal and central ogives, and the exquisite tracery of the eastern stained-glass window, form a picture in this building not to be surpassed by any parish church in the country."—*Abbeys, Castles, and Scenery of Clonmel: Hemphill.*

Some further improvements have since been made in the body of the church, including a beautiful pulpit, of Caen stone, resting upon a group of dwarf red Galway marble pillars, which has been erected as a memorial of the Rev. F. T. Brady, rector of the parish, who died in 1874.

Of the original architecture now remaining, the most prominent feature is the great eastern window, with its fine Gothic tracery, filled in with stained glass. A strange story is told about this same window. When, early in the present century, they set about pulling down and remodelling the chancel—cutting off about thirty feet at the eastern end, and taking in at the opposite end that portion of the nave which had been screened off as useless—it became necessary, in the course of these changes, to take down the great old window ; but alas ! the person to whom this important work was entrusted forgot to make provision for its re-erection ; and when the numerous blocks of stone mullions were strewn about, it was found impossible to place them together again in their former position. A timber window was substituted ; while the old sculptured tracery lay scattered in all directions, half hidden amongst the graves by the long grass and rank vegetation. Some few years after an English tourist happened to visit our ancient churchyard, and, being struck with admiration at the beauty of these fragments of the old window, procured a skilled architect, who had them collected together, and the window itself restored according to the original design. It was filled in with stained glass during the churchwardenship of Messrs. Robert Romley and Samuel Morton Tuckey.

The steeple at the south-eastern angle of the church consists of a square basement of great antiquity, with a narrow spiral stone staircase in the walls, leading to a second storey : and an octagonal superstructure some sixty or seventy feet high, pierced in the upper part with eight louvred openings, in the form of Gothic windows, to allow free transmission for the chiming of the bells hung within. Five of these bells, supposed to have been cast in Clonmel, were placed in the steeple

nearly two centuries ago; one of them, however, either fell or was taken down, and sold some time since as old metal—so that but four are now in position. Around each bell a legend is traced in raised but now rust-eaten letters. The names of the donors and the date (1697) are given in the inscription.

At the north-east angle of the church was the Lady's Chapel, but so altered as to represent a massive embattled structure. At the south-west corner there formerly stood a small building, in correct style, known as the private chapel of the White family. It cannot be more than seventy or eighty years since the removal of this chapel, after it had become unroofed, and had fallen into complete decay. The appearance it presented in its ruined stage was described by one, now some years deceased, who remembered to have looked, when a boy, through its broken windows. He saw the long grass and rank vegetation that choked up the interior, hiding partly from view the richly sculptured tombs and tablets which, in silent language, seemed to tell the old, old story—"Sic transit gloria mundi!" Some of these monuments were carried off to enrich other buildings, while the western window in the present porch of St. Mary's once lighted the ancient chapel of the Whites. Three inscribed monuments belonging to this family, which are supposed to have originally belonged to this chapel, are now laid in the centre aisle of the church, near the chancel. They date from A.D. 1583. Two others were removed eighty or ninety years ago to decorate the little ruined chapel near St. Patrick's Well. A sixth tablet, containing the arms and insignia of a "Mayor of Clonmel" (1608), found its way, we are informed, to the Roman Catholic churchyard, Irishtown, long since, where for five-and-twenty years it served as a doorstep; fortu-

nately it lay in a reversed position, with its face downwards, and this kept the inscription and armorial bearings free from becoming obliterated. It is now carefully preserved from injury.

Returning to St. Mary's Church, there is in the south aisle a finely sculptured slab of fine grey limestone, now partly covered by the flooring of a pew. It bears this inscription :—

" Hic jacet Joannes Stritche burgensis huius oppidi qui obiit 25 Maii, 1622 ; et Margareta Daniel alias Smithe uxor eius quæ hoc monumentum superstes in memoriam dicti Joanis fieri fecit Ao. Dm. 1625 quæ obiit —— quoru. animabus propitietur Deus."

[Translation]

" Here lies John Stritche, a burgess of this walled-in town, who died the 25th May 1622 ; and Margaret Daniel, *alias* Smith, his wife, who, surviving, caused this monument to be erected in memory of the said John ; who died —— : to whose souls may God be propitious."

The devoted wife left nothing to be added to this inscription but the date of her own death, for which a blank was left : that space has never been filled in.

In excavating the flooring of the church during the course of some improvement works about forty years ago, the entrance to a vault was discovered at the east end of the south aisle, immediately near Stritche's tomb. Upon further search a skeleton was found encased in armour, a portion of which was secretly removed. The then rector of the parish, the Rev. J. P. Rhoades, having learned of this sacrilegious act, had the stolen armour returned and replaced in the vault, which was then closed up ; the place has not since been opened. We are assured of the truth of this singular discovery by a gentleman (Mr. B. P. Phelan, J.P.), who remembers to have seen the mail-

clad skeleton. There are, besides these memorials of the past, several beautiful white marble monuments erected within the church—the principal are those of Dr. Jos. Moore, for sixty-six years rector of the parish; and of several members of the Bagwell family of Marlfield.

The parish of Innislonagh, Marlfield, has been added by the Diocesan Synod to St. Mary's, to form the Parochial Union of Clonmel.

WILLIAM CLARKE.

In "Clonmel Chronicle."

THE WRECK OF THE *GWENDOLINE*

FROM the day I was nine, the wish was mine
A sailor bold to be ;
I began to pine for the stormy brine,
And a life on the deep blue sea.
And so one day on the old Bridge Quay,
I kissed my blue-eyed Nell,
And I shipped with joy as a cabin-boy
To a boatman of Clonmel.

'Tis a dreadful shock to leave Poulslough
When the heart is young and bright,
The street called Hawke, and the Gravel Walk,
And Duckett Street by night.
My sweet abode on Kerry Road
Is shrined in memory's cell.
Ah, cruel fate ! Good-bye, West Gate,
And Shambles Lane—farewell.

The morn was still ; near Hughes' mill
The *Gwendoline* was moored.
We laid in grog, and a terrier dog,
And a cargo of oats—insured.
So we poled away at break of day
And waved all friends adieu ;
And a loud farewell rang the friary bell
As the brewery hove in view.

At the word "Avast" we manned each mast,
And we cheered for Murphy's stout,
As the cheer arose, we frightened the crows
On the Waterford bow with the shout.
But the day grew dark, and our bounding barque
Was struck by a sudden squall;
The captain grew pale in the driving gale,
As we swept by the gashouse wall.

Her timber creaks, and now she leaks;
With a shovel we try to bale,
But not even that, nor the captain's hat,
Nor an old top-boot avail.
We neared the bank and threw a plank
To the Tipperary shore;
One whirl it gave, then in the wave
It sunk, to rise no more.

I cried "Farewell" to my blue-eyed Nell,
And I brushed away a tear,
But my heart gave a bound as we ran aground
On the wall of Dudley's weir;
Then we walked ashore, half dead or more,
The dog, and myself, and the tar,
And we shouted "Ahoy" to a creamery boy,
And went home in an ass's car.

And the captain cried, as we homeward hied,
That his luck for ever was gone,
For a gipsy foretold in the days of old,
He'd be wrecked at "Kilnawan."
"What harm," said he, "if it chanced to be
Where Kilsheelan's billows foam?
But the Board of Trade will me degrade,
For it's half a mile from home."

She was stuck in weeds, but some twenty steeds
That were chargers in their day,
They towed her back, on the sternward track,
To her berth beside the quay.
And other boats with Tartary oats,
May sail to Carrick Green,
But never more, by sea or shore,
Will sail the *Gwendoline*.

C. J. Boland.

AN OLD MURDER "TRIAL" AT CLONMEL

IN THE DAYS OF JUDGE NORBURY

In the year 1821 the times in Ireland, particularly in the county of Tipperary, were very disturbed, several murders (including landlords) having taken place. This gruesome year, with the object of carrying out some Government business of importance, I was ordered to visit the south of Ireland. I arrived about one o'clock on the 24th March at Clonmel, and having engaged my bed and ordered dinner, decided on going into the court-house, which was close at hand. It occurred to me that I would see how business was conducted in an Irish court-house, and that perhaps I might be fortunate enough to be present at the hearing of a sensational case. On going into the court-house I found the hall, which is a large one, crowded by military and police. Observing a smart-looking police sergeant, I addressed him, telling who I was, and expressing a wish to be accommodated with a seat in court. "The court, sir," he said, "is just now very much crowded, as a murder case of great importance is being called; but as the grand jury are now discharged, I will be able to procure you a seat in their gallery." With the sergeant I entered the gallery by a large winding stair. Here I was afforded a full view of the court and all that was passing. The court itself I found not a large one. It had a fine judicial seat, occupied by the Lord

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Toler (Lord Norbury). There were other galleries, one in front of the bench, the others at each side, with a large dock in the centre, having a large iron railing around it.

Just as I took my seat, the case of the King against James Driscoll, for the murder of Charles Baker, a large landed proprietor residing near Cappawhite, was beginning. After several jurors were ordered to stand aside, and others challenged by the prisoner's attorney, the jury was sworn, and the prisoner given them in charge. The prisoner was a smart-looking fellow, some twenty-eight years of age, with a determined look. He pleaded "Not guilty." The court itself was overcrowded. Great excitement was visible everywhere.

The counsel for the Crown, Mr. Scott, stated the case, giving an alarming picture of the state of the country. There were, he said, murders—awful murders—of frequent occurrence, and the present case was one of the worst. Unless the strong arm of the law was able to meet and crush such fearful deeds, juries and judges doing their part, there would be no living in the country, as law and order were unhinged.

The first witness called merely proved the finding of the dead body. The next witness proved seeing the prisoner and a person named Jack Crowe together on the evening of the murder, close to Mr. Baker's residence.

A great scene was then witnessed in court. A witness was presented who proved too many for judge and counsel. I never before or since saw or read of such a clever fellow. These Tipperary people are, no doubt, a strong and active race.

John Crowe, the prisoner's former friend, was called to the witness table, having turned king's evidence. He came forward amidst intense excitement. After being duly sworn, and having given his name, he was

ordered to sit down. At this moment the court was as still as the grave.

Mr. Scott, Crown Counsel.—Witness, your name is John Crowe.

Witness made no reply.

Counsel.—Why don't you answer my question ?

Court.—Answer counsel's question, sir.

Witness.—My lord, he has put me no question. He appears to know my name. He says it is John Crowe, and so it is.

Counsel (*a little confused*).—You are living close to the prisoner at the bar.

Witness made no reply.

Counsel.—Why don't you answer my question ?

Judge (*sharply*).—Why don't you answer counsel's question ?

Witness.—Counsel put no question. He says I am living close to the prisoner in the dock, and so I am, as every one in court can see. (There was great excitement in court at this answering.)

Court.—Don't you know sir, that counsel means when you are at home ?

Witness.—I don't know what is passing through counsel's mind. I only know what is passing through his lips, and he has addressed me in the present tense. (Sensation in court.)

Counsel.—What is the prisoner ?

Witness.—He is a man.

Counsel (*confused*).—Does he earn his bread by the sweat of his brow ?

Witness.—That is a queer question—Does he earn his bread by the sweat of his brow ! I suppose the sweat on his brow was produced by the use of bread or other food. (Great commotion in court, and cries of " Bravo, Crowe.")

Counsel.—Does he earn his bread as a farm labourer ?

Witness.—I don't believe he earns any bread. But I will tell you what I believe and know—he earns potatoes and milk, the common food of the country, three times a day. (Court awfully disturbed.)

Counsel.—You are, I believe, a friend of the prisoner ?

Witness.—So you say.

Counsel.—Do you remember 20th January last ?

Witness.— I do.

Counsel.—Were you in his company that night ?

Witness.—For a time.

Counsel.—Near Mr. Baker's house ?

Witness.—So you say.

Counsel.—Was the night a bright night ?

Witness.—Well, at this distance of time I can't positively say. After the occurrence, and while the matter was fresh in my memory, I stated it all truly and honestly in an information, which I swore before Mr. Jordan, and if you read that I will swear to every word in it.

Counsel.—I am reading, sir, from your information.

Witness.—No, sir, you are not—you are reading from a brief, made of my information by some clerk. I don't know what he has written in your brief, I want my information.

Court (*to the clerk of the Crown*).—Get the information.

Clerk of the Crown.—We can't find the document in court.

Judge.—Let a search be made for it in the Crown office. I will return to court in half-an-hour.

After the adjournment, the judge addressed the clerk of the Crown.—Have you found the missing information ?

Clerk of the Crown.—After a most careful search,

it is not forthcoming, and no one can account for its missing.

Judge (*horrified*).—Here is a nice business! So great a miscarriage of justice I never witnessed or heard of.

Crown Counsel.—I will ask your lordship to withdraw the case from the jury in order that it may be again brought on. There is some foul play.

Judge.—I can't do that; the jury have been regularly empanelled. The prisoner has been put to plead and given in charge, and several witnesses examined. Owing to some misconduct in the Crown office the prosecution has fallen through. This is the most remarkable case I have ever had before me. The approver or Crown witness have made a laughing-stock of the court. Let the prisoner be discharged. (Great applause in court.)

Judge (*to witness*).—Where did you go to school? You are the smartest chap I have ever had before me.

Witness.—As for school, my lord, I might say I never went to school. At school all I learnt was my letters. I got an old spelling-book, and after much trouble I came on in spelling words, and then I got an old grammar and studied it, so as that I got to know some of its meaning.

Here the court broke up in confusion, and I left with a vivid memory of a most notable official fiasco, on the first murder "trial" I witnessed in the capital of Gallant Tipperary.

From the "Nationalist."

THE MOON AT CLONMEL

It was ten o'clock at night when I reached my station on the Kerry line, after a lonely drive over the mountains from the Black Valley, and the mail train was not due for a full hour to come. But Nature had provided a lavish compensation, for the scene before me was one to linger over at the time, and to recall with delight in after years. The moon was shining in the heavens with a bridal radiance, bathing mountain and sea in floods of liquid silver. Above me the bare faces of the rocks high up the mountain side, still wet from the day's rain, were gleaming like burnished shields. Beneath slumbered a little hamlet, with its coastguard station snowy white beside the yellow strand. In front the sea was shimmering in an ecstasy under the moonbeams. Beyond it lay the dark blue promontory, with the narrow mouths of two harbours plainly visible; while the lovely Blasquet Islands, as they stood clear-cut in the silver sea, for once lost their aspect of gloom and desolation. I was leaning on the low parapet of the station wall drinking in the beauty of the scene—one of those that are said to call up tears unbidden to the eye of the beholder. Silence deep and perfect, save for the occasional sobbing of the surf as it broke against the cliffs far below, only served to lend added charm to the somewhat ghostly beauty of the night.

Suddenly, not without irritation, I heard footsteps approaching along the rough gravel of the platform.

The thought of being interrupted in my visual feast did not appeal to me, but when the stationmaster—for it was he—also leaned silently on the coping in contemplation of the scene, I unconsciously admitted him a partner in my feelings. Perhaps the fact that we were both smoking aided our tacit companionship, and it was some time before words were spoken on either side.

"A lovely moon," I said at length; "I don't remember ever having seen it so perfect."

"Then," said the stationmaster, as he took the pipe from his mouth, "*then you have never seen the moon at Clonmel.*"

I said nothing; his accent alone betrayed him a townsman of mine, but I did not then nor afterwards acknowledge it. Later on I was glad of my reticence; for I found him to be a man living on a memory long since grown into a crystal, which contact with reality would have hopelessly shivered. I looked at him, and saw a far-off, reminiscent look in his bright old eyes as they gazed over the prospect, and as I felt an intuition that he would continue to speak I remained a listener. I wonder it did not strike me at the time that his language was superior to what might be looked for in one of his position; but I fancy he must have read much in the necessarily long intervals from duty at his small hillside station.

"I'm certain of it," he continued, "and if you are ever there, and such a night as this comes out of the heavens, you will recall my words.

"Twenty years ago I left Clonmel, where I did night duty at the railway station for five years. Winter and summer, in snow and rain, wet nights and fine, I was porter at the night mail; but the only nights I remember now are the moonlight ones. The train was

due about two o'clock in the morning—I say about two, for it was oftener nearer to three when she'd whistle at Patrick's Well. When she was gone, and I had turned out all the lamps, I used to walk home to Irishtown by Gallowshill. Moon or no moon, Gallowshill was dark. Heavy trees overhang it at Prior Park, and maybe it was the trees, or it might be the thought of the hangings in the bad times which gave it its name, that made my heart sink as I walked along in the early morning before dawn, with the silence of death around me. Sleep didn't come easily to me in those days, perhaps because I was a new hand at the night work; so I was in the habit of taking a walk to tire myself before going to bed in the small hours. I am glad of it now, for the look of Clonmel on a night like this is in my eyes and in my heart for ever. At that hour there wouldn't be a soul in Johnson Street or Duncan Street except the watchman; but the sleepy cry of him as he droned out, "Past three and a fine night," wouldn't have disturbed a weasel. And then I came on the river. The mournful swish-swish of the water, when the river was low, making its way through the weeds, and the dark outlines of the lighters, covered with tarpaulins, made me feel as if I were alone in the world. To stand on the Old Bridge, on such a night as this, is an experience not to be forgotten. If you go there, look across at the mountain, framed by the high buildings like a slender picture; the fences are as clear as on a map, and Pelissier's Castle and the flagstaff as plain as print. Or lean on the parapet of the bridge, and look down the river at the dark, deserted corn-stores and Grubb's Island, with the branches of the big sally-trees kissing the water, and the river bubbling along happy and careless. Or turn your eyes up the stream, over the weir, towards the Boathouse;

By permission of Mr. F. Harvey

THE OLD QUAY

there are trees fringing each bank, and one tall poplar in the distance to finish off the view.

"Then, maybe, I'd go on by Spring Gardens, walk then by the tan-yards, and across the fields towards 'Little Hell.' The river is heavy and sluggish there, and you might think it a trifle gloomy, but you will change your mind when you pass the Thirteenth Hole, and stand on the Convent Bridge. Take the view down the river now. Irishtown is asleep on your left, and on the other side lie level fields, with big briar fences between the river and the mountain. You see the mountain again, only more of it, soft and sheltering, with the rugged ridge of the Reeks in the distance, and Slievenamon calmly watching over all. If you can tear yourself from that picture, look up the river once more along the sallies of Purcell's Island, and along the deep shadow thrown on the water by the Convent wall, and I'm mistaken if the moon won't pick out the Gravel Island for you, and Newbolds, where the Clonmel schoolboys make their first attempts at swimming.

"At first I used to go straight home from there. But after my little daughter died——"

There was trouble with the stationmaster's pipe at this point, and I became deeply interested in the progress of a fishing corrach which had shot into the line of light, propelled by oars that struck a phosphorescent flash from the sea at every dip. The stationmaster, meanwhile, had overcome the difficulty with his pipe, and resumed.

"I don't say that others can feel in the same way as I do towards the old churchyard of St. Stephen's. Because I have a special reason. I lost my little daughter, and there she lies. She would be three-and-twenty now if she had lived. But God's will be done!

He took her when she was only two, with her laughing face and her wavy black hair like her mother's.

"From the time she went, I took in the old graveyard on my moonlight rambles. Goodness knows 'tis a lonely spot. The tall poplars stand around its sides like ghostly sentinels, but the light comes freely between them, and somehow I never could think it a gloomy place. The ruined chapel loses a few centuries in the softness of the moonbeams, and the tombstones leaning this way and that from age gave me the idea that they were human in their weakness, and that they too longed to lie down and be at rest. I never could bring myself to look on them as mere limestone and granite; while others forgot and slept they kept watch, and to me in the moonlight they seemed to feel a sympathy with the lives and the loves of the people they covered. There I could sit by the hour, and maybe it wasn't good for me, for the thought of my little girl would come so strongly over me, that I could fancy I saw her stumbling towards me across the graves, with her bright eyes laughing and her pretty hands stretched out to me to catch her before she'd fall."

The stationmaster paused, and then, as if to himself, said, in a softer voice—

"And when it comes my own turn to go, I like to think I'll feel her little hands in mine, and that they'll help me.

"Sometimes," he continued, "sometimes I feel the wish to go back to the old town again, but perhaps I would be sorely disappointed. 'Tis hard to believe what I'm told, that in twenty years there is scarcely a name on a sign-board in the Main Street which hasn't been changed. And then, I know I'd miss the old street characters that were as familiar as the face of the clock at the Main Guard. But though all these

have changed, I am certain that the moon at Clonmel is shining to-night on the town and river and hill with the same beauty as twenty golden years ago.

" And what wouldn't I give to see it ? "

A long, shrill whistle from the approaching mail, the gleam of the engine's fire, and my train drew up at the station.

I shook hands with the old stationmaster, as warmly I hope as I felt towards him, and told him I hoped to be in Clonmel before long.

" Give it my love," he cried, as the train steamed out ; and at the turn of the cutting the station, and the kind, loving soul that brightened it more than the moonbeams, were lost to me, perhaps for ever.

C. J. Boland.

SOME OLD CLONMEL PAPERS

A GLANCE THROUGH THEIR PAGES

THROUGH the kindness of a correspondent, I have been permitted to inspect a small bundle of old Clonmel newspapers. They are for the most part small sheets something larger than *Tit-Bits*, and the quaint style in which they are "got out" gives one a good idea of the primitive methods of journalism prevailing in the old days as compared with the fine, newsy, broad sheets now so familiar to the public. Let us take a glance through the faded pages of these old records of the past.

The first in chronological order is a small rough sheet, the *Clonmel Gazette*, which had the rather comprehensive sub-title of *Hibernian Advertiser*. It was printed in this town on March 17, 1792, being the 100th number, vol. xxi., so the journal must have been a good while in existence at that time. It was printed by Collins & Heaslop, but the imprint does not state where the office was located.

The virtues of advertising in those early days were not apparently very much appreciated, as only two and a half of the sixteen columns were covered with advertisements. Six columns are devoted to the proceedings in the Irish Parliament, then sitting in College Green, Mr. Bagwell appearing in several of the discussions. Then follows a column and a half of foreign news, and three columns of English news. The only item of local intelligence is a paragraph about the

accidental burning to death of a little girl, but the advertising announcements are newsy in their own way. John Smithwick, of Lackin, announces that he lost a pocket-book containing four money bills for various sums in Tipperary town; David Higgins, of Marlfield, has an announcement about new garden seeds; Robert Dudley announces his retirement from hardware business opposite the court-house, and that his son succeeds him; Theobald and John Butler advertise Arbor Hill house and demesne to be set; Michael St. John, apothecary and druggist, Clonmel, announces receipt of a large stock of drugs and medicines from Bristol; George Cole, Clonmel, offers £1200 for a well-circumstanced estate between Clonmel and Tipperary; William Baker, Raheen, states he wants some land near Clonmel. The Royal Mail Coach Company invite tenders for the building of a coach-house in Clonmel. The advertisement stated that Richard Jones had the plans, and the tenders would be received by William Phillips. In the fourth page appears a long letter from Napper Tandy, then outlawed, in which he protests against the illegality of the methods by which he was being prosecuted by the English agents. The market notes have no reference to Clonmel, but the Waterford prices given show that butter was 64s. per cwt.; fresh lumps, 13d. per lb.; wheat, 25s. per barrel; barley, 9s. to 13s. per barrel; oats, 8d. to 10d. per stone; "malt," 17s. per barrel; beef, 2½d. per lb.; mutton, 2½d. to 3½d. per lb.; pork, 24s. per cwt.; potatoes, 2½d. per stone; coals, 2s. 8½d. per barrel. It will be interesting to compare these with the present prices.

Another copy of the same paper, issued in the same month, contains a report of proceedings in the Irish House of Parliament when the Lords passed a Bill re-

lieving Catholics of certain restrictions from which they suffered. We notice that Lord Donoughmore delivered a remarkable speech before the Bill was passed, emphasising the unanimity that prevailed regarding the measure, and resenting the contumely that a certain noble lord saw fit to cast on Catholics. A list of sheriffs showed that John Carden, of Cardenton, was sheriff of County Tipperary, and John Congrew (jun.), of Landscape, sheriff of Waterford County. Nowadays lotteries, even the simplest, are illegal, but in 1792 the State had a regular system of lotteries, and the *Gazette* gives the winning numbers for a week, in which the prizes range from £50 to £5000. Tenders used to be taken at the Castle for the sale of the lottery tickets, and the highest bidder was successful.

Three paragraphs appear under the heading Clonmel. One describes the accidental shooting of a workman in Mr. Connell's distillery at Fethard. Another points out that all the county magistrates are required to return information, &c., ten days before the opening of the Commission. A quaintly-worded notice appears from the mayor, Stephen Moore, regarding an assize of bread. He states that the price of wheat is £2, os. 6d. per quarter, with an allowance to the baker of 8s. on the wheaten and 9s. on the household. The weight of the penny loaf is fixed at 11 oz. 4 dr., and the sixpenny loaf at 4 lb. 4 oz. per loaf. The mayor declares he will not suffer any bread to be made, baked, or sold, except by a registered baker and marked with his name. An announcement regarding the Lent Assizes showed that the Munster circuit included Waterford, Tipperary, Limerick, Cork, and Kerry, the justices mentioned by the *Gazette* being Baron Hamilton and Justice Kelly. There is no price mentioned on the *Gazette*, but each copy bears the impression of the penny duty stamp.

The next paper we take up is the *Clonmel Journal*, a little fourpenny bi-weekly, published by S. Collins, Clonmel. It is dated July 13, 1800. The first announcement it contains is a report of a county meeting held to congratulate the king on his escape from a recent attempt made on his life. P. Archer Butler, High Sheriff, presided, and those present included several Protestant bishops, Lord Mountcashel, Lord Landaff, Lord Donoughmore, Lord Matthew, M.P. for the county; John, William, and Richard Bagwell, John Toler, Francis Hely-Hutchinson, John C. Carden, Stephen Moore, William and Charles Riall, and George and Charles Goold. Needless to say, the resolutions come to were of the usual fulsome type, so characteristic of gentlemen of the grand jury class down to recent times.

There would appear to be acute distress prevailing in Clonmel in 1800, for the journal announces the receipt of £1336 for supplying the poor of the borough with meal at cheap prices. William Fennell, of Caher Abbey, publishes a rather bitter reply to some allegations which he alleged were made against him that poison was mixed with the meal Mr. Fennell was supplying to the poor. A heavy reward is offered for the conviction of parties who burned the mills of Messrs. Byrne & French at Carrick-on-Suir, a firm which had an agent named E. Budd vending their goods in Peter Street, Clonmel. Richard Moore was mayor of the borough, and according to an assize of bread held by him the penny loaf weighed 4 oz., the sixpenny 1 lb. 8 oz., and the shilling loaf 3 lbs. 1 oz. The law intelligence contains a report of the trial of two Tipperary men in Dublin for having in their possession a twenty-guinea bank-note taken when the mails were robbed near Carrick. They were acquitted. The Clonmel notes

deal with movement of troops locally and the market prices. As usual, most of the paper is taken up with foreign and English news. The *Journal* of October 1, 1800, contains little of local interest except the fact that Stephen Collins was sworn in mayor, with Richard Moore and Cornelius Pyne bailiffs. James Walshe, merchant, Clonmel, announces receipt of a "fashionable assortment" of hardware and other goods. The *Journal* of September 1800 contains an advertisement stating that the mayor and bailiffs would receive proposals for the tolls and customs of the town, and also for the fairs. These tolls have long ago been abolished.

The next paper is the *Clonmel Herald* of January 1808. It announces a ball and supper at the Courthouse, Clonmel, the subscriptions being 4s. 4d. for non-subscribing ladies, and 7s. 7d. for non-subscribing gentlemen. Isaac Jacob, Thomas Taylor, and Joseph Grubb Benjamin advertise Suirville Mills to be let. Samuel Morton intimates that he will let a dwelling-house and distillery in Johnson Street, also lands of Boreenduff at Fethard Road—"about half a mile from the town." Barley was 18s. per barrel; coals, 7s. 7d. per barrel; butter, 1s. 10d. per lb.; beef, 4½d. per lb.; mutton, 6d. per lb. In the *Herald* for January 20, 1808, reference is made to the discharge of workers from employment "owing to the decline of what was formerly our staple trade—woollen manufacture"; and the hope was expressed that steps would be taken to revive the industry. How history repeats itself! A movement was on foot lately to start a similar industry. A long announcement is published by "Protestant noblemen, gentlemen, and freeholders" in favour of Catholic Emancipation. The sheriff of Limerick County offers £2000 reward for

the apprehension of ten persons from Pallas, Coologne, and Clashbone.

We then pass on to the *Clonmel Chronicle* of June 1855, published for Mr. E. Woods by J. A. Quinlan. The price was 5d., and it bore the penny stamp duty, which was repealed some time later. It contains a good deal of Crimean War news sent "by magnetic telegraph." Peter Banfield announced his corn-mills in Johnson and Charles Streets for sale. It also appears from this paper that Higginsons had a drapery establishment at 34 Bagwell Street, S. Jacob and sisters had a grocery shop in same street, while Scott Brothers had a millinery establishment at 102 Main Street. A new butter market was opened in Dowd's Lane. George P. Prettie was Clerk of the Peace, and W. H. Deane County Surveyor.

The report of Clonmel Guardians' meeting showed that 1522 persons were in the workhouse, a large number compared with the 340 now relieved there. The average cost was 1s. 7½d.: 501 paupers were chargeable to Clonmel. Mr. John Bagwell presided, and the other Guardians present were—Colonel Phipps, the mayor, Stephen Moore, J. J. Shee, coroner, William Davis, Thomas Cantwell, William Mahony, P. Daniell, Ald. C. Bianconi, and Ald. Hackett. In Cashel workhouse there were 1205 inmates, and Tipperary 849. The *Chronicle* of August 1855 contains a protest by Earl Donoughmore against the expenses of 75 police unjustly charged to South Tipperary. Our county then had 1030 police. We are also informed a Lieutenant O'Ryan walked from the Barracks, Clonmel, to the Market House, Caher, and back, SIXTEEN IRISH MILES, WITHIN FOUR HOURS, and won a wager. In the *Chronicle* of September 12, 1855, appears a memorial from the inhabitants of Clonmel in favour of the adoption

of the Towns Improvement Act. The citizens who signed the memorial were—Patrick Purcell, Michael Woods, Patrick Dwyer, John O'Neill, John Wright, Robert Prendergast, Patrick Moloney, William Skehan, Patrick O'Neill, John Prendergast, John Murphy, Patrick Hickey, Walter Keating, Thomas Brett, P. Corcoran, T.C. ; James Gill, J. Hackett, Alderman, J.P. ; William Ryan, T.C. ; William Byrne, Alderman ; John Quinn, Patt Casey, T.C. Malcomsons, Hughes, and the Manor flour mills were then in full working order.

The bundle of papers also includes the *Clonmel Advertiser*, a small paper published by the late Mr. E. McDonald, foreman of the *Free Press*, who took over the plant of that paper from the proprietors, and who had his office in Abbey Street.

B. J. Long.

THE DEFENCE OF CLONMEL

When Oliver Cromwell—whose name is still remembered with horror in Ireland—besieged Clonmel, the garrison of fifteen hundred men, commanded by Hugh Duff O'Neill, and aided by the townspeople, resisted most bravely. At length, finding further struggle against overwhelming odds hopeless, O'Neill decided to evacuate the town ; but before taking this step, he planned and executed a stroke which, for the time being, almost demoralised the enemy, and filled them with such a wholesome respect for the prowess of the town's defenders that, when Clonmel surrendered, its people received favourable terms from Cromwell. General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., writing of this event, says : "No opposition appeared until the leading troops entered the breach. The column anticipated an easy victory, but there was terrible slaughter, and they were repulsed. An hour after nightfall O'Neill withdrew his forces, and the town was surrendered."

"Ho, chosen warriors of the Lord,
Gird up your loins to-day !
Yon breach within, the sons of sin
Stand desp'rately at bay.
Draw, draw your swords, your pieces prime,
Let drum and trumpet swell !
This charge must rout the Papists out "—
Cried Cromwell at Clonmel.

E'en at his word the army stirred,
Grim veterans all were they,
Whose swords had flashed, whose cannon crashed
In many a fiery fray.
At Naseby field and Marston Moor
Full well they'd fleshed their spears,
When fast before their charge had fled
The haughty Cavaliers.

The eyes beneath each morion glowed
With strange, fanatic light;
They deemed themselves the saints of God,
His instruments of might.
No doubt this firm conviction vexed,
But fierce, ferocious, calm,
Their war-cry was a Scripture text,
Their battle-song a psalm.

Across the land their march had been
A devastating flood;
Where'er it twined it left behind
A crimson stain of blood.
Not e'en the piteous plea of age
Their fury could disarm,
And vain the wile of childhood's smile
Their murderous mood to charm.

And now, behold, against Clonmel
They vainly fling their bands!
Battered and bayed but undismayed
The town defiant stands.
Battered and bayed but undismayed
It meets each fresh attack;
With soldiers few and faint but true
It hurls the foemen back.

Hugh Duff O'Neill commands the town,
And marks, with looks that lower,
Cromwellian cannon batter down
His forts from hour to hour.
He marks the famine-stricken few
That hold the crumbling wall,
And knows that vain is all their pain—
Clonmel at last must fall.

Then up he speaks unto his chiefs :
" Ere yet this town we leave,
We'll make a stand for fatherland
Will cause the foe to grieve.
The breach that yawns so widely now
Will serve our purpose well ;
Before we go we'll make the foe
Remember ' Rare Clonmel ' ! "

Within the breach's yawning mouth
A lane of stone he rears ;
He lines the walls on either side
With all his musketeers.
Across the end another wall
With cannon furnished fit—
" I have a mind," quoth he, " they'll find
This breach the devil's pit."

The trap is made, but scarcely laid,
When Cromwell's voice rings out ;
With eager cry his troops reply,
In one wild charging shout.
Then, like the thundering wave that roars
Along the sounding beach,
The rushing Roundhead army pours
Its thousands through the breach !

Clonmel, Clonmel, thy fate is sealed !
Thy sun is sunk in gloom !
No strength thy puny arm may wield
Can save thee from thy doom—
The doom that fell on Drogheda
And Wexford town as well—
Slaughter and flame, defeat and shame,
Are thine to-day, Clonmel !

. . . . . .

But see ! But see ! Who can these be
From out the breach that run ?
What panic-stricken wretches flee
With broken blade and gun ?
Can these be Cromwell's chosen troops,
Erewhile so fierce and fell,
That stagger out, a broken rout,
From dauntless old Clonmel ?

Yes, yes ! Thank God for cannoneers,
Who mowed them down in ranks !
Thank God for ready musketeers
Whose volleys swept their flanks !
Thank God for gallant soldiers all,
Who charged and broke and slew
In one brief hour the very flower
Of Cromwell's canting crew !

Yes, yes ! Thank God for Irish hearts,
Unconquerable still !
Of war's red cost the Roundhead host
To-day have had their fill.
Honour to these who held the town,
And let the future tell
How Irish swords beat back the hordes
Of Cromwell at Clonmel !

D. A. McCarthy.

THE OLD FRIARY

THE OLD FRIARY BELL

Written on hearing it at Clonmel a few days ago

AIR—"Aileen Mavourneen."

WHAT mystical music resounds on my ear,
Remarkably tender, melodious and clear;
Proclaiming its mission thro' valley and dell?
'Tis the beautiful chime of the old Fri'ry bell.

How softly it floats on the sweet-scented air,
Inviting the faithful to service and prayer;
Saint Mary's itself couldn't really excel
The beautiful chime of the old Fri'ry bell.

Full many a year has it echoed along
The clear-winding river majestic and strong,
Outliving both Ireton and Cromwell as well,
The beautiful chime of the old Fri'ry bell.

Tho' seasons unnumbered have silently flown,
Since first I rejoiced in its magical tone;
Yet deeply I'll cherish, wherever I dwell,
The beautiful chime of the old Fri'ry bell.

P. O'H. PETERS.

ST. PATRICK IN SOUTH TIPPERARY

In Archbishop Healy's fascinating *Life of St. Patrick*, recently published by Sealy, Bryers, & Walker of Dublin, some very interesting particulars are given of the great Saint's journeys through Tipperary County. From Callan he passed by Mullinahone and Fethard to Cashel, then the second royal court of importance, and received King Ængus and his family into the Christian faith, and obtained full authority to preach the Gospel in Munster. The reason St. Patrick did not found a church on the rock or create a Bishop of Cashel was probably due to the fact that St. Ailbe had set up his see at Emly close by, and St. Patrick was loath to erect a new jurisdiction in his territory. Cashel remained a royal residence down to 1101, when it was handed over by the king, Murtagh O'Brien, to the senior Bishop of Munster, and it thenceforward became the seat of the Archbishops of Munster. "St. Patrick's Stone," surmounted by an ancient cross, is still on the rock. It stood there ages before St. Patrick, and was, without doubt, the stone on which the ancient kings of Cashel were consecrated. From Cashel, St. Patrick journeyed into Muskerry, or Clanwilliam, and established many churches and monasteries during his visits to Golden, Kilfeacle, Tipperary, Callan, Oola, and Kilteely. Passing round through County Limerick to Fermoy, he entered the Northern Deisi through Mitchelstown and Clogheen, and towards the Suir at Ardfinnan.

"Somewhere there Patrick was kept awaiting the king of the country, named Fergair, son of Ross. On his arrival the Saint said to him—'Thou hast come slowly.' 'The country was very stiff,' said the king; sure enough it was a stiff country between the Knockmealdowns and the Galtees, and so Patrick said, but he did not believe the excuse to be genuine, for he added—'A king shall never come from thee. What delayed you to-day?' 'Rain delayed us,' said the king.' 'Your tribal gatherings shall be showery,' said Patrick.

"Patrick's Well is in that place, and there is the church of MacClarid, one of Patrick's household. Moreover, the Deisi held their gatherings at night, for Patrick left that word upon them, since it was at night they came to him." In this way, doubtless, they hoped to escape the penalties threatened by Patrick.

There is a Patrick's Well in the parish of Inislounaght, near Clonmel, which is probably the place here referred to. If so, it is likely that Patrick crossed the river Tar at Clogheen, and the Suir at Ardfinnan, and so came to Patrick's Well. This view is confirmed by the narrative—"Patrick cursed the streams of that place, because his books had been drowned in them—thrown, perhaps, into the river at the ford—and the fishermen had refused to give him fish. And although they were fruitful heretofore, he said that there would be no mills on these streams, but 'the mills of the foreigners would be nigh to them'—perhaps at Clonmel or Waterford. The 'foreigners' were, doubtless, the Danes. But he blessed the Suir and its banks, and that river is fruitful except where the other streams enter it. These streams must be either the river Tar or Nar, or both, for they enter the Suir from different directions quite close to each other. If Patrick went

from Ardfinnan to Clonmel he would pass by the parish of Tubbrid, famous for all time as the birthplace and parish of Geoffrey Keating, the greatest of our Irish historians. In the Life of St. Declan it is said that having himself yielded due submission to Patrick at Cashel, at his return he besought the chieftain of the Deisi, who dwelt at a place called Hynneon, to go with his followers and meet the Apostle, to receive baptism at his hands, and gain the blessing for himself and his tribesmen. But the stubborn chieftain refused, and Declan found it necessary to choose another leader named Fearghal, who duly submitted to Patrick, and gave him large grants of land not far from the Suir, perhaps at Donoughmore, where the name implies that Patrick founded a church. The name of this unbelieving chieftain is called Lebanny, and he is, perhaps, the same who came late to visit Patrick, and may, perhaps, have refused to receive baptism for himself and his people at his hands. The place where he dwelt is called Hynneon, which, according to Hennessy, is identical with Mulloghnoney, about two miles north-west of Clonmel. Perhaps Rathronan in that neighbourhood contains the same name. Knockgraffon, still further north, was certainly a royal palace at the time, and this chieftain of the Deisi may have dwelt there. From Clonmel of the Deisi, Patrick journeyed north, likely to Cashel, and then on to the Ormond country."

The Patrick's Well above referred to is situate in one of the prettiest glens in all Tipperary. During the centuries that have elapsed since our National Apostle rested there, it has been a spot sacred in the sight of the people, and it will ever remain so. Even down to our own times it has been a favourite resort, especially on St. Patrick's day, and many remember the procession of thousands of citizens, who followed the

PATRICK'S WELL—General View

famous Clonmel brass band on the annual 17th of March pilgrimages to the historic well. The spring rises at the foot of an ancient tree, in the centre of the glen, and on the wooded hill close by are to be seen the ruins of an old chapel. Within late years the place had become rather neglected, and visitors found some difficulty in reaching the well. It was also discovered that parties were taking away pieces of the old monumental stones in the little chapel. A few prominent citizens interested themselves in the matter, and with the prompt and generous help of the present owner of the land, Mr. P. Condon, had some much-needed improvements carried out. When commenting on this good work at the time, we expressed the hope that it would be continued until a complete finish was put on it. We are pleased to see that the ivy on the ruined church is neatly trimmed, the bed of the stream is cleaned down to the old cross, the pathway is continued from the well to the church. One can now walk from the road on a substantial crossing (with a hand-rail) which runs down to the first tree inside the stile. This rather steep part is perfectly safe, and the passage to the well is easy and clean. As the tree over the well was decaying, portion of it was cut away; ivy is planted at the base, and we trust it will be protected by visitors. When the old well was being cleared out some portions of the stones which formed the altar in the church were discovered at the bottom. The gentlemen who had these works done deserve every thanks for their kindness in improving this historic and favourite spot, and rendering it more easy of access to the large numbers desirous of visiting it.

B. J. Long.

In the "Nationalist."

BEFORE THE RACE

ROWED NEAR MARLFIELD, 1862

On the eighth day of July,
Three boats their speed will try
At Marlfield; 'tis nigh,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

The *Rover* and *Clonmel*,
The *Colleen Bawn* as well;
Who's best, time will tell,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

But the *Rover* ought to win,
If the crew are worth a pin;
'Tis on them I'll stake the tin,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

What kind are the crew?
Oh, they will stand true blue,
As Irishmen should do,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

Meagher is stroke oar;
He led the van before,
And says he'll win once more,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

Mullin will be there,
O'Connor Dan pulls fair,
And O'Donnell's strength is rare,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

What have they to fear,
If the course be but kept clear,
For Savage is to steer,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

But if they be left out,
There can be no doubt
But we'll see a fighting bout,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

The *Clonmel* crew are proud,
Their talk is rather loud,
But perhaps they may be cowed,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

The *Colleen's* hopes are high,
To strive they are not shy,
For the oars they well can ply,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

Let each have but fair play,
And two to one, I say,
The *Rover* gains the day,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

Right well may they brag,
On their tongue he put no gag,
If they proudly wear the flag,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

When the prize is won,
And fireworks are begun,
Then we'll see some fun,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

Then Roman candles bright,
We'll hail with great delight
The heroes of the fight,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

ANON.

Given by R. S. PELLISIER.

AFTER THE RACE

Too soon the cocks did crow,
Their pride was soon laid low,
It was a heart-felt blow,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

Where now is all the brag,
For the *Colleen* won the flag;
To win it who did lag?
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

On whom did victory dawn,
As proof of skill and brawn,
But on the *Colleen Bawn*?
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

What say the *Clonmel*?
What have they to tell?
They fought their battle well,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

The *Rover's* crew, 'twas found,
Had shamefully lost ground;
They should be put in pound,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

Yet give to each their due;
The stroke oar pulled well through,
Which the others did not do,
  Says the Shan van Vocth.

For he may hold his gab
That often caught a crab;
No race oar should he grab,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

He that turned pale
When the *Colleen* first did sail,
At start deserved to fail,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

He that was unskilled,
Though strong and light, good-willed,
His hopes were unfulfilled,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

He knew not how to steer,
Who brought his boat too near,
When he should have kept clear,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

As they did not succeed,
And for betting showed some greed,
They have been made to bleed,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

Yet losing is no crime,
They say again they'll try 'em
A pound an oar next time,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

The *Colleen* won't refuse,
They do not think they'll lose,
Or the *Rover* any use,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

For they are not so vain,
But will work might and main
To keep their own again,
Says the Shan van Vocth.

ANON.

Given by R. S. PELLISIER.

TAKEN FROM INGLIS'S JOURNEY THROUGH IRELAND, 1834

I LEFT Caher, at an early hour in the morning, for Clonmel, the largest town in the county of Tipperary, and one of the most important in the interior of Ireland. After a charming drive of nine miles, through a very agreeable and improving country, I passed under the gateway of Clonmel, and alighted at "The Great Globe."

At once, on entering Clonmel, one perceives a hundred indications of an improving town. This was truly refreshing, after Kilkenny, Cashel, and the many other wretched places I had passed through and sojourned in. For the last fifteen years the prosperity of Clonmel has been steadily increasing, and it is at present a decidedly improving town. It is the great point of export for the county of Tipperary—which is one great granary—as well as for parts of other counties; for it is the first point at which water carriage commences.

The chief branches of the trade of Clonmel are, the corn trade, the bacon trade, and the butter trade. The first of these is very large, not fewer than between two and three hundred thousand barrels of wheat being annually brought into Clonmel. The corn-mills in and about Clonmel are upon a very extensive scale, and are very numerous. A corn-mill in England is, generally, a little picturesque building, crossing a rushing stream, and employing "the miller and his men"—some

half-dozen, perhaps. Corn-mills at Clonmel are very different things; they are like the great factories or mills which we find in the English manufacturing districts, and employ almost as many persons.

The bacon trade here is also very extensive, not fewer than 30,000 pigs being on an average killed in one year. Last year some considerable diminution in this trade took place, owing probably to several conspiring causes—among which may be named, a preference in England for English curing, and the constantly increasing facilities of steam conveyance, for the export of the live pig. The butter trade, which is still large, has lately been somewhat on the decline. It is common in Clonmel for all these three branches of trade to be united.

Clonmel has other inferior branches of trade which give considerable employment. There is a large distillery in the neighbourhood, as well as several breweries; there is also a branch of the calico manufacture, and I must not omit, amongst the sources of employment and prosperity, the establishment of Mr. Bianconi, of which Clonmel is the headquarters; for it is obvious that the care of so many horses—the wages paid to so many men—the building, and painting, and repairing of so many cars—the making and mending of so much harness—must give profitable employment to a great number of persons. Clonmel would be greatly advantaged by the improvement of the navigation of the Suir, which only admits boats of small tonnage up to Clonmel. But this, I fear, is a distant prospect, since it would require a larger sum to effect it, than, for some time at least, is likely to be invested in Irish improvements. There are not, in Clonmel, many able-bodied men out of employment; destitute persons are, of course, found, and some mendicants;

though the number is few, considering the size of the place. Labourers, however, live little better here than they do elsewhere, and a great part of the higher wages of artisans is spent in whisky. In Clonmel there are no fewer than 160 licensed houses.

I was pleased to learn that great harmony exists in Clonmel between Catholic and Protestant. They live very amicably together. The population of Clonmel is about 18,000, of whom about 15,000 are Catholics, the remaining 3000 being of various sects. There are about 1800 Episcopalians, and a considerable number of the Society of Friends, the members of which, in Clonmel, are generally prosperous, and somewhat aristocratic. I noticed among the Quakeresses more smartness of dress, and a greater disregard of the strict costume, than in any other place I have visited.

The population of Clonmel wears a respectable look; one sees few ragged and bare-footed people, and few idlers. There is an appearance of something doing; a bustle and throng, evidently arising from people having an object in view. The shops, too, are good, well filled, and well frequented. Nor must I omit another unequivocal sign of improvement. I found two very respectably stocked booksellers' shops, and two respectable circulating libraries. These were the first libraries I had seen since leaving Kilkenny; neither at Thurles, Cashel—the archiepiscopal city of Cashel—nor at Tipperary, is there any circulating library, or book society. This is certainly a singular and unpleasant fact. Towns in England, containing, as these do, from seven to ten thousand inhabitants, would certainly afford at least one public library, and more than one reading society. A library was attempted at Tipperary, but it was not supported, and either was lately, or now is, on sale.

A large lunatic asylum is now in progress, and this, during the last two years, has been another source of employment to the inhabitants of Clonmel.

Besides its principal commercial streets, Clonmel has many other good streets, inhabited evidently by respectable individuals; and there are a considerable number of resident gentry in the neighbourhood, who keep up much friendly intercourse; and having mentioned this, I am reminded by it, that I have not said anything of the state of society since leaving Dublin. With few exceptions, and unless for some particular object, I do not mention the names of individuals from whom I received attentions. But I have seen enough of society in Wexford, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Tipperary counties, to entitle me to speak of it.

I should say that throughout the country there is a great deal of intercourse, and a constant interchange of visits, and that every one whose means are sufficient, and whose house is large enough, has resident company; and I must add that a considerable difference is observable in the mode of life among the same class of persons in England and in Ireland. I think there is generally more display in Ireland, and a less apparent regard to economy, though it must be recollected that this display costs less in Ireland than in England. Two or three servants are seen waiting at table in Ireland in a house where in England one would suffice; but then, wages are at least a third lower than they are in England, and it costs a much less sum to support servants in Ireland, because they are contented with a different description of food. Vehicles, too, are more common. Everybody keeps a jaunting car; but then a jaunting car costs but £20 or £25 building, with all its etceteras, and there is no tax on either carriage or horse, and in many counties, no toll-bars.

People entertain handsomely in Ireland; but in looking over the dinner-table, one must recollect the difference between London and the Irish markets, in the price of provisions. A pair of fowls, that in London would cost 5s. or 6s., may be bought in most parts I have yet visited for 1s. or 1s. 6d. The turkey, that in London would cost 10s., 12s., or 15s., is placed on the table in Ireland for 2s. 6d. or 3s.; and I have seen a roasting pig, which could not have been purchased in any part of England for 6s., bought in Ireland for 1s. 6d. The profusion of a dinner-table, therefore, is not an expensive profusion.

In the article of drink there is less apparent, as well as less real expense, than in England. In the best society little wine is taken, and unless in the very highest society, whisky punch is universally introduced. I have seen whisky punch at the tables of country gentlemen, worth at least £5000 or £6000 per annum, and where in nothing else any deviation could be found from the elegance which pervades the dinner-table of men of equal fortune in England. Excellent claret, however, is always at the option of the stranger, if he prefer it.

On Irish hospitality towards strangers, I need say nothing; that hospitality is not mere civility, it is kindness also. It must be borne in mind that in the observations I make at present I am not qualified to speak of other parts of Ireland than of the counties of Wexford, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Tipperary. Of Connaught society, I shall be enabled to speak by-and-by.

The environs of Clonmel are extremely pretty. The slopes of the hills which form the right bank of the Suir, and which, opposite to Clonmel, are of very considerable altitude, are cultivated almost to the summit,

reminding me in some places of the slopes of the lower Pyrenees, in the neighbourhood of Bagneres. From an elevation called Fairy Hill, situated on the right bank of the river, about half a mile below Clonmel, a magnificent view over the valley of the Suir is laid open, not surpassed, in richness and variety, by any of the celebrated vales of England or Wales.

Many delightful excursions may be made from Clonmel, particularly up the banks of the river, and through the domains of Mr. Bagwell, Lord Donoughmore, and Colonel Greene. Lord Donoughmore's is a very fine domain, abounding in magnificent specimens of ash, elm, and lime trees; and Kilmanahan Castle, the residence of Colonel Greene, is a fine structure, and beautifully situated.

MILKING BY MACHINE

(THE *Packet* recently described a machine, invented by a Frenchman, for milking cows.)

She—

Well, may all the—Ah, begorra, sure but that's the quarest thing!
D'yeh mane to tell me, Dinis, that 'tis thrue?
If I find out that yer jokin', faith, I'll fling yeh back yer ring,
An' I'll marry Thady Neill instead o' you!
Yeh read it on the papers? Yerrah, maybe 'tis a fact,
Still an' all, I'd like to know the murdher how
An' what sort o' way they work it—sure, the fellow must be cracked
That invented a machine to milk a cow.

He—

Oh, don't mind my talk, alanna. We don't want their milk machines,
An' I don't know how they're worked, nor do I care.
But I know they can't invent your voice—the impudent dhalteens—
A-singin' in the dhrimin's list'nin' ear—
That same voice that stopped me footsteps, as I passed the haggart gate
One evenin'—you remember? Ah, well, now—
Only one—there! That's the girleen. Troth, I think O'Neill is late,
He'll have to get machines to milk his cow.

R. G. WALSHE.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOULICK

It was the good King Brian,
Surnamed the bold Boru,
Who chased the Danes from Marlfield
And sundry chieftains slew.
When on a summer's morning
To rare Clonmel he came,
And pitched his tent of battle
Beside the Boulick Sthrame.

But fair in front the Danes were massed,
And down along the Quay,
Their captain's tent in Peddar's field
Was pitched in proud array;
And nought was heard but trumpet's blare,
And drummer's ceaseless roll,
And mighty reinforcements lay
Due north of Dudley's Hole.

The day was hot and Brian's men
Had gone to swim pell-mell,
And some went to the "Second Field,"
And some to "Little Hell";
And some—who played for safety—
In Newbold's splashed about,
And those who feared its awful depth
Ascended to The Spout.

But Brian by the Boulick bank,
All sitting on a form,
Was fishing for unwary fluke
With crooked pin and worm,
When the Genius of the Boulick Sthrame
From out its waves arose,
But only head and shoulders,
As it hadn't any clothes.

And thus addressing Brian,
Said the Genius, " Mighty King,
Is there going to be a faction fight
Or any such like thing ?
Or perhaps there's a regatta on,
I'll pole a cot with you,
Or perhaps, with all the sojers,
It's a Queen's Birthday review ? "

" 'Tis none of these," outspoke the King,
As he hooked another fluke,
" But there's goin' to be a battle,
And I'll make of you a Duke,
If you'll kindly overflow your banks—
We're near a little rain—
And sweep into the river Suir
The army of the Dane."

" In troth I will," replied his friend—
Then up the Boulick grew
As big as the Missouri,
And Mississippi, too ;
And over all the Danes it swept,
And wild its torrent flowed
Until 'twas on a level
With the trees on Colville Road.

Into the river Suir it swept
Both horsemen, horse, and shield—
The captain and the captain's tent
Were borne from Peddar's field.
So high the Danish host was piled,
A mighty, floating ridge,
They caused the crack that still remains
In ancient Two-Mile-Bridge.

And thus the Danes were vanquished,
To Boulick be the thanks;
And since that day once every year
It overflows its banks;
And some say 'tis because of snows,
And some because of rains,
But the Boulick floods its banks because
It wants to drown more Danes.

C. J. Boland.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

Taken from the "Clonmel Herald," January 20, 1808

We, the undersigned Protestant Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Freeholders of the Co. Tipperary, actuated at all times by cordial goodwill towards our Catholic countrymen, and impressed by the wisdom and necessity of uniting all classes in the common defence at this crisis, do publicly and unequivocally declare, that we feel no repugnance whatever to the measure of imparting to the Catholics of these realms an equal and full enjoyment of all the civil and military privileges, franchises, and advantages of our happy Constitution, upon equal terms with their fellow-subjects, of what religious persuasion whatsoever, and that we see no necessity or good cause for prolonging the restraints and disabilities which the Catholics suffer under the existing laws.

Headfort.	J. H. Henry.
Dorchester.	Richard Sadlier.
Ormonde and Ossory.	Charles Doherty.
Mountcashel.	Southwell Moore.
Landaff.	William Keating.
Donoughmore.	Thomas Towers.
Lismore.	Michael Head.
Mont. Mathew, M.P.	Rich. B. H. Lowe, Sen.
Ab. H. Hutchinson.	George Lidwill.
G. Ponsonby, M.P.	Rich. B. H. Lowe, Jnr.
Thomas Osborne.	William Cooke.
J. Blunden, Bart.	Hamilton Lockwood.
J. H. Massey Dawson.	Abbott Trayer.

Daniel Mansergh
Thomas Thelan.
William Latham.
James Doherty.
Henry Osborne.
Jeremiah Ryan.
William Nicholson.
John Power.
Edmond Power.
William Heffernan.
Benjamin Bradshaw.
Heffernan Considine.
Bartholomew Ware.
Mathew Moore.
Michael Lidwell.
Thomas Lidwell.
Pierce A. Butler.
John Lane.
Ambrose Lane.
John Power.
Richard Power.
Benjamin Lockwood.
Trever Lloyd Ash.
B. B. Bradshaw.
John Lloyd.
H. O. Callaghan.
Abbott Trayer, Jun.

KEARNEY'S QUEUE

At the Main Guard there's a dram-shop
And a woollen-draper's too,
Whilst overhead there stands a dumb clock,
All since Kearney lost his queue.

Chorus

Round by Tommy Murphy's brewery,
Where old Kearney lost his queue,
Rig a dig a dig dum, dig dum dairee,
Rig a dig dum dig dum dee.

Kearney's maid went to the market
To get some meat to make a stew,
She spied a pigtail in a basket,
And cried out, That's the master's queue.

Chorus.

The Whisky Club went round the town
To see, and try what they could do
To raise the wind and get near blind,
Looking for Mick Kearney's queue.

Chorus.

The Club went then to Billy Stiff's [1] shop,
His window and his wares to view;
In vain they searched but couldn't find out
Any trace of Kearney's queue.

Chorus.

[1] Stiff, called Stiffe, was then a barber at Clonmel.

Billy Stiff went to Major Chaytor
To complain the motley crew;
The Mayor, he said he'd send James White
And Allen in search of Kearney's queue.
Chorus.

The Club went then to Mr. Butler's,
A conscientious man 'tis true,
They would not hang a man but one,
And that the one who stole Mick Kearney's queue.
Chorus.

The Club men then went down the quay
The gashouse chimney for to view,
And saw Mick Kearney under the bridge, sir,
Seeking for his lovely queue.
Chorus.

Great news, my boys, to cheer us all,
I now transmit to you,
For coming home is the great Glengall
To seek for Kearney's queue.
Chorus.

Aby Grubb he built a new house,
Henry Pedder built one too,
Grier and Murghy built a brewery
All since Kearney lost his queue.
Chorus.

The Great Globe was burnt last night,
And Nancy Dawson's whiskers too,
The hackney drivers carried the water,
All since Kearney lost his queue.
Chorus.

Anthony Whitton's as yellow as bacon,
Tommy Taylor says, This will not do,
And Billy Oakley stopped his preaching
Since old Kearney lost his queue.

Chorus.

ANON.

ECHOES FROM THE COMERAGH MOUNTAINS

To the Editor of the "Clonmel Chronicle"

Sir,—As I sat by my tent fire this evening, the spirit moved me to address a letter to a local journal, giving expression to the feelings of pleasure and gratitude which I experience at the great kindness shown to me by all those with whom I have come in contact. I came here partly on account of health, and partly to paint pictures of the wild and beautiful scenery. Before leaving London my wife (who has never visited the Emerald Isle) expressed doubts of my safety, and hoped I would not get shot; but I assured her that the Irish were kind and hospitable to strangers, and would certainly not shoot an artist who could paint such good pictures as I intended to do of their beautiful country. I have travelled in many countries, but I never met with so much real kind attention as I have met with here. An artist can't get on without this. He is constantly wanting something—some of his apparatus carried, or himself (I have been carried through bogs) —subjects, both human and animal, as models—food and drink in out-of-the-way places and hours—and interest in his occupation. I find myself here among people who seem ever ready to help me, and if I thank them they say, "Sure it is nothing, yer honour; God help ye, and are ye not painting beautiful pictures of the country entirely?"

Before I set up a tent, I went to stay in a cottage by the side of Ischisolis (Stream of Light). Why, the very name was enough to tempt me to brave any discomforts—poetical as well as classical—"solis," of course, being one of the numerous Latin words which occur in the Irish language. Well, I did pictures of Ischisolis and Coumshenaun Lake, which is certainly one of the most weird, wild, and awfully picturesque places I ever saw; my host and hostess vied with each other in showing me attention, and I think felt really sorry when I left them. Had I been able to paint figures like a Wilkie or a Webster, I should not have painted the scenery, but the pretty daughter of my host, who, feeding the chickens, or fetching water, or mending the fire, or the stockings, in everything she did was unconsciously appearing like a perfect picture. One evening we had a visitor, who impressed me so much that I feel inclined to say a few words about him. A fine-looking young man, with such charming manners that he might have been a gentleman in disguise, came apparently to chat and smoke, but possibly with the idea of "coorting." If so I fear he must have been disappointed, for the lovely damsel was even more quiet, cold, and dignified than usual; may be, however, that I am no judge of the courting here; but to return to the man—he was a casual reaper, earning a precarious 3s. a day—so superior in appearance and manners to any reaper I ever saw that I should have taken him for a man in a much higher position but for his dress. He spoke with striking intelligence about the war in the East; and after singing a song, which I praised very much, he said, "Oh yes, even a small national song of any country is sure to be interesting," and we then talked about Moore's melodies, of which he knew much more than I did.

The puzzle to me was, that he should be so happy and contented with his present lot, for he seemed to me physically and mentally capable of quickly raising himself to a much higher position (and then he might marry the beautiful E——, who, by-the-bye, sang two songs, after being much importuned).

Generally speaking, I notice a want of robustness, which, I fancy, comes from poor feeding. Potatoes eaten alone are not good, but mashed up with butter, and as an accompaniment to other food, would do very well. Tea, as in Scotland, has suddenly become a necessary, and I suspect that often too much of it is taken. I should like to see tins of Australian meat consumed at all events once or twice a week, and more rice, cocoa, and coffee used. It is evident that a kindly-disposed landed proprietor here can do anything he likes with the tenants, and I fear they would quickly deteriorate under bad rule. This leads me to say a few words about the very unusual good feeling and cordiality which seems to exist between the Catholics and Protestants. I have tried to get some of the small farmers and peasants to talk about religion, but with that instinctive good taste and refinement which distinguish them, they evidently think it better not to say much to a Protestant. Nothing will make me believe that they look upon me, as an English Roman Catholic would do, as a doomed heretic. Our clergy, I am told, are on the best of terms, generally, with the priests.

As I am more than half Scotch, and an intense admirer of a people who have made the most wonderful advance in civilisation and material prosperity which history records, I hope that I may be allowed to criticise them. Travelling in Scotland, as an artist, I find less refinement and civility than I meet with

here—in fact, conspicuous by their absence are the qualities which I admire so much among the Irish. I refer to the Lowland Scotch when I say this, and not to the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, who are very similar to the Irish. I am glad to find, however, that the Scotch agents generally are praised for their fairness and kindness to the tenants.

The clannish feeling here is so strong, and the people are so devoted to a kind proprietor, whether absent or resident, that I rather wonder absentee proprietors, who have occasion to employ workmen and labourers, do not employ their own tenants. This would be a mutual advantage, for it is said that even some of my amiable friends here, who are lazy about work, will labour with a right good will when away from home, and they would surely do this for a popular proprietor, and as rivals to spoilt and overpaid English workmen.

I am taking home many unfinished pictures and studies of the varied and picturesque scenery about here; and often, when working upon them through the winter, shall I think of the many small and great acts of kindness which I have received from poor and rich in this, to me, most interesting country. The tent was kindly lent to me by a doctor, whose valuable and gratuitous services among the poor here are much spoken of. Without mentioning his name, I may say that the echoes chiefly come from Coumgouha (the Lake of Echoes) and from Coumshenaun and the Mahon Glen, where the good deeds of those who have been the owners of the land for centuries are too well known for me to mention them.

W. S.

JEAN LE RAT

Till eighteen seventy-seven or eight—
I'm never exact as regards a date—
A cobbler sat on his bench all day,
And rapped, and cobbled, and stitched away
At the foot of the old West Gate,
In state—
Poor waxy Jean le Rat!

His eye was bright with the light of fight,
As he welted and heeled from morn till night,
And almost the only words he'd say
Were " Garratt-ow-dat " as he hammered away
At the foot of the old West Gate,
Till late—
Laconic Jean le Rat.

Now school-boys might, when the days were bright,
And summer's exams not quite in sight,
Have kinder been to poor old Jack,
As he waxed wax-end or drove a tack,
As he sat at the old West Gate,
Irate—
Forgive us, Jean le Rat!

But Jean le Rat was a testy cuss,
And he told us to go be blowed, or wuss.

As he drove a peg, or drank a few
With Con Soho and a friend or two,
At the foot of the old West Gate,
Elate
At times was Jean le Rat.

But when one day in his cellar he lay,
Where the sun endeavoured his swiftest ray,
He turned up his eyes to the distant skies.
" I've stuck to my last," to Heaven he cries,
And then, at the old West Gate,
Kind fate
Took poor old Jean le Rat.

Likewise, if we, when our task is done,
When the field is fought and the fight is won,
With poor old Jack as humbly cry,
" 'Twas ours to work, 'tis ours to die,"
In trust at the Golden Gate
We'll wait
Along with Jean le Rat.

C. J. Boland.

EXTRAORDINARY WILL

An esteemed correspondent favours us with the following. John Langley, an Englishman who settled in Ireland, where he died, left the following extraordinary will :—

"I, John Langley, born at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, and settled in Ireland in the year 1651, now in my right mind and wits, do make my will in my own handwriting. I do leave all my house, goods, and farm at Black Kettle of 253 acres to my son, commonly called 'Stubborn Jack,' to him and his heirs for ever, provided he marries a Protestant, but not Alice Kenrick, who called me 'Oliver's whelp.' My new buckskin breeches and my silver tobacco stopper with 'J. L.' on the top I give to Richard Richards, my comrade, who helped me off at the storming of Clonmel when I was shot through the leg. My said son John shall keep my body above ground six days and six nights after I am dead; and Grace Kendrick shall lay me out, who shall have for so doing five shillings. My body shall be put upon the oak table in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake and every one shall have two quarts of best acqua vitae, and each one skein, dish, and knife before him, and when the liquor is out nail up the coffin, and commit me to the earth whence I came. This is my will; witness my hand this 3rd of March, 1674.

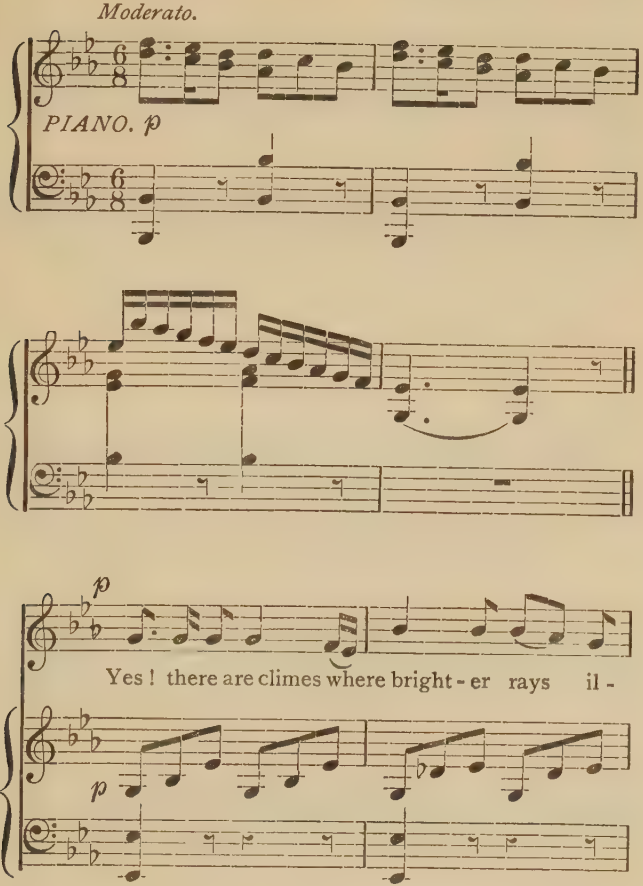
"John Langley."

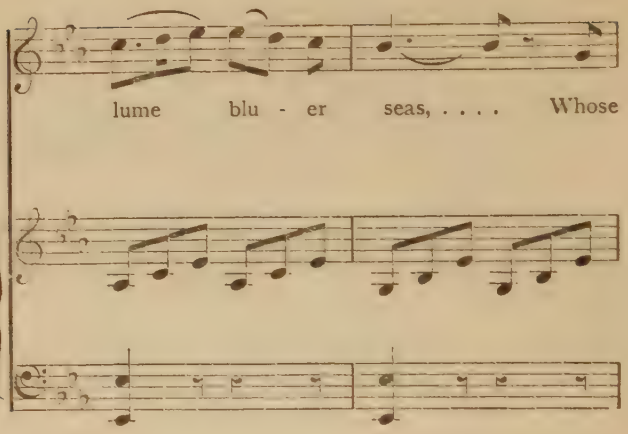
Some of Langley's friends, before his death, asked him why he would be at such expense treating the Irishmen whom he hated? He replied, that if they got drunk at his wake they would probably get to fighting, and kill one another, which would do something towards lessening the breed!

OUR IRISH EARTH

Words by
RICHARD BAGWELL.

Music by
VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

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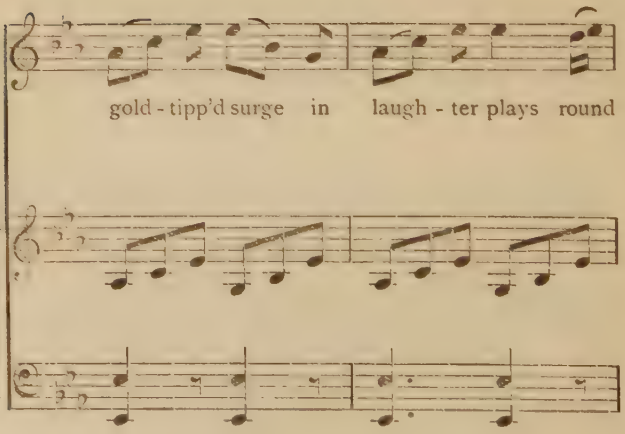
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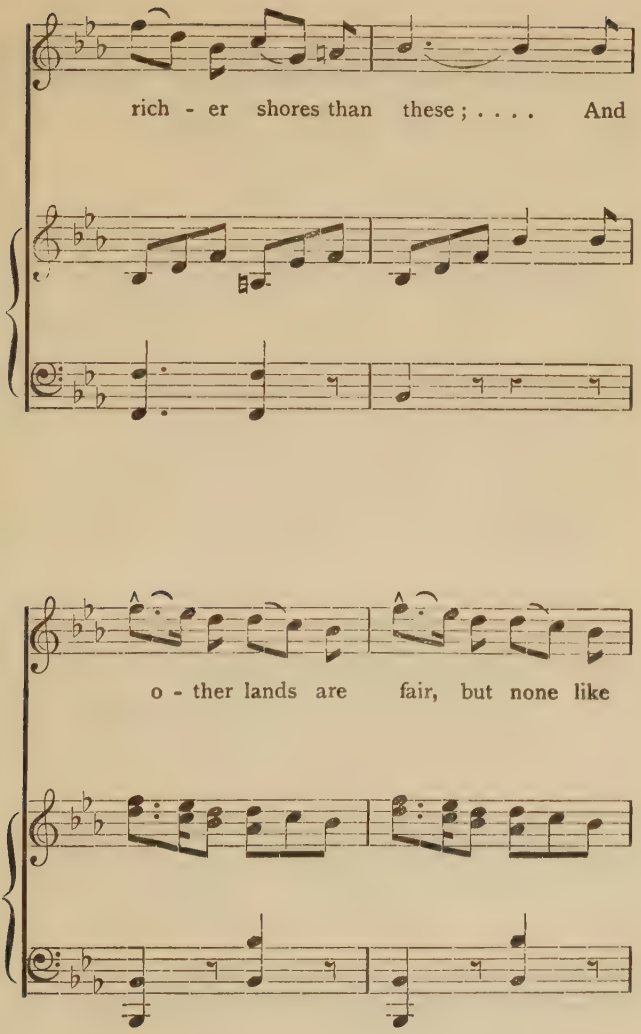
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o - ther lands are fair, but none like

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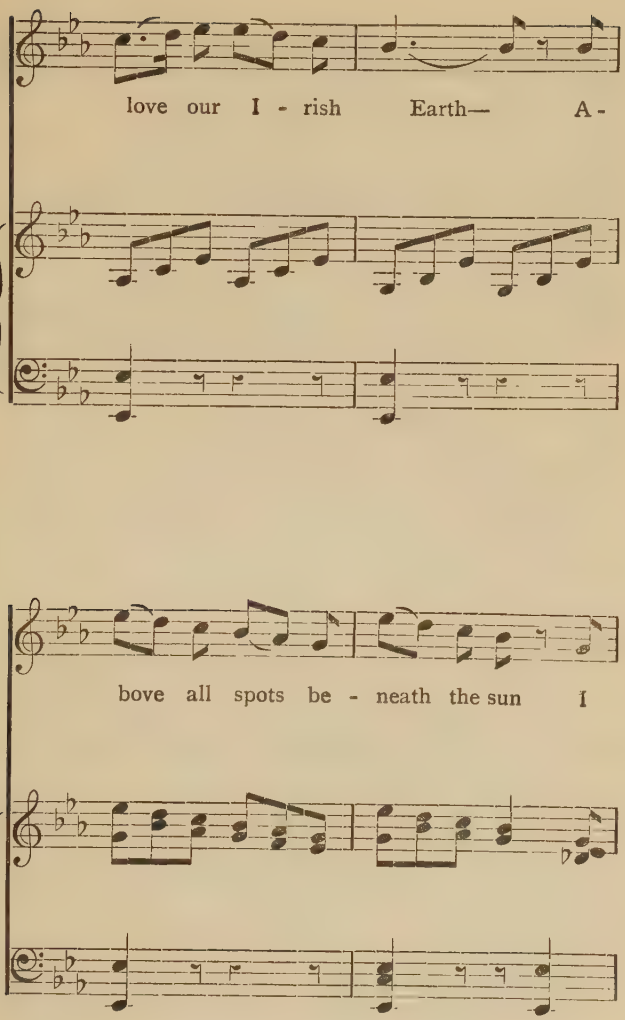
bove all spots be - neath the sun I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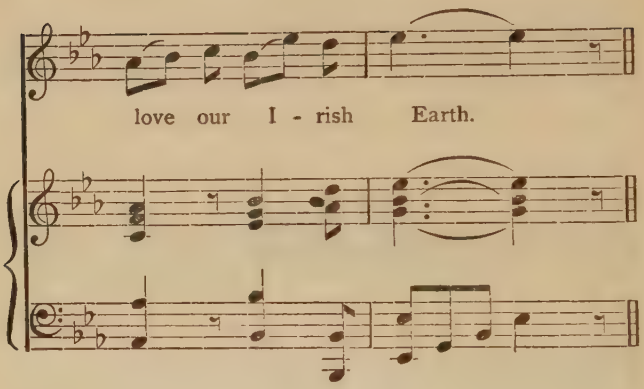
bove all spots be - neath the sun I



Here first my eyes received their sight, here first I learned to pray ;
A child with heart so fairy light to sport the live-long day.
No foreign wanderings can restore those hours of careless mirth—
The farther off I go, the more I love our Irish Earth—
The farther off I go, the more I love our Irish Earth.

Here have I lived, here have I loved ; no gorgeous southern bow'rs
Can ever be so much approved as these green fields of ours.
From youth to age, from age till death, to me of greatest worth
Must be the land that gave me breath, our own dear Irish Earth—
Must be the land that gave me breath, our own dear Irish Earth.

THE BATTLE OF THE CHIEFTAINS

Long ages ago when the foeman's glare gleamed,
Ere the Thurles express thro' the Wilderness steamed,
Ere Land Acts and water supplies were in vogue,
Lord Poulslough waged war with Prince Poulavenogue.
The haughty Poulslough was an arrogant chief—
Tho' now all his clan are on outdoor relief;
They patiently wait till their king is restored,
And each Thursday as patiently wait on "The Board."
Ah! sad is the tale of their glories all fled,
Their steeds are the kind that are never seen dead,
And the spirit that's broken but never would bend
Is now to be heard crying "Kettles to mend!"
Still, war is their trade, for all heroes must fight,
Their war-cries and cheering resound in the night,
When each at head-smashing most manfully strives—
If they are not beating foemen, they are beating their wives.
So the chieftain rose up in his white flannel vest,
And he cried, "My brave comrades, devise what is best
To slay and despoil that piratical rogue
Who rules the dominion of Poulavenogue."
Then the hedges are searched for the knottiest sticks,
And pockets are bulging with handy-sized bricks,
And they swear by their knighthood and Cashel's high rock
'Twill be glory or death for the Boys of Poulslough.
Prince Poulavenogue has come down from the glen
With an army consisting of eight or perhaps ten,

And their banner unconquered is waving on high
With its motto, " Hurrah for the farmers of Stye."
Their fathers, 'tis known, led by Brian Boru,
Had charged for old Ireland and won Waterloo ;
And Napoleon had vowed that he'd give Cape La Hogue
For a handful of braves from Poulavenogue ;
Their chief's royal birthright was vended for pottage,
And he's now looking out for a labourer's cottage.
But his glare all the same was ablaze as he strode
At the head of his cohorts down Roaring Spring Road.
They cross the old Bridge, there is joy in each eye
As the tanyard's soft odours float balmily by ;
And they wink and kiss hands to each fair colleen oge,
And then " wheel " for O'Brien of Poulavenogue.
But why do they meet in the battle's red shock ?
Why are sticks being loaded in haughty Poulslough ?
Why are tips and big nails stuck in every brogue
Descending the mountains from Poulavenogue ?
Ah ! well may you ask, for you can't be aware
That both chiefs loved a maiden the fairest of fair,
King Poulnamuck's daughter, just out of her teens,
Whose dowry comprised all the mighty Borheens.
The armies drew up at each side of West Gate,
And fierce ring the watchwords of vengeance and hate,
And the bright nodding plumes in their dazzling array
Can be seen from the mansions of upper Scrouthea.
The maiden upstairs looking down from the club
Has come down from her palace to watch the hubbub ;
On the Irishtown champions she beams a reward,
And sends a bright smile to the boys of Main Guard.
Her father but lately was down on his luck—
At the races of Fethard he'd made a bad book ;
He now gave long odds on Poulslough ; but the rogue,
Afraid he might lose, hedged on Poulavenogue.

Ah! where is the tongue since Budge Whelan is dead,
And Homer and Ossian to glory are fled,
Can tell in heroics that dulcetly burn,
Of hearts ever cold and of widows that mourn?
The roaring of cannon was heard from the clans,
But the heavens were darkened with kettles and pans,
And high in air above war-cry and shout
Rose the agonised shrieks of the thirsty for stout.
Dim night fell at last, and the closing of day,
Kind hands bore the dead and the wounded away,
And never again in the battle's wild shock
Will Poulavenogue meet the men of Poulslough.
So much says the poet—the prose seems to be—
One Carty of Poulslough went out on the spree,
And he gave what is locally called a "polthogue"
To one Micky O'Brien of Poulnavenogue;
They fought, were arrested, and placed in the dock,
And to jail went Lords Poulavenogue and Poulslough.

C. J. Boland.

MUSINGS BY THE SUIR

" Oh ! for magic power to wander,
One short year through such a land—
Might I even one hour stand
On the blest hills yonder !"—MANGAN.

I've lived and I've loved in the Suir's lovely valley,
My heart has a niche for each well-beloved scene—
Each mountain and wildwood, each Arcadian alley,
The beautiful deer-haunted woods at Gurteen,
" The wilderness " where grow the bulrush and fern,
The eglantine, woodbine, and gold daffodil,
Where winds make weird music through ravine and tarn,
Where fairies dance many a moonlight quadrille !
And dear Marlfield, and its mossy-couched covers,
Its raths and its paths, and its shady green lanes,
Its daisy-decked meadows—meet haunt for young lovers !—
Where, ling'ring, the sweet breath of Summer remains !

Sweet vale ! thou hast surely the grandest of bowers,
The purest of streamlets and crystal cascades,
A host of wild flowers, which Nature in showers
Doth scatter " galore " through thy meadows and glades—
Daisies and buttercups, goblets of dew—
Primroses, gleaming like stars 'mid the green—
Cowslips, forget-me-nots, violets, too,
Emblems of modesty, blushing unseen !

Full oft have I found amid life's smiles and tears
Some faded remembrance of youth's golden hours
Evoked from the tomb of the long-vanished years
By sight or by scent of the little wild flowers !
Nor is it because they such visions impart
That I do but cherish and love them the more.
No ! 'Tis that their teaching gives more to the heart
Than that which is centred in sages' deep lore ;
For do they not teach us as onward we plod,
Beset by life's trials and troubles each hour—
These wildlings of Nature !—to trust in that God
Whose right hand sustaineth each lowly wild flower !

Full oft, when away in an alien land,
A life-weary wanderer, friendless, obscure,
My spirit, released by sleep's opiate wand,
Flew back to my home on the banks of the Suir ;
My dreams, being sleep-begot visions of home,
Were sweetly sad—pleasure commingled with pain ;
Yet such was the soul-soothing influence of some,
Awaking I fain would be dreaming again !

Ah ! life's but a dream, a vain dream at the most ;
Our pleasure's the offspring of dreams, and as brief ;
And those whom we love in a moment are lost—
How many have gone since the fall of the leaf ?
I, too, shall be gone—yea, death may deprive me
Of life ere the clover be ripe in the mead ;
And fain do I hope my poor song may survive me,
Like scent that remains when the blossom is dead !

'Twas pleasant exploring those grand old hills yonder
When youth and health—earth's priceless treasures—
were mine,
Whereon, in fine weather, deep, deep in the heather,
Alone with my thoughts have I lain me, supine.

Nay, talk not to me of the pleasures of man
In cities—those centres of vice and its marts :
What pleasure can yield, amid life's chequered span,
The soul-soothing solace wild Nature imparts ?
God speaks to the soul in each sound that we hear :
Sweet whispers of Nature—the lullaby hum
Of the bee—the lark's song, thrilling sweet on the ear,
Cadent, as it were, from earth's vapour-flecked dome !

As one through this valley at evening doth wander,
Pursuing one's path at one's fancy's behest,
One's heart of its natural beauties grows fonder,
As bathing it lies in the light of the west.
Through the " Vale of Honey " I've roved me at leisure,
Delighted with beauties that ever seem new ;
And one other charm that enhances the pleasure—
Its beautiful river forms part of each view !
The bright Suir, unrivalled, on either side bordered
By woods, mansions, meadows, and labourers' cots,
All strangers, unbiassed, their praises award it—
Rare jewel in one of earth's loveliest spots !

Rare jewel indeed art thou, beautiful river,
As like molten silver thou glidest serene
Through sweet scenes as many as darts in Love's quiver,
And lovely as any in Ireland, I ween !
Loved stream ! thou art surely a gem of the sireland,
Whose natural beauties all others transcend.
Oh ! name me a land more prolific than Ireland—
A land to which Nature more beauty doth lend !

Where'er I may be, here in spirit I'll dwell,
For mem'ry, whose tendrils my bosom entwine,
Recalleth hours spent round my home at Clonmel
When all that makes life worth the living was mine—

Recalleth hours spent at " the mill," where at even
I first told my love 'neath the chestnut tree's shade :
Ah, then no black clouds loomed athwart my life's heaven,
Nor hushed was the music " the tinkling fall " made !
For she, whose smile lighted my pathway, was near,
Of whom not a few treasured mem'ries remain
To make every haunt of my youth the more dear—
Loved haunts that in dreams I'll revisit again.
What though, beloved valley, Fate wills we must part,
Still, still in my dreams thou wilt ever be nigh,
And, oh ! the most dear-cherished wish of my heart
Is here in thy bosom to breathe my last sigh.

I leave thee, rare valley ! and all thy environs,
To follow life's pathway both friendless and poor.
Farewell ! would my song had been sweet as a siren's
While chanting thy praises, sweet Vale of the Suir !

E. P. Hogan.

Written in the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin, 1882. Published in *Young Ireland*, October 1884.

"MEAGHER OF THE SWORD"

EXILES HONOUR THE GREAT IRISH-AMERICAN IN MONTANA

THE following is the full text of the splendid address on General Thomas Francis Meagher delivered at an Irish gathering in Butte, Montana, by a gifted Clonmel man, Mr. Richard P. O'Brien. We are sure it will be read with deep interest by his many friends in this county :—

" Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—Everybody in this audience is aware that a monument is to be erected this summer to the memory of General Thomas Francis Meagher. In view of the near completion of the monument, it may not be inappropriate to address a few words to you concerning the career and character of the man whose memory is about to be honoured in this signal manner, by the citizens of Montana.

" Thomas Francis Meagher was born in the city of Waterford, Ireland, in the year 1823. His father was a wealthy merchant of that ancient city, and his standing with his fellow-citizens may be gauged by the fact that he was elected mayor, being the first Catholic for over two hundred years to occupy that honourable position. This event was subsequently mentioned with pardonable pride by his illustrious son.

" Thomas Francis was educated by the Jesuit Fathers at Clongowes Wood, Ireland, and at Stoneyhurst,

England. At these two famous institutions were laid broad and deep the foundations of that classical learning and exquisite taste which afterwards shone so conspicuously in all his writings and speeches. Having completed his course at Stoneyhurst with great distinction, Meagher returned to his native land to find its passionate heart throbbing responsively to two mighty influences—the subtle witchery of Davis' lyre and the scarcely less melodious cadences of Mitchel's trenchant and powerful prose. These were literary influences directed to the attainment of a political end. In accurate nomenclature they would be termed politico-literary influences.

"To these the young student was destined in a short time to add a third, and not less glorious influence—a gorgeous and enchanting eloquence unsurpassed even in that land which has produced more orators of the first rank than Greece itself—an eloquence that, with intensest heat, fused the ore of his extensive reading, and produced the most finished blade of perfect speech that has been wielded in the assertion of a nation's liberty since the days when Demosthenes attempted to revivify decadent Hellas by the thunder tones of his immortal Philippics. The political situation in Ireland at that time was still dominated by the Titanic figure of O'Connell. That truly great man had, about fifteen years before, won Catholic Emancipation by means of constitutional agitation, and he believed he could win 'Repeal' by the same methods. But the prestige of the great 'tribune' had received a staggering blow. His 'monster meetings' had been suppressed. He had been cast into prison, from which he had emerged less sanguine, but still obstinately attached to his favourite policy The youthful section of O'Connell's followers never endorsed this policy. They argued

that England would never repeal the Union (so disastrous to Ireland and advantageous to herself) which she had attained by means of the most nefarious corruption, and that revolution was the only course open to the people.

"O'Connell's followers, in their zeal to tie down the younger and more ardent section, introduced for adoption a series of resolutions known as the 'Peace Resolutions,' which declared that 'liberty was not worth purchasing at the price of one drop of blood.' These resolutions, as might be expected, precipitated the issue. Meagher sprang to his feet, and delivered a speech against the adoption of the resolutions—a speech which for loftiness of thought, splendour of illustration, and sustained brilliancy of poetic diction has rarely, if ever, been equalled in the whole range of ancient or modern oratory.

"This was at the beginning of his career as an orator —a career, the meteoric splendour of which, from the delivery of the 'Sword Speech' in Conciliation Hall in Dublin, down to the noble and scholarly utterance in the dock at Clonmel, when he was about to be sentenced to death for high treason, Irish history proudly attests. This barbarous sentence, as you all know, was never carried out, having been commuted to penal servitude for life to Van Diemen's Land. Of Meagher's life at the Antipodes it is not my purpose to speak now. It was not entirely devoid of passing gleams of brightness, and of such happiness as, even in exile, falls to the lot of men who, like Meagher, have been endowed by Nature with an ardent and poetic imagination. The gloom of his exile was rendered less oppressive by the love of a beautiful young lady who became his wife, and who afterwards died in Ireland while her heroic husband was in the United States, bending all

his energies to making a home for her in the country of his adoption.

"Meagher escaped from Van Diemen's Land and arrived in New York in 1852. After lecturing with great success for some time, he studied law, entered upon its practice, and in 1856 edited the *Irish News*. When the Civil War broke out he raised a company for the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers, and fought bravely at Bull Run. This company was subsequently made the nucleus of that famous Irish Brigade in the Army of the Potomac which Meagher raised, and commanded in all the battles of that army from Fair Oaks to Chancellorsville. The fame of Meagher's Irish Brigade fairly rivals that of the old Irish Brigade, which, in the service of France, won immortal renown on every battlefield of Europe from 'Dunkirk to Belgrade'; and the glory of Fredericksburg, Antietam, and Chancellorsville ranks with that of Cremona, Ramillies, and far-famed Fontenoy itself, where the fiery valour of the exiled children of the Gael turned the tide of battle against Cumberland's well-nigh victorious legions, and won a decisive victory for the arms of France. But it is with Fredericksburg that Meagher's name and fame are inseparably associated. To the student of history the mention of either name conjures up a mental picture of that magnificent charge up the grape-swept slopes of Mary's Heights, where the flower of Ireland's chivalry fell in their desperate attempt to storm the impregnable position of their gallant Southern foes.

"Incredible as it seems, some people have endeavoured to condemn Meagher for rashness or something worse on that memorable occasion, and have actually striven to make it appear that the ultimate responsibility for the sacrifice of his command rested on his shoulders. Imagine any one condemning Lord Cardigan for sacri-

ficing the Light Brigade at Balaclava! yet both cases were exactly similar, as were also the results. In both battles the brigadier had no option but to obey the orders of his commander-in-chief, and Meagher at Fredericksburg and Cardigan at Balaclava would have been court-martialled had the former disobeyed Burnside and the latter Lord Raglan. The immortal lines of Tennyson are equally true of both—

"'Was there a man dismay'd?
No, though the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.'

"The field of Fredericksburg had been chosen by Lee himself, because the position afforded the natural advantages that would enable him to neutralise the numerical superiority of the enemy. The exact range of every position either held by the Federal forces or likely to be held by them had been accurately determined by actual measurement, and the rebel batteries swept the slopes of Mary's Heights and the plain at their base with a besom of fire. Being an Irishman myself, any description which I might give of the battle, or at least of Meagher's part in it, would be open to the suspicion of being too partial to my countrymen. I shall content myself, therefore, with quoting the words of Mr. Russell, the special war correspondent of the London *Times*, as neither he nor the paper he represented can be accused of partiality to Irishmen. These are his words: 'Never at Fontenoy, Albuera, nor at Waterloo was more undoubted valour displayed by the sons of Erin than during these six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable

position of their foe with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained fame on a thousand battle-fields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Mary's Heights.'

"This is the praise of an enemy, and it is praise indeed. Oh, my countrymen, think of the imperishable glory of that peerless charge across the plain and up those heights swept by the iron tempest from Walton's guns. Six times up the hill, and even to the very muzzles of the death-dealing guns, charged the devoted brigade, and each time at its head—ever in front of the foremost files—rode Meagher, cheering, and animating his troops, his uniform tattered with shot, and his good sword flashing in the frosty light of that deathless December day. Aye, be always proud of the memory of that historic charge and of Meagher's fame, for it is a heritage of glory! At Chancellorsville, after Jackson's flanking attack had disrupted the Union line, Meagher and his brigade succeeded in saving the Maine battery, and he was complimented on the battle-field by General Hancock, who assigned him the post of honour, by ordering him to command the rearguard in the retreat. This was the last of his battles. His brigade, decimated at Fredericksburg, had been almost annihilated at Chancellorsville, and Meagher was given the military district of Etowah, with the brevet rank of major-general.

"After the war, Meagher was sent to Montana as territorial secretary, but in consequence of the absence of Governor Clay Smith, the duties of the governor devolved upon him. The territory was then passing through that embryonic stage of turbulence and lawlessness which always seems to precede the births of new States. He firmly established law and order in the new territory, and his wit, eloquence, courtesy, and gene-

rosity endeared him to the hardy pioneers amongst whom this last phase of his life was cast. Tales of his marvellous horsemanship were told by many a hunter's camp-fire, coupled with anecdotes of his early adventures in his native land, and of his war record, of which the fame was known to all. At meetings and public gatherings the potent influence of his oratory was felt, and several speeches delivered by him, while in Montana, proved that his eloquence had lost nothing of that wonderful rhythmic flow which was one of its most salient characteristics. But the end of this chivalrous and gloriously gifted being was close at hand. The sands in the hour-glass of Meagher's life were running low. His brilliant and checkered course was nearing the last milestone, and the 'angel of the amaranthine wreath' was approaching to press the poppies of eternal sleep upon his brow. The catastrophe was sudden and unexpected. His wife (for Meagher had married again) was about to return to shed the rosy light of her love upon his home—and what a love!—a love which has endured and remained constant to the hero's memory during all those darkened years that have elapsed since the disastrous tidings of his death smote the widow's ears and blighted her young heart.

"There had been trouble with the Indians, and Meagher had been busy making preparations to subdue the hostile tribes. On the evening of July 1, 1867, he, accompanied by his staff, had ridden into Fort Benton and taken passage on the steamer *G. A. Thompson* to go down the river to superintend the delivery of arms and ammunition to the troops which he had organised. It appears that, for some reason that will never be known, he had left his state-room and gone on deck. The railing in front of his cabin was broken. Some coils of rope were lying near the edge, and it is thought that,

in the darkness, he stumbled against one of them. That he must have received some injury in falling seems certain, because he emitted a deep groan as he fell into the seething waters. An alarm was at once raised, and some of the passengers caught fitful glimpses of his form as he struggled manfully against the yellow billows that were hurrying him relentlessly to his undiscovered grave. Meagher was a powerful and accomplished swimmer, but the Missouri at this place is full of cross-eddies and whirlpools, and the resistless current, with appalling speed, swept him beyond the reach of human aid for ever. His gallant struggle for life was unavailing, and the swirling waters of the tawny river closed above his dauntless head. The last melodious period had flowed from the gifted pen. The last rhythmic speech had fallen from the lips of gold. He had ridden his last charge, and the whirling sands of the raging river engulfed the form of as true a knight as ever—

> 'Shot thro' the lists at Camelot and charged
> Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.'

"His fiery life was quenched that night by the Missouri's rushing waves, but his fame flames on—a beacon light to guide the true and brave, and in the years to come fathers will lead their sons to where his martial effigy rises in enduring bronze, that, gazing on the handsome lineaments of the soldier-orator, their young souls may be fired to the utterance of noble thoughts and the achievement of gallant deeds."

RICHARD P. O'BRIEN, B.L.

SPEECH OF THOMAS F. MEAGHER

CLONMEL DOCK, 1848

Mr. Meagher, with fluency of utterance, and remarkable firmness of manner, then spoke as follows :—

"My lords, it is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration; nor have I the indelicate wish to close the ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that, hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country which I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments, and of that conduct, in a light, I think, far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and perhaps the sentence you, my lords, are about to pronounce will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever may be the language in which that sentence will be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honoured. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made for what I conceived to be a just and noble cause I

ascribe no vain importance; nor do I claim for them any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever so happen, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak their efforts may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With the country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts, proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I was indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment against them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they perhaps could have returned no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations upon it I sincerely feel would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord—you who preside upon that bench—when the prejudices and the passions of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it—was your charge, as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the Crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming of me, and perchance it may seal my fate; but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing that I have ever said. I am not here to crave with lying lip the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even here—here where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust—here in this spot, where the shadow of death surrounds me, and from which I see an early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No! I do not

despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can now do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity instead of what she is, the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England I know this crime entails the penalty of death. But the history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it. Judged by that history I am no criminal, and (turning to his fellow-prisoner, M'Manus) you are no criminal, and (to O'Donohue) you are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I have been convicted loses all its guilt—is sanctioned as a duty—will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lords, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I feel to be my duty —having spoken now, as I did on every occasion during my short life, what I felt to be the truth, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death—that country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies, whose factions I sought to still, whose intellect I prompted to a lofty aim, whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a pledge of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life all the hopes, the honours, the endearments of a happy and an honourable home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I trust I will be prepared to hear it, and meet its execution. I trust, too, that I shall be prepared with a pure heart to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as

of infinite justice will preside; and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

(A low but protracted murmur of applause pervaded the court at the conclusion of the prisoner's most eloquent and impassioned address.)

A TRUE STORY OF COLLETT'S LANE

One fine summer day in 1690 the merchant Collett was sitting over his ledgers in his house in the lane which still bears his name, off the High or Main Street in the town of Clonmel, when his clerk came in saying that Lord Caher's steward wished to see him, and was directed to show him in. After the usual greetings the steward said, "I am commanded by my noble master to pay you the mortgages, and all other debts due, in good and lawful money of his Majesty King James, and I have four horsemen waiting with the money." The merchant's heart sank, for he well knew that the copper tokens which by law passed for half-crowns and shillings might never be redeemed, and yet he dared not refuse them; so putting on the best face he could, said, "'Tis now near the dinner hour, and I pray you and your men to partake of my hospitality, due to the retainers of my good friend the Baron of Caher." So they sat down to dinner in high good humour, but Collett was ill at ease, and protracted the meal, and after sitting in every way he could, and when further delay was not possible, set about counting his money in a clumsy way, making mistakes, and going over it again and again. At last, late in the evening, he had to agree that the amount was right, and with a heavy heart prepared to write a receipt and deliver up the deeds he held, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard in the low archway leading from the street to

the lane, and a horseman covered with dust and sweat, and breathless from exhaustion, burst into the room and handed the merchant a letter. When he had read it, he smiled, and turning to the steward, said, "Put up your money in your bags again. Go back to your master and tell him that my king has beaten his king," for 'twas the day after the Battle of the Boyne, when William III. was victorious and the fortune of the day went against King James.

IN CLONMEL—THE ASSIZES

Administration of Justice at Clonmel—The Crown Bar—Intrepid Reply of Councillor Roynane to the Bench

A LITTLE more than two hours brought us from Carrick to Clonmel, and on my arrival there, I found it was assizes time, and that the town was exceedingly strong. Bianconi's jarvey driver told me that I would find it exceedingly difficult to obtain a bed; but as I was a stranger, he would direct me to where I should not be disappointed. I have made it a rule in travelling (and all travellers should make a similar rule) never to be guided by postboys, drivers, runners, &c., to the place where I sojourn; for such fellows are always in league with low, designing hotel and tavern keepers, where a man is sure to be ill-treated, and robbed to boot, if an opportunity should occur.

I thanked the fellow for his attention to my interest, and told him that I would provide for myself. A gentleman who travelled on the car with me told me he was to stop at the Great Globe; that it was the most respectable house in Clonmel, and that I had better make trial for a bed. I accordingly went with the gentleman to the Great Globe, and inquired if I could have a bed for the night. A hard-featured, ill-looking waiter, that almost frightened me out of the house, told me, with a significant look, that I could, but—"No matter," said I; "give me a good bed, and unless you are exorbitant beyond my experience of

things, we shall not differ." The gentleman who was my fellow-traveller on the car seemed to be an intelligent young man; I felt prepossessed in his favour, and was determined to cultivate a closer acquaintance with him. After depositing our luggage in the Great Globe, we agreed to take a walk through the town. There is no town in Ireland with which I was more pleased than Clomnel: it is a rising, prosperous, inland town, where a great deal of business is transacted, and where the people seem active and industrious. The Tipperary boys were collected in groups in the streets, talking Irish, and condoling over the fate of their friends, whom they expected to be hanged by the half-dozen, at the close of the assizes, which had commenced the previous day, and which was expected to not terminate for about three weeks.

By the way, it is little wonder that the country people should expect their friends to be convicted, as a matter of course, while Clonmel affords such an honest, respectable, liberal-minded jury as the Attorney- or Solicitor-General is able to pick out, whenever there is a Crown prosecution—a lot of lads, who think it an honour to do justice where the Crown is concerned; such a jury as I afterwards saw sworn in Clonmel, to try misdemeanour cases, when the traversers had no power to challenge—they were all good men and true. I have their names in my note-book, and I may yet amuse the good folks of Clonmel by giving a short sketch of those worthy fellows.

As my friend and I were taking a survey of the town, he observed to me that he had forgotten to order dinner, and that we should return to the Globe for that purpose. We did so, and the ill-looking waiter told us that there would be an ordinary at five o'clock, and if we had no objection to good company, we might

dine with the rest. For my part, this pleased me exceedingly, and, as my friend had no objection, we at once agreed. Dinner was served up about an hour after the time promised, and as motley a group as ever I had the fate to be placed amongst sat down to table. It would be useless and uninteresting to notice the persons individually. I shall take a few, whose names and occupations I learned from my friend; I sat next him in order to acquire all the information I stood in need of. There was one man who attracted my notice on his entering the room; I thought he was as handsome and as well made a fellow as ever I beheld. He had a good deal of the *suavitur in modo* about him; but as he sat the other side of me, I looked closely behind his ear, and saw that his courage was in proportion to his size. "Lord!" thought I, "if he were vexed, and armed with a leaden whip in his hand, he would mow down common men as Samson did the Philistines." When I got a favourable opportunity I inquired of my friend who was the Hercules that sat the other side of me. He told me that was the Rev. Mr. L——, of F——d. "By Jove!" said I, "he could use more arguments than one in the case of necessity." My informant told me he was one of the best and most humane men in Tipperary.

My neighbour gave me information concerning others of the company who are too insignificant to notice. Dinner being over, some called for wine, on purpose to show that they were used to decency at home; the great majority, however, called for the native, and I amongst the number. The ill-looking waiter, and his master, Mr. Butler, a harmless-looking gom of an old fellow, came in, and Butler went over and spoke to Jones, and asked would he take punch after his wine? "Oh, by all means," said he, "and bring in the Scotch whisky; I would recommend it to all the gentle-

men present; it is delicious." I was astonished to see that none of the company seemed to make any objection. Stranger and all as I was, I could not bear such a proposition to be made. I said I would move, by way of amendment, that nothing should come in there amongst a company of Irishmen but real Irish manufacture; that, for my part, I would leave the house at once, if I did not get Irish whisky to drink. And here, by the way, let me give advice to all Irishmen to discountenance the importation and use of Scotch whisky into this country. Let no man who takes whisky, or whisky punch, go to any place where Scotch whisky is sold; that is the right way to settle the rascals who, by encouraging the peculating Sawneys, who smuggle all their whisky, would do a manifest injury to the only remnant of Irish manufacture in the country—the distilleries; besides, Scotch whisky is common trash when compared with the Irish. Almost every man in the room seconded my proposition about the native, but Jones would still contend that the Scotch ought to get a preference. A large, rough-faced fellow at the end of the table shouted out that Jones wished to patronise the Scotch, because his friends in Clonmel imported and dealt in it by wholesale. To make the story short, high words arose between the rough-faced fellow and those that took part with Jones. A general scuffle ensued—a few tumblers were exchanged, and Jones and C—— cut out of the room in quick time. Peace was with some difficulty restored, and when it was, the native did come in in quantities sufficient to supply a company of Connaught Rangers. Every man became mellow; "each heart was light and each pulse was right," of all that remained. In the midst of the gaiety the ill-looking waiter came in, and whispered in my ear that

I could have no bed there that night. It struck me that I was put down as the cause of the row about the whisky, and that they were determined to have revenge of me. I spoke out, in the hearing of all present, and remonstrated against such bad treatment, and swore that I would not leave the house that night. All the lads at the table agreed with me, and swore that, if Butler did not give me a bed, they would smash the house—that he dare not turn out a good fellow —that I was one of the right sort, and so forth. The ill-looking waiter was insolent, and one of the fellows slapped a tumbler of punch in his face. This was the signal for a fresh row. A parcel of Butler's friends rushed in: dire was the conflict—out went the lights —and in came a lot of the peelers; it was with difficulty that peace was again restored. Whilst the affair was going on, a smooth-faced, cunning-looking customer came in to see what was the matter. There was a penetrating shrewdness in the glance of his eye: had I met him at Holywell or the Stock Exchange, in London, I would be persuaded that he was a Jew. He heard the waiters at Butler's insisting that I should leave the house—that I would not get a bed if I paid ten prices for it.

The new-comer saw that I was a stranger, and in a hobble, and kindly undertook to provide for my wants for the night. I inquired who it was to whom I was so deeply indebted, and he replied that he was the famous Bianconi, of Clonmel. The gentleman who travelled with me stood to me like a soldier during the night, and when he saw me going off with Bianconi, he begged I would call in the morning to let him know where he might find me. Bianconi took me to Hearn's hotel (by the way, a cheap and comfortable house it is). I was shown up to a two-bedded room, and I

went to bed wondering at the adventures of the evening, and congratulating myself at being able to lie down in a whole skin, after the two dangerous rencontres in which I was engaged. Shortly after I lay down, promising myself a sleep, the door was burst open, and a fellow, three-quarters drunk, staggered in. I looked out and saw a little-eyed, bald-pated, fat-looking, middle-aged fellow. "That customer," said I to myself, "has the cut of a knave." I said something by way of a feeler, to see if he was kindly disposed towards his fellow-lodger. The grum little dog answered not in a monosyllable, and began cursing all double-bedded rooms, and all those to boot who would ever sleep in one; he staggered into bed, and at midnight I heard him up through the room, apparently suffering much for his good living the evening before. I uttered a loud imprecation against double-bedded rooms. To be short, such a night I never spent—I hope no traveller will ever fall into the same place with my fellow-lodger. Before daylight "in the morning" I thought the fellow would smash the bells and awaken every individual in the house, calling for seidlitz powders. I had the curiosity to ask the name of my noisy neighbour during the night. I was told he was an attorney, of the name of Cashen. I arose early in the morning, went to pay my friend at Butler's a visit, and after breakfast we strolled into the court-house, where we saw a jury called from the lads of Clonmel.

Well, then, let me say that all was fair and upright; it was justice, or a part of the system at court, to set aside thirty-four honest, respectable Catholics and five Protestants of liberal principles, whose integrity could never be questioned, and who would get more on their credit than five thousand like the fellows who were chosen in their place. Yet, as a matter of course, it

was right that this should be done in order to accomplish the ends of justice. It must have inspired the country people with a peculiar love and respect for the laws, and filled their minds with confidence and assurance that perfect justice would be done, and a fair trial given to their friends, when they saw men, remarkable for their honesty, candour, respectability, and station in life, set aside, and men known to entertain certain principles, something in accordance with Judkin Butler, Bully Boyton, and such other folks, put in their place. Mr. Roynane, now member for Clonmel, was engaged in a case where he challenged four jurors in succession. The Bench remarked that it was not right of gentlemen to delay the public time in challenging unnecessarily. With the intrepidity of Curran, Roynane replied: "My lord, it is somewhat strange that on yesterday, when thirty-four respectable Catholics and some Protestants of liberal principles were set aside by the Crown, your lordship did not complain of waste of time. But, my lord, it may be a waste of time on my part to attempt to break down the machinery by which the Crown prosecutors are able to get jurors pleasing to themselves, and those who wish for conviction, but I must endeavour to do my duty."

The stupid and ungrateful dogs of countrymen must be hard-hearted wretches to even complain of the administration of justice, or think of settling matters in a more summary way than the Crown lawyers, and all the small fry of judicial employees, from old gag Crampton down to Tom Catch, or the peasant-shooting peeler. Any of the Tipperary boys who were present at the calling of the juries at Clonmel must have gone home in perfect love with the system, and with a determination never to settle matters in their

own way, but leave all to the impartial and kind protection of the Crown lawyers. I hope it is no libel to praise the administration of justice in this country, and yet so strange are the times, and such a suspicion have those gentlemen of themselves, that I would not wonder if we had the old gag Crampton, or the oily, hypocritical-looking codger, Blackbourne, endeavouring to file an *ex-officio* against me this week. But, good fellows, the writer of the sketches despises you both most heartily; he studied the law as well as you, and he is prevented only from practising it because so many mercenary, heartless, cold-blooded, and unprincipled placemen and place-hunters belong to it. It is on this account, and on account, too, of the intricacies and chicanery that belong to our system of jurisprudence, that the writer of the sketches does not strut the hall of the court with a gown and wig, and empty bag, of course. But enough of this. Let me stick to Clonmel for a moment longer, and the sooner I get out of it the better. The morning I entered the court at Clonmel, I saw a host of peelers, with glistening bayonets and muskets in their hands. Every man in the garb of a tenantry peasant, who, through ignorance of what he was about, or through an anxiety to see some person inside the court, made an attempt to enter, was thrust back with the utmost violence. I pitied the poor fellows, for I never saw such savage treatment as they received from these amphibious, nondescript animals y-clept peelers.

On my entrance, although I was dressed rather dandyish, I was stopped by a chief peeler. I think I had the look of a Radical. I wore a green coat, a green necktie, a white hat, and had a bit of shillelagh in my fist. One of these heroes, called chief peelers, asked me where I was going. The gentleman who was with

me undertook to be spokesman, and did answer for me. He said I belonged to an English journal, and had come to Ireland to report the state and condition of the country, and that I had come to the court to report the proceedings of the assizes. "Why," said I, "do you undertake to give such long explanations to this peeler? It is enough to say that I belong to the press, and that you are, what you told me you were, a juror of the county, to gain admission." With a voice of thunder I said: "I belong to the press—to the English press, and that portion of it, too, that scorns your paltry partisan views in this country." The fellow allowed us to pass on, and with some difficulty I obtained a place.

My friend was allowed to sit by my side, and I found him truly useful and obliging. He knew the name and character of almost every remarkable personage that appeared in court. I begged that he would point out to me the bar of Crown lawyers, that I might form my opinion of the fellows—founded upon those erring principles in which I still have confidence. Perhaps the study of Spurzheim and Lavater has been an injury to me through life; but having studied them, I must form my opinions of men upon an examination of the head, and a close view of the countenance. My friend pointed out to me the Crown lawyers. I shall notice Crampton first. I wonder very much that this man ever got credit for talent. It is impossible that he can have a mind capable of those reasoning powers, or filled with that fidelity of thought, that is so necessary to form a statesman and an advocate. He may be a scholar, and have read much, and, from what I have seen of him, I think he has the organ of memory strongly developed; but I have seen fools that had this organ in a far greater

degree than other men. I examined Crampton well—I heard his speech. There was no grasp of thought, or power of reasoning, in it; his cause, no doubt, was a bad one, but it is in such a case the power of the advocate is manifested. I thought, at first, his deficiency might have arisen from a wish to deal lightly towards the accused; but he could not be mistaken there; he was as virulent as ever old Toler was, who is now gone to H——, Heaven, of course. On the whole, I put Crampton down as an old gag.

Next to Crampton sat an old joker who had a perpetual grin on his threadbare phiz. He was all mouth, like a pike, and never did a pike swallow prey with more voracity than this worthy swallowed every word that he thought would lead to a conviction. His mouth, as I observed, was large and angular; and when that is the case, and where the lips are thin, the possessor is generally malignant and ungrateful. There was a downcast look in his watery grey eye, and the want of fulness in the intonation of his voice gave manifestation that very few kindly or generous feelings ever took possession of his heart. "That," said my friend, "is Councillor Scott."

Next to him sat a customer with a bull-terrier-looking head. There was a large wrinkle and heavy frown between his eyebrows, and there was a kind of careless ferocity in his looks.

"That fellow," said I, "is surely very ill-tempered; he is one who will stick with the tenacity of a game-terrier to any cause he undertakes."

"I think you are right," said my friend; "that is Councillor Brutester, or Brewster."

"Oh the brute!" said I; "pass him by."

There was a sleepy Miss Polly looking fellow next to him, whose contour indicated more good-nature and

generous feelings than the fellow I have been describing. He has, besides, some talent; he is a close reasoner, but, after all, a bad orator—he wants action, and he has a low voice.

"That man," said my friend, "is Councillor Smith, son to the Baron."

A Student of Gray's Inn.

THE WATERFORD ELECTION

S—— and his Golden Sword—Martin Doyle—The Clonmel Bootmaker

WHILST S—— was feeling the pulse and hearing the sweet voices of his countrymen, a fellow in the gallery cried out, "Silence." The tone in which he spoke was so loud and commanding that the effect was almost magical, and in an instant there was silence—not, however, for half an hour, for the dictator himself broke the silence by crying out, "S——, a word with you." This exclamation excited universal attention, and the orator obtained silence. He then lifted up his hand and directed it to Mr. S——, who was seated next the sheriff's assessor; nor was his gesture the less impressive because his coat was out at the elbows, and the fragment of a dirty shirt was visible under the arm. Altogether he appeared in a truly patriotic condition. After having surveyed the object of his antipathy he exclaimed, "S——, do you know me? I am Maher the bootmaker, from Clonmel. Often I used to shout for you at the meetings, you little deserter. I remember one of your speeches at the chapel, upon the mountain of Sleivineman. 'On the summit of that mountain that overhangs your city Cromwell bid his soldiers stand, and pointing forth his truncheon to the fertile vale below, he exclaimed: "Men of Israel, this is a country worth fighting for." He was right—and shall we not fight for this country?' Those were the words you

spoke. I got them by heart out of the *Tipperary Free Press*. And if the country was worth fighting for, why did you desert it? Ah, you little villain, you are the devil's little finger (roars of laughter). I wish I had to make a pair of boots for you—I'd put pegs in them that would make you tread light enough. It's you that ruined the cause, bad luck to you (loud cheers). Oh, S——! I am sorry for you; after all the victories you won, to see you going to the pitch caps, the hauls, the groans, the riding house. You member for Louth! No, by —— I'd rather vote for Naro or Dioclesian (roars of laughter), and I'd hop on one leg from Clonmel to Dundalk to vote against you. You are a rotten branch, as the Scriptures say, and you will be cut down and cast into the fire. You look very pensive there. Will you have a pinch of snuff? It's real blackguard, just fit for you (roars of laughter). Oh, S——! if you get into Parliament, it is you that would put in a good word for the minister. You'd like to be a Dan, but he'd tread on you, you little viper, and squeeze your venom out. You wanted to be cock of the walk (loud cheers). You thought we ought to subscribe for you, and because we did not you took the base Beresford money. Ah, S——! you would be member for Waterford yourself if you had not taken the yellow-boys from George. I wish I had ye both in a bag and I'd duck ye well; and mind me, keep out of my way, little Pennanden (loud laughter), for I'll not leave you weighing two stone, and I'll peel every scrap of flesh ov your bones. Good-bye to you; I'll meet you at the Clonmel assizes, and I'll bring out the boys to meet you, and maybe we won't give you a warm welcome" (loud laughter and long-continued cheering).

The irresistible burst of laughter which this harangue created was too much for poor unfortunate S—— to bear.

JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO WATERFORD

However, I must be allowed to ramble on in my own way, which shows that I cannot bear control, and consequently that I have been very ill instructed; but I console myself with the thought that I am no worse than others. Well, let me see what I was about to say—yes, it was this. On a very cold evening in the month of February 1830, I was sitting at a very comfortable coal fire at my lodgings in the Strand, London, with a bottle of the native before me, which was smuggled over by a Tipperary boy, who had to fly from the green fields of Erin for serving Rockite notices. The poor honest fellow left the place where he saw nothing but green grass and ditches, and came to the modern Sodom to gaze on brick walls and pavements. His first look-out was for me; for he had a suspicion that I waged war with peelers, parsons, and proctors; but, as he said himself, I did the thing in a genteeler way than he did, and for the sake of the cause and Ould Ireland he presented me with a bottle of genuine poteen, which bottle was standing before me, half-emptied, on the night above alluded to. I had an old chum with me on that night, a fellow whom I always found to have a kindred disposition to my own. I have a faint recollection of what passed, and I really think I was happy. Only think of an Irishman in London in company with an old friend whom he had

not seen for a long time, and just after taking four tumblers of poteen punch! All the pleasing recollections and youthful associations of my school days, and of the happy home of my father, were called up. I heard, too, some good news from Ireland, and, take it all in all, I was happy that evening. But, alas! how fleeting is all human happiness. Just as I was finishing the fourth tumbler, and stirring up the fire with the poker, a knock came to the door, and who should it be but an evil genius in the shape of a runner, or messenger, from the office of the ——, bearing a note to me from one of the editors, reminding me that the Waterford election was to commence on the following Monday, and that I should, if I could, get a seat in the Bristol mail—start that night, that I might be in time to record the proceedings from the commencement. I do not like to dwell upon the recollection of unpleasant events, and shall not attempt to describe what I felt on that occasion. I might not go, of course; but when a man is in the enjoyment of anything, and is interrupted, he can be happy no longer. I never could bear interruption in two things—namely, over a tumbler of the native, or in a *tête-à-tête* with a lady. As I could enjoy the former happiness no longer, I determined at once to start, like a true philosopher, *omnia mea mecum porto*. My "flitting" at all times is light, so in an instant "I put three shirts in 'kerchief simple," and took my venturous passage (not to the temple) but to The Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane. Only think of the trial it was on a cold, dark evening, to leave behind a dear friend (aye, two dear friends, that is, counting the poteen punch), a comfortable fire, and other things at all times dear to us, in order to set out on such a long and perilous journey. It was by this time half-past seven o'clock. I arrived at The

Swan with Two Necks at a quarter to eight—and by-the-bye, if double heads be a proper sign for proper dealings, there is plenty of such dealing to be had at The Swan with Two Necks. The coach was just about to start, and by paying an extra pound I was accommodated with an inside by a Jew of the name of Levi, who was going down to Bristol to dispose of jewellery in the wholesale way. I bethought me how characteristic it was of the poor thoughtless Irishman, with hardly as much money in his possession as was necessary for his journey, and the avaricious Jew, whom I found, on inquiry, to possess more thousands than I did pounds. But he saw an opportunity for money, and it is an absolute fact which I here state, that he gave me his inside seat, and took to the roof of the vehicle, and endured the cold and storm of a night in February, sooner than lose an apportunity of making the cash.

A Student of Gray's Inn.

1830.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS

"All over the world," the traveller said,
"In my peregrinations I've been;
And there's nothing remarkable, living or dead,
But these eyes of mine have seen.
From the land of the ape and the marmozet,
To the lands of the Fellaheen."
Said the other, "I'll lay you an even bet
You were never in Farranalleen."

"I've hunted in woods near Seringapatam,
And sailed in the Polar Seas.
I fished for a week in the Gulf of Siam
And lunched on the Chersonese.
I've lived in the valleys of fair Cashmere,
Under Himalay's snowy ridge."
Then the other impatiently said, "See here,
Were you ever at Laffan's Bridge?"

"I've lived in the land where tobacco is grown,
In the suburbs of Santiago;
And I spent two years in Sierra Leone,
And one in Del Fuego.
I walked across Panama all in a day,
Ah me! but the road was rocky."
The other replied, "Will you kindly say,
Were you ever at Horse-and-Jockey?"

" I've borne my part in a savage fray,
When I got this wound from a Lascar ;
We were bound just then from Mandalay
For the island of Madagascar.
Ah ! the sun never tired of shining there,
And the trees canaries sang in."
" What of that ? " said the other, " sure, I've a pair,
And there's lots of them over in Drangan."

" And I've hunted the tigers in Turkestan,
In Australia the kangaroos ;
And I lived six months as medicine man
To a tribe of the Katmandoos.
And I've stood on the scene of Olympic games,
Where the Grecians showed their paces."
The other replied, " Now tell me, James,
Were you ever at Fethard Races ?

" Don't talk of your hunting in Yucatan,
Or your fishing off St. Helena ;
I'd rather see young fellows hunting the " wren "
In the hedges of Tubberaheena.
No doubt the scenes of a Swiss canton
Have a passable sort of charm,
Give me a sunset on Slievenamon
From the road at Hackett's Farm.

" And I'd rather be strolling along the quay,
And watching the river flow,
Than growing tea with the cute Chinee,
Or mining in Mexico.
And I wouldn't much care for Sierra Leone,
If I hadn't seen Killenaule,
And the man that was never in Mullinahane
Shouldn't say he had travelled at all."

C. J. Boland.

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Although I have been a dweller in cities for many years, I first saw the light in a little country town.[1] The little country town had at its side a bright, clear river which often in my imaginative youth seemed to me like a long sabre at a warrior's hip, for my little town had been famous in old days for high spirit and heroic deeds.

From the very bank of the river, opposite to the town, rose a long, low line of hills, and behind this another and a higher range, and still further back a third and a loftier. Beyond the third the settled order ceased, and was succeeded by a chaotic confusion of heather heights which rose and fell for many a good long Irish mile, and finally once more marshalled themselves into order and descended in long undulating lines down to the ocean.

It was upon these calm, unpeopled uplands that most of my days were spent. It was here, under the white grey mantle of the summer sky, or the blue expanse of winter air, that I learned how to live without fellowship and how to enjoy the priceless independence, unpolluted by arrogance or pride, which solitude bestows on those who serve her faithfully and long.

I should have liked to have lived always with my mountains, for I knew them and loved them well; but fate had it written otherwise on the scroll of my life,

[1] Clonmel.

and I had to leave my own little town and my mountains for the straight streets and dull air and walls of a city. The change was hard upon me. There were other mountains, of course, and even some of them were near the city where I dwelt; but then those who know anything about mountains will understand me when I say that only one range can be learned in a lifetime, and this range must be familiar from childhood. Over the hills which we have known in youth are poured the full vials of our wonder and our trust. Each peak and hollow has been made to us a miracle of form and colour, an unfailing suggester of inconceivable fancies. At each bend of the brook we have sat and listened to the bees and made poems more pure and tender than any written books. Each purple heather gorge we have filled with men and women and pageants and chivalrous deeds. The broad valley has been our prairie, the rugged rocks hanging above the lake have stood with us for Moorish castles, and out of the green depths of the tranquil lake a later and more ethereal Venice has arisen before our half-closed eyes as we lay and listened to the slumberous sounds of the summer noon.

What I have said of knowing ranges of mountains I may also say of cities. I know only one city,[1] and I feel I shall never know any other city as I know that one. It is not very large or very splendid. It has a long line of majestic quays and a broad river dark with ships, and little else to strike the casual eye. But I came to it when I was young and unlearned in the world's ways. It seemed vast and noble to me, and full of life, and matters for the curious eye to see and the curious mind to ponder. It seemed a wide field for labour and ambition, and I wandered about

[1] Waterford.

it feeling my heart expand and my life becoming daily fuller and riper, until I thought that here a man might live and struggle and fulfil his mission, whatever that mission might be.

Here it was I first learned that there were other dreams than those inspired on the mountain tops. Here glorious deeds seemed easy and the means of doing them close at hand. Here it was that it first seemed possible to take part in the romances which I had made to myself on the uplands. Here it was that, as months wore on, my life grew riper, and I first felt the wild yearning to speak out, to utter my thoughts, to write a book. Here it was I first looked upon a woman's face as a man looks upon a woman's face but once in life. Here it was that I made my friends.

It may be my fate to visit great cities—Paris, Moscow (where such tears were wept), Padua, Naples, Florence, Rome—even Venice. But if I should ever see them, shall I be able to take them on trust ? Shall I find them cities of palaces inhabited by phantoms of the past and the immortal offspring of genius ? Or will they be to me only the places where good or bad governments flourished or fell, and where clever men wrought well at professions which living men still follow ?

How often have I stood upon a height and yearned over my city at night as if she were some pure beautiful woman tearfully and patiently enduring some mysterious sorrow ! How often in my fond dreams I stretched forth my hand to her and raised her up and showed the world her wondrous beauty until the whole world saw it and felt tenderly towards her, and a faint smile flickered once more upon her pallid lips. She was my unhappy country's fairest daughter—could not she of all the race be happy ? Could not she be lifted out

of the universal sorrow, and made to feel one joyous throb of hope, of pride, of glory ?

It was in this city I made my friends. Where shall I find their like again ? They are few. I can almost count them on the fingers of one of my hands.[1] We grew together. We lived together. We thought together. We knew each other heart and soul. We had no secrets from one another. We were united, one for all, all for one. There was no chief amongst us, yet every one was chief—commanded in all things when he needed sympathy or help. We stood together, shoulder to shoulder, and each did not know himself from the others. If one did well we all applauded. If one was attacked we stood round him. If evil came to one we placed him on our shoulders and said it was we who had done it, not he. If one prospered he said, "It is not I but they." Where shall I find friends like them again ? Many good friends I have met since, but they are not like these old ones. They do not know me, nor I them. They would do me services ; and I have little to give, but that little is mine no longer when I see their need. But they are busy. They live their lives and have lived much of their lives without me. I miss the leavened sympathy. They are honourable, true, noble men.

But I had to leave my friends behind me and seek the capital. When I found myself fixed in Dublin I felt, with incommunicable sorrow, as if I had left behind me on the road of life all that was pure and holy. I had lost my mountains for ever. I was an exile from my city. I was separated from my friends, and moved amongst "strange faces—other minds." My work became a matter of distasteful routine ; my leisure

[1] Thomas Sexton, Edward Moran, Edmund Leamy, Michael Nolan, Joseph Furlong.

a period for vain regrets and melancholy yearnings. I wandered out into the country, but it was wild, unfamiliar, unsympathetic. I lounged about the city, and alternately haunted the wide streets, populous with the well-clad people of the town, and the dark and noisome ways where shocking squalor almost hides the awful pathos of misery. I looked at pictures and statues and libraries of great books; but the sight of such things only increased my burden of loneliness. Through the summer months there were the long days and the bright sun, and I found that to fatigue myself with long walks to some extent dulled my unhappiness. But when winter came I fell almost into despair. My spirits forsook me wholly. I grew to hate my work, to hate the intercourse with those whom I was obliged to meet in the discharge of my duties, and I began seriously to think that either my physical or mental health would before long give way under the despondency which consumed me.

At this time I was living in a house in one of the quiet streets of the city. I have always preferred a room as near as possible to the top of a house, for here there is less vexatious disturbances from domestic noises. The door bell and the knocker do not exercise a cruel tyranny over the nerves, nor are there so many feet traversing passages and climbing and descending stairs. The room in which I sat was at the back of the house, and was quite aloof from all the ordinary sounds of life. Here I read during the long winter nights, and endeavoured to forget that I was suffering from solitariness, and to persuade myself that I was enjoying solitude as I had understood it of old. In the long nights books were my only allies against despair.

And yet sometimes I felt so bitterly averse from

books that I could not regard them without a feeling of intense disgust. These were my terrible hours. For when a lonely man discovers that the creations or thoughts of other men have no charm for him he is driven back upon himself, and woe to him if he find nothing within himself to sustain him in his loneliness!

RICHARD DOWLING.

THE ARBUTHNOT ABDUCTION

On Sunday the 2nd of July 1854, I was standing with some friends outside the ivied gateway of Holy Cross Abbey, county Tipperary. We were examining a curiously sculptured stone of the sixteenth century, bulit into the wall close by the northern end of the bridge which here spans the Suir, when a cry or shout on the other side of the river, and the noise of a horse in rapid gallop, attracted our attention. Looking quickly around, we had barely time to get out of the way when there dashed by us at furious speed a police orderly, his horse all flecked with foam, and mud-spattered to the top of his shako. What was it ? Not another "rising," surely ? "A landlord shot, as sure as we live ! " exclaimed one of our party ; and standing where we did, on Tipperary soil, in the midst of a famous shooting district, no guess could have been more natural under all the circumstances. After a while we turned into the abbey, and having spent an hour amidst the ruined aisles of King Donald's church, and the shattered tombs of prince and lord, we forgot for a moment the hurried horseman, and came away. It was only when we returned to Thurles, after a brisk walk of three miles, that we had an explanation of the incident at the bridge.

"Did you hear the news, sir—did you hear the news ? Carden of Barnane ; the country is up in pursuit of him ; all the police are out, and the mounted men are giving the alarm, and——"

"But what has he done ?."

"Done, sir! Didn't you hear? Miss Arbuthnot—the young English lady, a sister of Mrs. Gough, that he was mad in love with, they say—sure he tried to carry her off; and there was a bloody battle between his men, all armed, and the people defending her, and he was beat, but an orderly has brought word to our sub-inspector that they say he was took an hour ago, on the road below at Farney."

Could we credit our ears? An abduction! Had the worst days of the last century come back on us once more? An abduction, and by Mr. Carden of Barnane, one of the magnates of the county, a great landlord, grand juror, magistrate, deputy-lieutenant! Before nightfall the town was all excitement over the story, which was told in a hundred versions. True it was that an event destined to startle the kingdom from end to end had just befallen within a few miles of where we stood. "For years past," said the *Times* two days subsequently, "no event of any political cast has created greater excitement than the adventurous attempt of the lord of Barnane to possess himself, by means beyond the pale of the law, of a bride possessed of all the requisites, personal and pecuniary, which were but too frequently irresistible for the philosophy of the Celtic temperament."

About three miles from Clonmel, the beautifully environed capital of Southern Tipperary, stands Rathronan House. The road to Cashel leads due north for two miles, when, at Rathronan Church, it turns sharply to the left and west. Here it skirts for a mile the southern boundary of Rathronan demesne, after which it turns again northwards. On this road is the avenue entrance to Rathronan House, the gate lodge being half a mile from the little church already referred to. In 1854 Rathronan was the residence of Captain the

Honourable George Gough, eldest son of Field-Marshal Lord Gough, the hero of Sobraon. Captain Gough had married an English lady, daughter of Mr. George Arbuthnot, of Elderslie, Surrey, and at this time two sisters of Mrs. Gough, Laura, the elder, and Eleanor, the younger, resided with her. The fame of these fair Saxons filled the county. They were young, handsome, and accomplished. When I add that they were heiresses to considerable fortunes, it will be at once admitted they were fascinating and irresistible. So at least thought all the young gallants of the "upper ten" in Tipperary. Eleanor fairly turned the heads of several of them; yet her heart was obdurate; she was impartially civil and cold to all. Amongst these suitors was "the lord of Barnane," Mr. John Carden.[1] He had met her at Marlfield, the charming residence of Mr. Bagwell, long time member for Clonmel, and soon the North Riding squire was the most desperately in love of all. He followed her everywhere. Wherever she appeared—at archery meet or at flower-show, at concert, evening party, or county ball—there was he, like one under a spell, having eyes for nothing and nobody but her. Between him and Captain Gough there existed the friendly and social relations of one county gentleman with another constantly met in the hunting-field and the grand jury room; but the families were not intimate in their intercourse. At length Mr. Carden formally proposed for the hand of the English maiden. He was refused—refused under circumstances that not alone wounded his feelings, but caused him to believe that he owed his repulse, not so much to any aversion on the part of the young lady,

[1] He was cousin of Sir John Carden, of the Priory, Templemore, and was called "Woodcock Carden," so often had he been fired at when at one period of his life he was carrying out extensive evictions.

as to unfair opposition on the part of her family. Once this idea took possession of him, there was no displacing it. Trifles light as air were viewed as corroboration ; a fancied glance as she passed him in the street, a flourish of her whip as she drove by in the pony-phaeton, were embraced as so many signals that she really loved him, but was under restraint. The plain truth was she cared not a jot for the lord of Barnane. Very likely she may have been for a while a little pleased with or vain of his attentions ; but she did all that a young girl could well do, without being painfully rude, to repress any closer advances once things became serious.

The ladies of Rathronan House were in the habit of attending divine service on Wednesdays at Fethard, a town distant northward six or seven miles. On Wednesday, the 28th of June 1854, from one reason or another, Miss Eleanor and Mrs. Gough stayed at home, and the elder Miss Arbuthnot, Laura, and a young lady friend, Miss Linden, were driven to the church at Fethard by a servant named Hoare. While he was engaged in stabling the horse during the time of service, Hoare was accosted by Mr. John Carden's confidential " man," Rainsberry, who was very inquisitive, and asked quite a number of pumping questions about the young ladies. He elicited from Hoare, at all events, the fact that Miss Eleanor was not of the party. Returning home, the ladies encountered on the road, at a place called Market Hill, Mr. Carden, who was on horseback, and it was observed that drawn up close by was a carriage. Furthermore, Hoare noticed that soon after the Rathronan phaeton passed a car drove up, containing Rainsberry and four other men, who joined the attendants of the carriage in the byway. These circumstances, however, seem to have aroused no particular suspicions at the time.

Next day there was the Midsummer Flower Show at Clonmel, the favoured annual rendezvous of the county gentry, or rather of the county ladies. Mr. Carden was early on the ground. He sauntered through the marquees, and strolled along the stands ; but the bloom of June roses had no charm for him. His eyes sought only the flower of Rathronan. In the afternoon she appeared. He accosted her ; asked how her sister was. She bowed, answered that her sister was very well, and passed on. All effort to engage her in conversation was baffled.

On the following Sunday, 2nd of July 1854, Mrs. Gough, Miss Arbuthnot, Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot, and Miss Linden attended divine worship at Rathronan ; Captain Gough being all this time absent in Dublin. The party were driven to the church on an Irish " outside " car. As they entered the churchyard they saw standing behind a tombstone, as if idly waiting the commencement of the service, Mr. Carden of Barnane. Considering the incident of Wednesday, the meeting at the flower show, and, above all, the fact that Rathronan was not the church which ordinarily he would attend, they must have felt his presence to be only a new demonstration of that " haunting " process of which they had by this time become painfully conscious. As a matter of fact, he attracted general notice, nearly every one understanding that he came to have a look at " Miss Eleanor." During devotions he exhibited not a trace of nervousness, excitement, or anxiety. He withdrew at the close of the regular service ; but as this was Sacrament Sunday the Rathronan ladies waited to communicate, and consequently did not leave at the same time.

The morning had been so fine that the ladies left home, as I have mentioned, in an open vehicle ; but

RATHRONAN CHURCH

scarcely had they entered the church when heavy showers came on. The coachman, James Dwyer, quick in thought, drove back to Rathronan (distant three-quarters of a mile), put up the outside jaunting-car, and returned with what is called a "covered car" in its stead. This is a description of vehicle which is entered at the back, the passengers sitting on each side *vis-à-vis* within. Dywer little dreamt how much was soon to turn on this change of "traps."

There had meantime drawn up outside the Rathronan demesne gateway a carriage, to which were harnessed a dashing pair of thoroughbreds. Six strange men were observed loitering about close by; and on the road outside the entrance to the churchyard a groom led two saddle-horses. When Mr. Carden quitted the church he mounted one of them, and rode up to where the carriage stood. He spoke a few hurried words, on which the coachman gripped his reins, and the six "guards," or attendants, at once closed in. Mr. Carden got off his horse, and earnestly examined the housings of the two magnificent animals yoked to the carriage. Every strap and buckle, band and trace, was minutely and carefully scrutinised and tested. The examination concluded, he again mounted and rode back towards the church. He met Captain Gough's covered car returning with the ladies. He at once wheeled round and closely followed it, his horse's head being barely a few feet from the end of the vehicle. Dwyer, the coachman, as he neared the gateway, saw the strange carriage and the attendants, and knew that behind was riding Mr. John Carden of Barnane, the importunate suitor of "the young mistress." Some thought that all was not right flashed like lightning through his mind. He had not time to work the problem out to any very clear conclusion; but as he neared the gate, he, with a

sort of instinctive alarm, shook the rein and cried to his horse. Before a touch of his whip could fall, the six men dashed forward, seized and stopped the car. Then first he recognised in their leader Rainsberry, and divined what was up. He sprang from the driving seat, exclaiming, "Rainsberry, you villain, let go my horse; you'll pay dear for this!" A blow on the head from a skull-cracker tumbled Dwyer to the ground. Rainsberry shouted out, "Cut, cut! Knives, knives!" One of the band pulled from beneath his coat a large garden knife, freshly sharpened, and with one stroke severed the reins of the Rathronan horse; another and another, and the traces hung on the road. This was but the work of a few seconds—years of terror and agony they seemed to the screaming victims in the car. At the instant the vehicle was stopped Mr. Carden jumped from his horse, rushed over, and grasped at Eleanor Arbuthnot. But the whole chapter of accidents were in her favour that day. She happened to be farthest in; he could touch her only by reaching across Miss Linden, who, sitting on the same seat, was next the door. Had the ladies been on the outside car which bore them to church in the morning, one pull from their assailant would have brought any of them to his feet. But, placed as they now were, they were considerably sheltered from attack; and before Eleanor could be reached the other three had to be pulled out and disposed of. All four showed fight in the most determined manner, fully realising what was on foot. Mr. Carden succeeded for a moment in gripping Eleanor. With desperate energy he pulled and strained to drag her out. Laura held her back, and Miss Linden, drawing her clenched fist with all the force she could command, struck the undefended face of the deputy-lieutenant a smashing blow. Blood spurted from his nose and

streamed down his face, covering his shirt front and vest. He loosed his hold and turned sharply on his lady assailant. In vain she shrieked and struggled; he tore her furiously from her hold, and flung her on the side of the road. Mrs. Gough, whose condition of health at the time made a scene like this almost certain death for her, sprang as best she could out of the car, and rushed through the avenue towards the house, screaming for help. A young peasant, named McGrath, was the first to arrive on the scene. He saw Captain Gough's herd at some distance, and shouted to him to hurry—that there was murder going on. Then, with genuine Tipperary vehemence, he dashed into the fray. Had it been a struggle altogether between men, McGrath would doubtless have been perplexed which side to espouse, lest he might by any mischance be striking in behalf of "law and order"—the police, the magistrates, the landlords, or that concatenation of them all, "the Government." But he saw women attacked, and he could make no mistake in hitting hard at their assailants. Mr. Carden returned to the car after hurling Miss Linden aside, and renewed his endeavours to drag Eleanor Arbuthnot from her seat. "Eleanor! Eleanor!" he exclaimed, "it is you I want. I know I shall hang for this. My life will be the price!" Laura yet remained with her; and he found he must get rid of the elder sister as he had disposed of Miss Linden. After a long contest he succeeded, and there now remained in the vehicle but the one whose capture was the object of all his efforts. The hapless girl had seen her companions and protectors one by one torn from her side, and now her turn had come. Bravely, nobly, all undaunted would she fight to the last! She put her arm through a leather hanging-strap that was fixed beside the window,

and held on for dear life. She struggled frantically against the powerful savage, who wildly pulled and tore at her with all his force. Several times had he succeeded but for the interference, at the most critical moment, of some one of her few defenders outside; for all this time a deadly encounter was proceeding on the road. McGrath, his head literally gashed with wounds; Dwyer the coachman, and Smithwick the herd, also bleeding profusely, were, ever and anon, despite the greater numbers of their foes, able to make a dash at Mr. Carden, and drive him from his hold. But, by the testimony of all who saw that scene, not one of them fought so daringly as Miss Linden. Again and again she was flung to the ground by Mr. Carden; as often did she spring to her feet and clutch him by the throat, tear his hair by the handful, and pound his face till it bled anew!

Gasping, breathless, almost fainting—he had received a fearful blow of a stone on the temple from McGrath—Mr. Carden cried to his followers, "Cowards! cowards! come on. Why don't you fire? why don't you fire?" But happily they would not fire, though in the carriage close by firearms had been provided. The only one of them who seemed ready to proceed to extremities was Rainsberry. The others, as they subsequently complained, had been told that Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot was to be a consenting party to the abduction. When they saw the turn the affair had taken, they wished to be well out of it. Every moment showed them more clearly that their necks were being run into halters; and every moment also lessened their chance of escape. Help was now approaching; shouts were heard in the distance. The maddening thought forced itself on Mr. Carden that he had failed, and must fly. Not readily,

however, could he be got to realise the astounding fact. His attendants almost forced him into the carriage, and like arrow from the bended bow, off it flew, two of the finest blood horses in all Munster straining in the traces.

Clonmel was the first to receive the alarm, and quickly Mr. Goold, the resident magistrate, Mr. Fosberry, the sub-inspector of police, and a strong party of constabulary were in full chase. They rightly guessed that the fugitives would make for Templemore, and they dashed away northwards. Meanwhile the Rathronan farm steward had taken horse and galloped to Cashel, where on receipt of the astounding news which he brought, Mr. M'Cullagh, the sub-inspector, with all the mounted officers of his force, soon took saddle and gave pursuit. About three or four miles north of Holy Cross, and within four or five of Barnane Gate, is Farney Bridge, close by Farney Castle, the picturesque residence of Mr. Armstrong. Here, after a ride of ten miles at full gallop, they sighted the carriage going at a desperate pace. But Mr. M'Cullagh's horses were fresh, and the run of twenty miles from Rathronan, over very heavy roads, had told severely on Mr. Carden's. The officers soon overhauled the vehicle and summoned the occupants to pull up and surrender. The answer was a shout of defiance. Instantly springing from the stirrup, Mr. M'Cullagh rushed at the horses, managed to seize them, and by turning them slightly ran the carriage into the ditch. Two attendants jumped from the "dickey" and showed fight, but they were at once overpowered. In fact, Farney police barrack was quite close at hand, and on the first noise of the affray the men turned out, arriving in time to assist in the capture and disarmament of the whole party. Mr. Carden was discovered to be severely wounded about the head and neck.

There were found upon him a loaded six-barrelled revolver, a loaded double-barrelled pistol, a belt containing £315 in gold and English notes, a memorandum book, and a lady's lace veil. With the prisoners were taken three "life-preservers," one stained with blood, a large knife, and a pouch of revolver ammunition. In the carriage were a coil of rope, coats, rugs, shawls, quite a variety of clothing, and a black leather bag. On opening the bag it was found to contain two bottles of chloroform, one bottle of mixture, a sponge, a bottle of smelling-salts, a bottle of tincture of valerian, a small goblet, some ladies' gloves, a pair of ladies' slippers, a crochet vest, a wig, some bandages and lint, besides minor articles. One of the chloroform bottles was marked "a teaspoonful to a cup of water." From the following entry discovered in the memorandum book it would seem that Mr. Carden meant to drive through his own demesne without stopping, despatching this written message to some trusted agent there :—

"Lock the main gate ; bully and baffle all pursuers ; but don't endanger life. Lead pursuers to suspect that I'm shut up in the tower. Rake the gravel at the house to remove tracks. Give a hint to Johnson to be a friend and mislead the pursuers. Do not forward my letters, but write yourself to St. James's, and protect the men who were with me."

All, however, was over now. His desperate game was played and lost. He was led a prisoner to Cashel Jail.[1]

So incredible did it seem that such an outrage as this could happen in our country in the middle of the nineteenth century, that when the first reports appeared

[1] One of the carriage-horses, worth a hundred and fifty guineas, dropped dead on the road, ere they had proceeded more than a mile towards the town.

in the Dublin newspapers there were many readers who derided the story as a sensational fiction. It was only when every day and hour subsequently brought irresistible corroboration that men universally accepted as a fact the astounding narrative.[1] The particulars that came later to hand intensified the general excitement. It became known that the measures Mr. Carden had concerted for the abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot had occupied his attention for a long period, and had involved a considerable expenditure. He had, it was stated, decided upon conveying her to the shore of Galway Bay (distant some fifty miles), where he had a steamer chartered for the purpose of taking her off to sea; relays of horses being placed along the entire route from Templemore to Galway. The vessel with steam up was lying off the shore, and it was stated to be his intention to sail direct for London. These preparations cost him a sum of about £7000.

On Thursday, the 27th of July 1854, the Tipperary South Riding Assizes were opened in Clonmel by the Right Honourable Judge Ball. Hardly within the memory of the oldest inhabitant was there such a throng of the county families as filled the town upon that day; for the sensational trial of Mr. John Carden was to be the great item of the calendar. The Honourable George O'Callaghan, high sheriff, was in a state bordering on frenzy for several days previously. Ladies, young, old, and neuter, hunted him remorse-

[1] The curious influence of example in crimes of a peculiar nature was soon exemplified in this case. Within a week or two abductions suddenly reappeared in several parts of the country. A few days after the Rathronan attempt a Tipperary policeman carried off a respectable young girl from her friends; and at Cork John Walsh, a printer, was committed for the abduction of Mary Spillane, a girl under eighteen years of age, who was entitled to a good fortune on attaining her majority.

lessly from post to pillar with unappeasable demands for admission tickets. He piteously explained that a considerable enlargement of the county court-house was impracticable at such short notice; and that he feared the judge would not listen to the idea of conducting the trial on the racecourse or on the fair green. All to no purpose. Every fair persecutor was very sure *she* would take up little room—"hardly any at all"—and could easily, "if he pleased," be provided with a nook whence she could see that poor mad creature Mr. Carden, dear soul, who had "loved not wisely but too well," and so forth; and it was nothing but downright ill-nature, to be resented to the day of his death, for him, the high sheriff, or Sam Going, his surly "sub," to say the places were already assigned. He fled the town—was "Not at home" to inquirers; but they pushed their way into his study all the same. Then he took to his bed, and gave out that he was very ill—a combination of measles and whooping-cough, with a touch of scarlatina, the *Chronicle* newspaper said it was; but the delightful beings would penetrate to the side of his couch, and while he groaned out from under the counterpane that except the dock there was not an inch of space undisposed of, they gave him "bits of their mind" in return, which they assured him he would never be allowed to forget!

It is not to be concluded that the sterner sex were at all less earnest in their persecutions. But it was not Mr. Carden *they* wanted to see. "One glimpse at that lovely, that heroic girl," was begged and scrambled for with wild enthusiasm. "Sure, you can see her some other time," expostulated poor Mr Going. The result of such observations on his part was his exclusion from "society" in the South Riding for several seasons afterwards.

Jamque dies infanda aderat. Old Judge Ball, grandly preceded by halberdiers and pikemen and trumpeters, and attended by the truly unhappy sheriff "in state," went down to the court-house. The Honourable Cornwallis Maude, foreman of the grand jury, having listened to his lordship's opening address, retired with his brethren for a while. Soon they returned into court with a "true bill" against their long-time friend and fellow-magistrate, Mr. John Carden, for the forcible abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot of Rathronan. It was known that great legal contention would arise as to whether Mr. Carden could be said in law to have effected the "abduction," as he had not succeeded in removing the young lady from the car. To guard against mishap the Crown sent up minor indictments for attempted abduction and for aggravated assault. On these also true bills were returned. The jury acquitted the prisoner on the charge of abduction. Next day he was arraigned for the *attempt* to abduct, and was found guilty. A third time, on the following Monday, he was put on trial for a felonious assault on Smithwick, the Rathronan herd. This was very generally felt to be an overdoing of the business by the prosecution, and sympathy with the prisoner was openly expressed on all sides. When the jury this time handed down a verdict of "Not guilty," there was "loud cheering" in the court; "the ladies waving their handkerchiefs." More astonishing was the fact that the crowd assembled outside the building—belonging to a class with whom Mr. Carden, as a landlord, was no great favourite—gave vent to like demonstrations. Before sentence was passed he obtained permission from the judge to make some observations, and he addressed the court with great ability, exhibiting considerable tact, delicacy, and judgment in all he said.

He disclaimed earnestly, and I verily believe with perfect truth, the unworthy motives as to personal resentment, malice, or gain that had been imputed to him. He solemnly declared that he had not "the slightest idea or knowledge of the delicate state of Mrs. Gough's health." "If I had been aware of it," he added, "I certainly would have forbidden the making of any such criminal attempt." Lastly, he indignantly repelled the idea that the drugs found in the carriage were intended for the purpose of producing insensibility.

This address was listened to with breathless attention, and beyond all question elicited much feeling for the man against whom, but a brief week before, every voice was raised. The judge, however, took a justly stern view of the facts, and sentenced Mr. Carden to two years' imprisonment with hard labour in the county jail. On the following day the *Tipperary Free Press* announced that already the unfortunate "lord of Barnane," clothed in prison garb, had commenced the dreary expiation invoked upon him by a passion which even this ordeal was not to extinguish.

Three years rolled by. Every one seemed to have forgotten the Rathronan episode, when suddenly in the newspapers there appeared the startling heading, "Mr. John Carden again! Further attempts on Miss Arbuthnot!"

In these sensational announcements he was somewhat wronged; yet the story was strange enough in its simple truth. Imprisonment, humiliation, mental and physical suffering, public scorn, the relentless hostility of her friends, had failed to shake Mr. Carden's infatuation for Miss Arbuthnot. He followed her unseen. He inquired about her movements, and seemed happy only when, at all events, near the spot of earth which she

irradiated. The young lady, on the other hand, suffered the exquisite torture of ever-present apprehension. She knew her tormentor was around. He had managed to reach her presence and speak to her once at least subsequently to his release, having followed her to Elderslie in Surrey. On this occasion his excited manner quite affrighted her. In October 1858 she was staying with her sister, now Lady Gough, at St. Helen's, near Blackrock, co. Dublin, when the woman who kept the gate lodge one morning reported an alarming story. For two or three days consecutively a well-dressed female had been calling at the lodge, inquiring as to Miss Eleanor's movements—at what times she went out, and whether she ever walked by herself in the demesne. At length—so the lodge-keeper averred—the mysterious stranger revealed that she came from Mr. Carden, and that a large sum of money would be given if he were assisted to an interview with the young lady in the house or grounds. This was not the only story which reached Miss Arbuthnot. She was told her demented persecutor had declared that when the Gough family went to live at Loughcooter Castle (recently purchased by them), "which was a lonely place, he could easily carry her off." Things seemed to be getting serious; so on the next visit of Mr. Carden's female ambassador to the gate lodge, she was seized and handed over to the police. Informations were sworn against Mr. Carden, who was forthwith arrested and called upon to give substantial securities that he would not molest or annoy Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot. Once more we were in the midst of the old excitement. The police court at Kingstown was this time the scene of a protracted trial. It became evident there had been a good deal of panic exaggeration on the part of the lodge-keeper. It was

equally clear there had been much crafty duplicity practised by the female ambassador. She had been formerly a domestic in the employ of Miss Arbuthnot's family, and recently saw her advantage in engaging as housekeeper to Mr. Carden. She knew his weakness, and flattered it. She pretended to have interviews with Miss Eleanor, and brought him cheering messages. In short, the magistrate saw that on this occasion Mr. Carden was very nearly "as much sinned against as sinning." Nevertheless he deemed it prudent to bind him in heavy penalties to be of the peace the space of one year—a requirement which he resignedly fulfilled. That year flew by, and many more, and still he trod his solitary path through life unshaken in the conviction that Eleanor Arbuthnot loved the man she publicly spurned. The fact that she never married another perhaps strengthened his hallucination. It is said he more than once travelled secretly to Loughcooter to catch, unseen, one glimpse of her on the road, or in the grounds, and then returned as he went.

Tipperary, the North Riding especially, is full of the most astonishing stories of this remarkable character. At the time of the abduction he was about fifty-four years of age. He was a compactly built, muscular man, about five feet six inches in height; haughty, perhaps it might be said overbearing, with strangers, and not given to forming friendships. Yet he was warmly regarded by his dependants; and, fiercely stern as was his dealing with some of his tenantry, many of them—those who experienced his better qualities—spoke and speak of him in the highest terms. He was educated in England; and on attaining his majority found his property had been "under the courts," as the people say—under a Chancery receiver —for several years, owing to litigation. The tenants,

making some pretext out of this state of things, thought to escape paying him the rent. He came home to Barnane, summoned them all to meet him on a given day, and announced to them his ultimatum—rent or land, pay or quit. They had the repute of being a desperate lot, and they apparently relied on this to intimidate him. The rent they would not pay; the land they would keep; having reasons, they said, to justify the former resolve, and determination to maintain the latter. But they knew not their man. He said nothing more just then, but forthwith proceeded to put Barnane Castle into fortress condition. Blacksmiths and carpenters were set to work to make the doors and window-shutters bullet-proof; and when this was done a goodly stock of provisions was laid in. Local tradition asserts that he had the stairs cut away, and the interior of the castle so arranged that if the first story was forced he could retreat to the next, and, by pulling up a ladder, cut off all communication. He now commenced operations in the law-courts. Ejectment decrees were taken out against the tenants, and the work of eviction began. It was open war between him and them. I am told that when any of "the enemy" surrendered, he not only restored them to their land, but treated them liberally as to terms. Those who refused to submit were remorselessly expelled. Of course he was shot at—again and again; but, with miraculous good fortune, always escaped. His pluck, his daring, extorted the admiration of friend and foe. One day, as he was riding along the road towards Nenagh, he was fired at by two men in an adjoining field. He faced his horse round, and although it was truly a stiff jump, cleared the fence at a bound, galloped after his would-be assassins, struck one of them senseless with a blow from his loaded riding-whip, then overtook the other,

dismounted, and, after a desperate struggle, captured him. He deliberately took off the stirrup-leathers, and with them bound his prisoners, and marched them into Nenagh Jail. They were tried for the crime, convicted on his evidence, and hanged. It was, I believe, during this "war" that the insurgent tenantry in a body marched on the castle, but found him so securely barricaded that he could not be got at. They, however, had prepared to take revenge on him in another way. They brought with them a number of horses and ploughs, and now commenced to plough up the beautiful and extensive lawn before the hall door. Mr. Carden had a swivel-mounted cannon on the top of the castle; he loaded it with grape-shot in view of the ploughing party, and then sang out to them that they had ten minutes to depart. They unyoked in five, and galloped off.

In the last few years of his life his eccentricity took a curious turn. He converted the castle into a vast hotel, and erected very extensive and costly Turkish baths. I am not sure that he ever threw the establishment open to the public in the ordinary way, but visitors or tourists passing that way were, I am told, very hospitably received. Some six years ago he was attacked with apoplexy, and never rallied. His death once more recalled his name to public notice; and with all his failings, the general sentiment was one of compassion and regret for one so strangely compounded of merit and demerit. I know not who succeeded to his estates, or whether the castle and its beautiful grounds are visited as of yore; but for many a generation yet to come the story of his life and adventures—most of all the Rathronan abduction—will thrill listening groups around the firesides of Tipperary.

A. M. Sullivan's "*New Ireland*."

HIS LETTER

DEAR Mary, 'tis years since we parted,
But oft as I sit by the fire
In this far-away land where I've started
A mill for the making of wire,
I think of the town, of the meadows
That slope to the Suir's rushy side,
And the maid with the blushes as red as
The sunset at evening tide.

Is the Wilderness lovely as ever ?
Is the Ragwell a trysting-place yet ?
Do couples walk down by the river ?
How often at Dudley's we met !
Do the boys still go fish at Glenary
And buy apples and dillisk from Kate,
Or drive as of yore to the Quarry,
Returning enjoyably late ?

I hear there's no sport at elections—
" Budge " Whelan is dead, rest his soul ;
If he lived, what would be his reflections
At the present queer state of the poll !
Ah ! the days of the torchlight processions,
Of the heroes that never would flinch,
With their " die on the scaffold " professions
While dying to *live* on the Bench !

Does your young brother mitch from the " Model ? "
Do the tinkers still fight in Poulslough ?
Do the feeble still venture to toddle
To the Quay, and sit down on the balk
And sun their old selves in the even,
With the crows cawing loud in the trees ?
That's the spot, I think, outside of Heaven
Where a heart wearied out would find ease.

Does it drizzle five days out of six there,
Or does it come down in a lump ?
Here we look upon rain as elixir,
For we're dry as the Clerihan pump.
Do the boats still put into the Grotto
When a bather ahead is espied ?
And are vows in the voice they call "sotto"
Breathed tenderly while you're inside ?

Ah, Mary ! I've thousands of queries
To ask you about the old town,
But the last one I'll mention just here is
One likely to call up a frown.
If you'll peep under memory's curtain,
You'll find that you answered before—
But, Mary, I want to make certain,
Do you love me as well as of yore ?

C. J. Boland.

HER REPLY

DEAR John, your long letter has just come,
And how can I hope to reply ?
Well, over the ocean you must come,
For I'd never be able—not I—
To tell you what happened since last you
Set eyes on the town by the Suir.
If you don't—you can't say but I asked you—
And *that*, long *ago*, could allure.

So you're out in the States, making wire—
All the young men go off—'tis a sin !
And I hope, John, if I may inquire,
That you're making a trifle of *tin*.
But if you came back, you'd be sad, John,
And miss many a pleasant old face,
Not to mention the streets—you'd be mad, John,
For they've changed every name in the place.

And you're just sentimental as ever !
About the Ragwell and Grotto and all,
And the lonely walks down by the river—
You don't mention the night of the ball !
Since you went, John, all courting seems gone out.
I must pause for a moment—ahem !
For my dressmaker's brought home a bonnet—
You'll be glad, John, to hear it's a gem.

Well, every one's talking like parrots
Of politics, poor-law, and drink.
They've built a new Town Hall at Garratt's
To house the stonebreaker, I think;
And they've greatly improved all the chapels,
And they're getting a water supply—
As to who's selling dillisk and apples,
You're as hard up for news, John, as I.

And Clerihan's got a new pump, John—
Don't laugh, now, they've water as well;
And the rain comes in drizzle and lump, John,
And the Friary's got a new bell;
And they sadly neglect the Mechanics,
Where *you* learned most that you know;
And we've got all the usual panics
That come with the Boulick's o'erflow.

And the balks are all still on the Quay, John,
And your sweethearts are near on the shelf;
And all I don't tell you, I pray, John,
You'll come home and find out for yourself.
But sure my last letter miscarried,
For you ask if you're loved as of yore,
So you mustn't have heard I was married,
And am now the proud mother of four.

C. J. Boland.

CHRISTMAS CARD, 1905

LINES written by the "Attorney-General" long, long ago, on behalf of a well-known beggarman, named

BILLIE KELLY

The way is rugged, the wind is cold,
And poor Billie is now decrepit and old;
And "Lady Vagh," [1] his former joy,
Was lately stolen by a Callan Boy.
The *Cotha Mor*, once his warm friend,
Now hangs in tatters on his aged limbs.
Such is the state in which I now present
Poor old Billie to his kind friends.
Ye, who the key in Heaven's lock would turn,
Give to this fund, you'll ne'er have cause to mourn.

The writer of the above, though poor himself, sends the ball rolling with his Eighteen Pence.

When the poor "Attorney-General" is no more, the above may now and again remind you of him.

[1] The blanket which he used to wear.

CLONMEL ASSIZES, 1827

A TIPPERARY TRAGEDY

In the month of April 1827 a gentleman of the name of Chadwick was murdered in the open day, at a place called Rath Cannon, in the immediate vicinity of the old Abbey of Holycross. Mr. Chadwick was the member of an influential family, and was employed as land agent in collecting their rents. The person who fills this office in England is called "a steward"; but in Ireland it is designated by the more honourable name of a land agency. The discharge of the duties of this situation must be always more or less obnoxious. In times of public distress, the landlord, who is himself urged by his own creditors, urges his agent on, and the latter inflicts upon the tenants the necessities of his employer. I have heard that Mr. Chadwick was not peculiarly rigorous in the exaction of rent, but he was singularly injudicious in his demeanour towards the lower orders. He believed that they detested him; and possessing personal courage, bade them defiance. He was not a man of a bad heart; but was despotic and contumelious in his manners to those whose hatred he returned with contempt. It is said that he used to stand amongst a body of the peasantry, and, observing that his corpulency was on the increase, was accustomed to exclaim, "I think I am fattening upon your curses!" In answer to these taunts, the peasants who surrounded him, and who were well habituated to

the concealment of their fierce and terrible passions, affected to laugh, and said "that his honour was mighty pleasant; and sure, his honour, God bless him, was always fond of his joke!" But while they indulged in the sycophancy, which is but a mask under which they are wont to hide their sanguinary detestations, they were lying in wait for the occasion of revenge. Perhaps, however, they would not have proceeded to the extremities to which they had recourse, but for a determination evinced by Mr. Chadwick to take effectual means for keeping them in awe. He set about building a police barrack at Rath Cannon. It was resolved that Mr. Chadwick should die. This decision was not the result of individual vengeance. The wide confederacy into which the lower orders are organised in Tipperary held council upon him, and the village areopagus pronounced his sentence. It remained to find an executioner. Patrick Grace, who was almost a boy, but was distinguished by various feats of guilty courage, offered himself as a volunteer in what was regarded by him as an honourable cause. He had set up in the county as a sort of knight-errant against landlords; and, in the spirit of a barbarous chivalry, proffered his gratuitous services wherever what he conceived to be a wrong was to be redressed. He proceeded to Rath Cannon; and without adopting any sort of precaution, and while the public road was traversed by numerous passengers, in the broad daylight, and just beside the barrack, in the construction of which Mr. Chadwick was engaged, shot that unfortunate gentleman, who fell instantly dead. This dreadful crime produced a great sensation, not only in the county where it was perpetrated, but through the whole of Ireland. When it was announced in Dublin, it created a sort of dismay, as it evinced the spirit of atrocious intrepidity to which the peasantry

had been roused. It was justly accounted, by those who looked upon this savage assassination with most horror, as furnishing evidence of the moral condition of the people, and as intimating the consequences which might be anticipated from the ferocity of the peasantry, if ever they should be let loose. Patrick Grace calculated on impunity; but his confidence in the power and terrors of the confederacy with which he was associated was mistaken. A brave, and a religious man, whose name was Philip Mara, was present at the murder. He was standing beside his employer, Mr. Chadwick, and saw Grace put him deliberately to death. Grace was well aware that Mara had seen him, but did not believe that he would dare to give evidence against him. It is probable, too, that he conjectured that Mara coincided with him in his ethics of assassination, and applauded the proceeding. Mara, however, was horror-struck by what he had beheld; and under the influence of conscientious feelings, gave immediate information to a magistrate. Patrick Grace was arrested, and tried at the summer assizes of 1827. I was not present at his trial, but have heard from good authority that he displayed a fearless demeanour; and that, when he was convicted upon the evidence of Philip Mara, he declared that before a year should go by he should have vengeance in the grave. He was ordered to be executed near the spot where his misdeed had been perpetrated. This was a mistake, and produced an effect exactly the reverse of what was contemplated. The lower orders looked upon him as a martyr; and his deportment, personal beauty, and undaunted courage, rendered him an object of deep interest and sympathy upon the scaffold. He was attended by a body of troops to the old Abbey of Holycross, where not less than fifteen thousand people

assembled to behold him. The site of the execution rendered the spectacle a most striking one. The Abbey of Holycross is one of the finest and most venerable monastic ruins in Ireland. Most travellers turn from their way to survey it, and leave it with a deep impression of its solemnity and grandeur. A vast multitude was assembled round the scaffold. The prisoner was brought forward in the midst of the profound silence of the people. He ascended and surveyed them, and looked upon the ruins of the edifice which had once been dedicated to the worship of his religion, and to the sepulchres of the dead which were strewed among its aisles, and had been for ages as he was in a few minutes about to be. It was not known whether he would call for vengeance from his survivors, or for mercy from Heaven. His kindred, his close friends, his early companions, all that he loved and all to whom he was dear, were around him, and no sound, except an universal sob from his female relatives, disturbed the awful taciturnity that prevailed. At the side of Patrick Grace stood the priest—the mild admonitor of the heart, the soother of affliction, and the preceptor of forgiveness, who attended him in the last office of humanity, and who proved by the result how well he had performed it. To the disappointment of the people, Patrick Grace expressed himself profoundly contrite; and, although he evinced no fear of death, at the instance of the Roman Catholic clergyman who attended him, implored the people to take warning by his example. In a few moments after, he left this life. But the effect of his execution will be estimated by this remarkable incident. His gloves were handed by one of his relations to an old man of the name of John Russell, as a keepsake. Russell drew them on, and declared, at the same time, that he should wear them "till Paddy Grace

was revenged" : and revenged he soon afterwards was, within the time which he had himself prescribed for retribution, and in a manner which is as much calculated to excite astonishment at the strangeness, as detestation for the atrocity of the crime, of which I proceed to narrate the detials.

Philip Mara was removed by Government from the country. It was perfectly obvious that, if he had continued to sojourn in Tipperary, his life would have been taken speedily, and at all hazards, away. It was decided that all his kindred should be exterminated. He had three brothers ; and the bare consanguinity with a traitor (for his crime was treason in the eyes of the associates) was regarded as a sufficient offence to justify their immolation. If they could not procure his own blood for the purposes of sacrifice, it was, however, something to make libation of that which flowed from the same source. The crimes of the Irish are derived from the same origin as their virtues. They have powerful domestic attachments. Their love and devotion to their kindred instruct them in the worst expedients of atrocity. Knowing the affection which Mara had for his brothers, they found the way to his heart in the kindest instincts of humanity ; and from the consciousness of the pain which the murder of "his mother's children" would inflict, determined that he should endure it. It must be owned, that there is a dreadful policy in this system. The Government may withdraw their witnesses from the country and afford them protection ; but their wives, their offspring, their parents, their brothers, sisters, nay, their remotest relatives, cannot be secure, and the vengeance of the ferocious peasantry, if defrauded of its more immediate and natural object, will satiate itself with some other victim. It was in conformity with these atrocious

principles of revenge that the murder of the brothers of Philip Mara was resolved upon. Strange to tell, the whole body of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Rath Cannon, and far beyond it, entered into a league for the perpetration of this abominable crime; and while the individuals who were marked out for massacre were unconscious of what was going forward, scarcely a man, woman, or child looked them in the face, who did not know that they were marked out for death. They were masons by trade, and were employed in building the barrack at Rath Cannon, on the spot where Chadwick had been assassinated, and where the funeral of Patrick Grace (for so his execution was called) had been performed. The peasantry looked in all probability with an evil eye upon every man who had put his hand to this obnoxious work; but their main object was the extermination of Philip Mara's brothers. They were three in number—Daniel, Laurence, and Timothy. On the 1st of October they were at work, with an apprentice in the mason trade, at the barrack at Rath Cannon. The name of this apprentice was Hickey. In the evening, about five o'clock, they left off their work, and were returning homewards, when eight men with arms rushed upon them. They were fired at; but the fire-arms of the assassins were in such bad condition, that the discharge of their rude musketry had no effect. Laurence, Timothy, and the apprentice fled in different directions, and escaped. Daniel Mara lost his presence of mind, and instead of taking the same route as the others, ran into the house of a poor widow. He was pursued by the murderers, one of whom got in by a small window, while the others burst through the door, and with circumstances of great savageness put him to death. The intelligence of this event produced a still greater sensation than the murder of Chadwick;

and was as much the subject of comment as some great political incident, fraught with national consequences, in the metropolis. The Government lost no time in issuing proclamations, offering a reward of £2000 for information which should bring the assassins to justice. The magnitude of the sum induced a hope that its temptation would be found irresistible to poverty and destitution so great as that which prevails among the class of ordinary malefactors. It was well known that hundreds had cognisance of the offence; and it was concluded that, amongst so numerous a body, the tender of so large a reward could not fail to offer an effectual allurement. Weeks, however, passed over without the communication of intelligence of any kind. Several persons were arrested on suspicion, but were afterwards discharged, as no more than mere conjecture could be adduced against them. Mr. Doherty, the Solicitor-General, proceeded to the county of Tipperary, in order to investigate the transaction; but for a considerable time all his scrutiny was without avail. At length, however, an individual, of the name of Thomas Fitzgerald, was committed to gaol upon a charge of highway robbery, and in order to save his life, furnished evidence upon which the Government was enabled to pierce into the mysteries of delinquency. The moment Fitzgerald unsealed his lips, a numerous horde of malefactors were taken up, and farther revealments were made under the influence which the love of life, and not of money, exercised over their minds. The assizes came on; and on Monday, the 31st of March, Patrick Lacy and John Walsh were placed at the bar, and to the indictment for the murder of Daniel Mara pleaded not guilty.

The court presented a very imposing spectacle. The whole body of the gentry of Tipperary were assembled in order to witness a trial, on which the security of life

and property was to depend. The box which is devoted to the grand jury was thronged with the aristocracy of the county, who manifested an anxiety far stronger than the trial of an ordinary culprit is accustomed to produce. An immense crowd of the peasantry was gathered round the dock. All appeared to feel a deep interest in what was to take place; but it was easy to perceive, in the diversity of solicitude which was expressed upon their faces, the degrees of sympathy which connected them with the prisoners at the bar. The more immediate kindred of the malefactors were distinguishable, by their profound but still emotion, from those who were engaged in the same extensive organisation, and were actuated by a selfish sense that their personal interests were at stake, without having their more tender affections involved in the result. But besides the relatives and confederates of the prisoners, there was a third class amongst the spectators, in which another shade of sympathy was observable. These were the mass of the peasantry, who had no direct concern with the transaction, but whose principles and habits made them well-wishers to the men who had put their lives in peril for what was regarded as the common cause. Through the crowd were dispersed a number of policemen, whose green regimentals, high caps, and glittering bayonets made them conspicuous, and brought them into contrast with the peasants, by whom they were surrounded. On the table stood the governor of the gaol, with his ponderous keys, which designated his office, and presented to the mind associations which aided the effect of the scene. Mr. Justice Moore appeared in his red robes lined with black, and intimated by his aspect that he anticipated the discharge of a dreadful duty. Beside him was placed the Earl of Kingston, who had come from the neighbouring county

of Cork to witness the trial, and whose great possessions gave him a peculiar concern in tracing to their sources the disturbances, which had already a formidable character, and intimated still more terrible results. His dark and massive countenance, with a shaggy and wild profusion of hair, his bold imperious lip, and large and deeply set eye, and his huge and vigorous frame, rendered him a remarkable object, without reference to his high rank and station, and to the political part which he had played in the political convulsion of which it is not impossible that he may witness, although he should desire to avert, the return. The prisoners at the bar stood composed and firm. Lacy, the youngest, was dressed with extreme care and neatness. He was a tall, handsome young man, with a soft and healthful colour, and a bright and tranquil eye. I was struck by the unusual whiteness of his hands, which were loosely attached to each other. Walsh, his fellow-prisoner and his brother in crime, was a stout, short, and square-built man, with a sturdy look, in which there was more fierceness than in Lacy's countenance ; yet the latter was a far more guilty malefactor, and had been engaged in numerous achievements of the same kind, whereas Walsh bore an excellent reputation, and obtained from his landlord, Mr. Creagh, the highest testimony to his character. The Solicitor-General, Mr. Doherty, rose to state the case. He appeared more deeply impressed than I have ever seen any public officer, with the responsibility which had devolved upon him ; and by his solemn and emphatic manner rendered a narration, which was pregnant with awful facts, so impressive, that during a speech of several hours' continuance he kept attention upon the watch, and scarcely a noise was heard, except when some piece of evidence was announced which surprised the prisoners, and made

them give a slight start, in which their astonishment and alarm at the extent of the information of the Government were expressed. They preserved their composure while Mr. Doherty was detailing the evidence of Fitzgerald, for they well knew that he had become what is technically called "a stag," and turned informer. Neither were they greatly moved at learning that another traitor of the name of Ryan was to be produced, for rumours had gone abroad that he was to corroborate Fitzgerald. They were well aware that the jury would require more evidence than the coincidence of swearing between two accomplices could supply. It is, indeed, held that one accomplice can sustain another for the purposes of conviction, and that their concurrence is sufficient to warrant a verdict of guilty; still, juries are in the habit of demanding some better foundation for their findings, and, before they take life away, exact a confirmation from some pure and unquestionable source. The counsel for the prisoners participated with them in the belief that the Crown would not be able to produce any witnesses except accomplices, and listened, therefore, to the details of the murder of Daniel Mara, however minute, without much apprehension for their clients, until Mr. Doherty, turning towards the dock, and lifting up and shaking his hand, pronounced the name of "Kate Costello." It smote the prisoners with dismay. At the time, however, that Mr. Doherty made this announcement, he was himself uncertain, I believe, whether Kate Costello would consent to give the necessary evidence; and there was reason to calculate upon her reluctance to make any disclosure by which the lives of "her people," as the lower orders call their kindred, should be affected. The statement of Mr. Doherty, which was afterwards fully made out in proof, showed that a wide conspiracy

had been framed in order to murder Philip Mara's brothers. Fitzgerald and Lacy, who did not reside in the neighbourhood of Rath Cannon, were sent for by the relatives of Patrick Grace, as it was well known that they were ready for the undertaking of "the job." They received their instructions, and were joined by other assassins. The band proceeded to Rath Cannon in order to execute their purpose, but an accident prevented their victims from coming to the place where they were expected, and the assassination was, in consequence, adjourned for another week. In the interval, however, they did not relent, but, on the contrary, a new supply of murderers was collected, and on Sunday, the 30th of September, the day preceding the murder, they met again in the house of a farmer, of the name of Jack Keogh, who lived beside the barrack where the Maras were at work. Here they were attended by Kate Costello, the fatal witness, by whom their destiny was to be sealed. In the morning of Monday, the 1st of October, they proceeded to an elevation called "The Grove," a hill covered with trees, in which arms had been deposited. This hill overlooked the barrack where the Maras were at work. A party of conspirators joined the chief assassins on this spot; and Kate Costello, a servant and near relative of the Keoghs (who were engaged in the murder), again attended them. She brought them food and spirits. From this ambush they remained watching their prey until five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was announced that the Maras were coming down from the scaffolding on which they were raising the barrack. It appeared that the murderers did not know the persons whose lives they were to take away, and that their dress was mentioned as the means of recognition. They advanced to the number of eight; and, as I have already inti-

mated, succeeded in slaying one only of the three brothers. But the most illustrative incident in the whole transaction was not what took place at the murder, but a circumstance which immediately succeeded it. The assassins, with their hands red with blood, proceeded to the house of John Russell. He was a man of a decent aspect and demeanour, above the lower class of peasants in station and habits, was not destitute of education, spoke and reasoned well, and was accounted very orderly and well conducted. One would suppose that he would have closed his doors against the wretches who came reeking from their crime. He gave them welcome, tendered them hospitality, and provided them with food. In the room where they were received by this hoary delinquent, there were two individuals of a very different character and aspect from each other. The one was a girl, Mary Russell, daughter of the proprietor of the house. She was young, and of an exceedingly interesting appearance. Her manners were greatly superior to those of persons of her class, and she was delicate and gentle in her habitual conduct and demeanour. Near her there sat an old woman, in the most advanced stage of life, a kind of Elspeth, who from her age and relationship was an object of respect. The moment the assassins entered, Mary Russell rushed up to them, and with a vehement earnestness exclaimed, "Did you do any good?" They stated, in reply, that one of the Maras was shot; when Peg Russell (the withered hag) who sat moping in the reverie of old age, till her attention was aroused by the sanguinary intelligence, lifted her shrivelled hand, and cried out with a shrill and vehement bitterness, "You might as well not have killed any, since you did not kill them all." Strange and dreadful condition of Ireland! The witness to a

murder denounces it. He flies the country. His brothers, for his crime, are doomed to die. The whole population confederate in their death. For weeks the conspiracy is planned, and no relenting spirit interposes in their slaughterous deliberations. The appointed day arrives, and the murder of an innocent man is effected, while the light is still shining, and with the eye of man, which is as little feared as that of God, upon them. The murderers leave the spot where their fellow-creature lies weltering ; and instead of being regarded as objects of execration and of horror, are chid by women for their remissness in the work of death, and for the scantiness of the blood which they had poured out. Thus it is that in this unfortunate country not only men are made barbarous, but women are unsexed, and filled—

> "From the crown to the toe, top-full
> Of direst cruelty."

These were the facts which Mr. Doherty stated, and they were established by the evidence. The first witness was Fitzgerald. When he was called, he did not appear on the instant, for he was kept in a room adjoining the court, in order that he might not avail himself of the statement and fit his evidence to it. His testimony was of such importance, and it was known that so much depended upon it, that his arrival was waited for with strong expectation ; and in the interval before his appearance on the table, the mind had leisure to form some conjectural picture of what he in all likelihood was. I imagined that he must be some fierce-looking, savage wretch, with baseness and perfidy, intermingled with atrocity, in his brow, and whose meanness would bespeak the informer, as his ferocity would proclaim the assassin. I was deceived. His coming was announced—way was made for him—and

I saw leap upon the table, with an air of easy indifference and manly familiarity, a tall, athletic young man, about two or three and twenty, with a countenance as intelligent in expression and symmetrical in feature as his limbs were vigorous and well-proportioned. His head was perfectly shaped, and surmounted a neck of singular strength and breadth, which lay open and rose out of a chest of unusual massiveness and dilation. His eyes were of deep and brilliant black, full of fire and energy, intermixed with an expression of craft and sagacity. They had a peculiarly watchful look, and indicated a vehemence of character, checked and tempered by a cautious and observant spirit. In his mouth, which disclosed a range of teeth of the finest form and colour, firmness and intrepidity were strongly marked. His hair was short and thick, but his cheek was so fresh and fair, that he scarcely seemed to have ever had any beard. The fellow's dress was calculated to set off his figure. It left his breast almost bare, and the knees of his breeches being open, a great part of his muscular legs appeared without covering, as his stockings did not reach to the knee. He was placed upon the chair appropriated to witnesses, and turned at once to the counsel for the Crown in order to narrate his own achievements as well as those of his associates in depravity. I have never seen a cooler, more precise, methodical, and consistent witness. He detailed every circumstance, to the minutest point, which had happened during a month's time, with a singular accuracy. So far from manifesting any anxiety to conceal or to excuse his own guilt, he on the contrary set it forth in the blackest colours. He made himself a prominent actor in the business of blood. The life which he led was as strange as it was atrocious. He spent his time in committing outrages at night, and during the day in

exacting homage from the peasantry, whom he had inspired with a deep dread of him. He walked through the county in arms, and compelled every peasant to give him bed and board wherever he appeared. In the caprices of his tyranny, he would make persons who chanced to pass him kneel down and offer him reverence, while he presented his musket at their heads. Yet he was a favourite with the populace, who pardoned the outrages committed on themselves, on account of his readiness to avenge the affronts or the injuries which they suffered from others. Villain as the fellow was, it was not the reward which tempted him to betray his associates. Though £2000 had been offered by Government, he gave no information for several months ; and when he did give it, it was to save his life, which he had forfeited by a highway robbery, for which he had been arrested. He seemed exceedingly anxious to impress upon the crowd, that though he was "a stag," it was not for gold that he had sold the cause. Life itself was the only bribe that could seduce him from "honour," and even the temptation which the instinctive passion for existence held out to him, was for a long while resisted. Mr. Hatchell cross-examined this formidable witness with extraordinary skill and dexterity, but he was still unable to shake his evidence. It was perfectly consistent and compact, smooth and round, without any point of discrepancy on which the most dexterous practitioner could lay a strong hold. The most unfavourable circumstance to his cross-examiner was his openness and candour. He had an ingenuousness in his atrocity which defied all the ordinary expedients of counsel. Most informers allege that they are influenced by the pure love of justice to betray their accomplices. This statement goes to shake their credit, because they are manifestly perjured in the declaration. Fitzgerald,

however, took a very different course. He disclaimed all interest in the cause of justice, and repeatedly stated that he would not have informed, except to rescue himself from the halter which was fastened round his neck. When he left the table, he impressed every man who heard him with a conviction of not only his great criminality, but his extraordinary talents. He was followed by another accomplice, of the name of Ryan, who was less remarkable than Fitzgerald, but whose statement was equally consistent, and its parts as adhesive to each other as the more important informer's. They had been left in separate cells, and had not had any communication, so that it could not be suggested that their evidence was the result of a comparison of notes, and of a conspiracy against the prisoners. This Ryan also alleged that he had informed merely to save his life. These witnesses were succeeded by several, who deposed to minute incidents which went to corroborate the informers; but, notwithstanding that a strong case had been made out by the Crown, still the testimony of some untainted witness to the leading fact was requisite, and the counsel for the prosecution felt that on Kate Costello the conviction must still depend. She had not taken any participation in the murder. She could not be regarded as a member of the conspiracy; she was a servant in the house of old John Keogh, but not an agent in the business; and if she confirmed what the witnesses had deposed to, it was obvious that a conviction would ensue; while, upon the other hand, if she was not brought forward, the want of her testimony would produce a directly opposite result. She was called, and a suspense far deeper than the expectation which had preceded the evidence of Fitzgerald was apparent in every face. She did not come, and was again summoned into court. Still Kate

Costello did not appear. Repeated requisitions were sent by the Solicitor-General, but without effect; at length every one began to conjecture that she would disappoint and foil the Crown; and the friends of the prisoners murmured "that Kate Costello would not turn against her people"; an obvious feeling of satisfaction pervaded the crowd, and the prisoners exhibited a proportionate solicitude, in which hope seemed to predominate. Suddenly, however, the chamber door communicating with the room where the witnesses were kept was opened, and one of the most extraordinary figures that ever appeared in that strange theatre, an Irish court of justice, was produced. A withered, diminutive woman, who was unable to support herself, and whose feet gave way at every step to which she was impelled by her attendants, was seen entering the court, and tottering towards the table. Her face was covered, and it was impossible, for some time after she had been placed on the table, to trace her features; but her hands, which were as white and clammy as a corpse's, and seemed to have undergone the first process of decomposition, shook and shuddered, and a thrill ran through the whole of her miserable and worn-out frame. A few minutes elapsed before her veil was removed; and when it was, the most ghastly face which I have ever observed was disclosed. Her eyes were quite closed, and the eyelids shrunken as if by the touch of death. The lips were like ashes, and remained open and without movement. Her breathing was scarcely perceptible, and as her head lay on her shoulder, her long black hair fell dishevelled, and added to the general character of disordered horror which was expressed in her demeanour. Now that she was produced, she seemed little calculated to be of any use. Mr. Doherty repeatedly addressed himself to her and entreated her to

answer. She seemed unconscious even of the sound of his voice. At length, however, with the aid of water, which was applied to her mouth, and thrown in repeated aspersions over her face, she was in some degree restored, and was able to breathe a few words. An interval of minutes elapsed between every question and answer. Her voice was so low as to be scarcely audible, and was rather an inarticulate whisper than the utterance of any connected sentence. She was, with a great deal to do, conducted by the examiner through some of the preliminary incidents, and at last was brought to the scene in "The Grove" where the murderers were assembled. It remained that she should recognise the prisoners. Unless this were done nothing would have been accomplished. The rod with which culprits are identified was put into her hand, and she was desired to stand up, to turn to the dock, and to declare whether she saw in court any of the men whom she had seen in "The Grove" on the day of the murder. For a considerable time she could not be got to rise from her seat; and when she did, and stood up after a great effort over herself, before she had turned round, but while the rod was trembling in her hand, another extraordinary incident took place. Walsh, one of the prisoners at the bar, cried out with the most vehement gesture, "O God! you are going to murder me! I'll not stand here to be murdered, for I'm downright murdered, God help me!" This cry, uttered by a man almost frenzied with excitement, drew the attention of the whole court to the prisoner; and the judge inquired of him of what he complained. Walsh then stated with more composure, that it was unfair, while there was nobody in the dock but Lacy and himself, to desire Kate Costello to look at him, for that he was marked out to her where he stood. This was a very just observation, and Judge Moore im-

mediately ordered that other prisoners should be brought from the jail into the dock, and that Walsh should be shown to Kate Costello in the midst of a crowd. The jail was at a considerable distance, and a good deal of time was consumed in complying with the directions of the judge. Kate Costello sank down again upon her chair, and in the interval before the arrival of the other prisoners we engaged in conjectures as to the likelihood of Walsh being identified. She had never seen him, except at "The Grove," and it was possible that she might not remember him. In that event his life was safe. At last the other prisoners were introduced into the dock. The sound of their fetters as they entered the court, and the grounding of the soldiers' muskets on the pavement, echoed through the court. It was now four o'clock in the morning; the candles were almost wasted to their sockets, and a dim and uncertain light was diffused through the court. Haggardness sat upon the spectators, and yet no weariness or exhaustion appeared. The frightful interest of the scene preserved the mind from fatigue. The dock was crowded with malefactors, and brought as they were in order that guilt of all kinds should be confused and blended, they exhibited a most singular spectacle. This assemblage of human beings laden with chains was, perhaps, more melancholy from the contrast which they presented between their condition and their aspect. Even the pale light which glimmered through the court did not prevent their cheeks from looking ruddy and healthful. They had been awakened in their lonely cells in order to be produced, and, as they were not aware of the object of arraying them together, there was some surprise mixed with fear in their looks. I could not help whispering to myself as I surveyed them, "What a noble and fine race of men are here,

and how much have they to answer for, who, by degrading, have demoralised such a people!" The desire of Walsh having been complied with, the witness was called upon a second time to place the rod upon his head. She rose again, and turned round, holding the fatal wand. There was a deep silence through the court; the face of Walsh exhibited the most intense anxiety, as the eyes of Kate Costello rested upon the place where he stood. She appeared at first not to recognise him, and the rod hung loosely in her hand. I thought, as I saw her eyes traversing the assemblage of malefactors, that she either did not know him, or would affect not to remember him. At last, however, she raised the rod, and stretched it forth, but before it was laid on the devoted head, a female voice exclaimed, "Oh, Kate!" This cry, which issued from the crowd, and was probably the exclamation of some relative of the Keoghs, whose destiny depended on that of Walsh, thrilled the witness to the core. She felt the abjuration in the recesses of her being. After a shudder, she collected herself again, and advanced towards the dock. She raised the rod a second time, and having laid it on the head of Walsh, who gave himself up as lost the moment it touched him, she sank back into her chair. The feeling which had filled the heart of every spectator here found a vent, and a deep murmur was heard through the whole court, mingled with sounds of stifled execration from the mass of the people in the background. Lacy also was identified; and here it may be said that the trial closed. Walsh, who, while he entertained any hope, had been almost convulsed with agitation, resumed his original composure. He took no further interest in the proceedings, except when his landlord gave him a high character for integrity and good conduct; and this commendation he seemed

rather to consider as a sort of bequest which he should leave to his kindred, than as the means of saving his life. It is unnecessary almost to add, that the prisoners were found guilty.

Kate Costello, whose evidence was of such importance to the Crown, had acted as a species of menial in the house of old John Keogh, but was a near relation of her master. It is not uncommon among the lower orders to introduce some dependent relative into the family, who goes through tasks of usefulness which are quite free from degradation, and is at the same time treated, to a great extent, as an equal. Kate Costello sat down with old Jack Keogh and his sons at their meals, and was accounted one of themselves. The most implicit trust was placed in her; and on one of the assassins observing "that Kate Costello could hang them all," another observed, "that there was no fear of Kate." Nor would Kate ever have betrayed the men who had placed their confidence in her from any mercenary motives. Fitzgerald had stated that she had been at "The Grove" in the morning of the day on which the murder was committed, and that she could confirm his testimony. She was in consequence arrested, and was told that she should be hanged unless she disclosed the truth. Terror extorted from her the revealments which were turned to such account. When examined as a witness on the trial of Lacy and of Walsh, her agitation did not arise from any regard for them, but from her consciousness that if they were convicted her own relatives and benefactors must share in their fate. The trial of Patrick and John Keogh came on upon Saturday the 5th of April, some days after the conviction of Lacy and of Walsh, who had been executed in the interval. The trial of the Keoghs was postponed at the instance of the prisoners, but it

was understood that the Crown had no objection to the delay, as great difficulty was supposed to have arisen in persuading Kate Costello to give completion to the useful work in which she had engaged. It was said that the friends of the Keoghs had got access to her, and that she had refused to come forward against "her people." It was also rumoured that she had entertained an attachment for John Keogh, and although he had wronged her, and she had suffered severe detriment from their criminal connection, that she loved him still, and would not take his life away. There was, therefore, enough of doubt incidental to the trial of the Keoghs to give it the interest of uncertainty; and, however fatal the omen which the conviction of their brother conspirators held out, still it was supposed that Kate Costello would recoil from her terrible task. The court was as much crowded as it had been on the first trial, upon the morning on which the two Keoghs were put at the bar. They were more immediate agents in the assassination. It had been in a great measure planned as well as executed by them; and there was a further circumstance of aggravation in their having been in habits of intimacy with the deceased. Their appearance struck every spectator as in strange anomaly with their misdeeds. They both seemed to be farmers of the most respectable class. Patrick, the younger, was perfectly well clad. He had a blue coat and white waistcoat, of the best materials used by the peasantry: a black silk handkerchief was carefully knotted on his neck. He was lower in stature, and of less athletic proportions than his brother John, but had a more determined and resolute physiognomy. He looked alert, quick, and active. The other was of gigantic stature, and of immense width of shoulder and strength of limb. He rose beyond every man in court, and

towered in the dock. His dress was not as neatly arranged as his brother's, and his neck was without covering, which served to exhibit the hugeness of his proportions. He looked in the vigour of powerful manhood. His face was ruddy and blooming, and was quite destitute of all darkness and malevolence of expression. There was perhaps too much fulness about the lips, and some traces of savageness, as well as of voluptuousness, might have been detected by a minute physiognomist in their exuberance; but the bright blue of his mild and intelligent eyes counterbalanced this evil indication. The aspect of these two young men was greatly calculated to excite interest; but there was another object in court which was even more deserving of attention. On the left hand of his two sons, and just near the youngest of them, sat an old man, whose head was covered with a profusion of grey hairs, and who, although evidently greatly advanced in years, was of a hale and healthful aspect. I did not notice him at first, but in the course of the trial, the glare which his eye gradually acquired, and the passing of all colour from his cheek, as the fate of his sons grew to certainty, attracted my observation, and I learned on inquiry, what I had readily conjectured, that he was the father of the prisoners at the bar. He did not utter a word during the fifteen or sixteen hours that he remained in attendance upon the dreadful scene which was going on before him. The appearance of Kate Costello herself, whom he had fostered, fed, and cherished, scarcely seemed to move him from his terrible tranquillity. She was, as on the former occasion, the pivot of the whole case. The anticipations that she would not give evidence "against her own flesh and blood" were wholly groundless, for on her second exhibition as a witness she enacted her part with much

more firmness and determination. She had before kept her eyes almost closed, but she now opened and fixed them upon the counsel, and exhibited great quickness and shrewdness in their expression, and watched the cross-examination with great wariness and dexterity. I was greatly surprised at this change, and can only refer it to the spirit of determination which her passage of the first difficulty on the former trial had produced. The first slippery step in blood had been taken, and she trod more firmly in taking the second. Whatever may have been the cause, she certainly exhibited little compunction in bringing her cousins to justice, and laid the rod on the head of her relative and supposed paramour without remorse. At an early hour on Sunday morning the verdict of guilty was brought in. The prisoners at the bar received it without surprise, but turned deadly pale The change in John Keogh was more manifest, as in the morning of Saturday he stood blooming with health at the bar, and was now as white as a shroud. The judge told them that as it was the morning of Easter Sunday (which is commemorative of the resurrection of the dead), he should not then pronounce sentence upon them. They cried out "A long day, a long day, my lord!" and at the same time begged that their bodies might be given to their father. This prayer was uttered with a sound resembling the wail of an Irish funeral, and accompanied with a most pathetic gesture. They both swung themselves with a sort of oscillation up and down, with their heads thrown back, striking their hands, with the fingers half closed, against their breasts, in the manner which Roman Catholics use in saying "The Confiteor." The reference which they made to their father drew my attention to the miserable old man. Two persons, friends of his, had attended him

in court, and when his sons, after having been found guilty, were about to be removed, he was lifted on the table, on which he was with difficulty sustained, and was brought near to the dock. He wanted to embrace John Keogh, and stretched out his arms towards him. The latter, whose manliness now forsook him, leaned over the iron spikes to his full length, got the old man into his bosom, and while his tears ran down his face, pressed him long and closely to his heart. They were, at length, separated, and the sons were removed to the cells appointed for the condemned. The judge left the bench, and the court was gradually cleared. Still the father of the prisoners remained between his two attendants, nearly insensible. He was almost the last to depart. I followed him out. It was a dark and stormy night. The wind beat full against him, and made him totter as he went along. His attendants addressed to him some words of consolation connected with religion (for these people are, with all their crimes, not destitute of religious impressions), but the old man only answered them with his moans. He said nothing articulate, but during all the way to the obscure cellar into which they led him, continued moaning as he went. It was not, I trust, a mere love of the excitement which arises from the contemplation of scenes in which the passions are brought out, that made me watch this scene of human misery. I may say, without affectation, that I was (as who would not have been ?) profoundly moved by what I saw ; and when I beheld this forlorn and desolate man descend into a cellar, which was lighted by a feeble candle, and saw him fall upon his knees in helplessness, while his attendants gave way to sorrow, I could not restrain my own tears.

The scenes of misery did not stop here. Old John Russell pleaded guilty. He had two sons, lads of

fifteen or sixteen, and, in the hope of saving them, acknowledged his crime at the bar "Let them," he said, in the jail where I saw him, "let them put me on the trap if they like, but let them spare the boys."

I shall not proceed further in the detail of these dreadful incidents. There were many other trials at the assizes, in which terrible disclosures of barbarity took place. For three weeks the two judges were unremittingly employed in trying cases of dreadful atrocity, and in almost every instance the perpetrators of crimes the most detestable were persons whose general moral conduct stood in a wonderful contrast with their isolated acts of depravity. Almost every offence was connected with the great agrarian organisation which prevails through the county. It must be acknowledged that, terrible as the misdeeds of the Tipperary peasantry must upon all hands be admitted to be, yet, in general, there was none of the meanness and turpitude observable in their enormities which characterise the crimes that are disclosed at an English assize. There were scarcely any examples of murder committed for mere gain. It seemed to be a point of honour with the malefactors to take blood, and to spurn at money. Almost every offence was committed in carrying a system into effect, and the victims who were sacrificed were considered by their immolaters as offered up upon a justifiable principle of necessary extermination. These are assuredly important facts, and after having contemplated these moral phenomena, it becomes a duty to inquire into the causes from which these marvellous atrocities derive their origin.

RICHARD L. SHIEL.

THE SUIR

I've heard great talk of the river Barrow,
The Grand Canal, and Dungarvan Bay.
The River Nile, where the crocodile
And alligator do sport and play;
But of all the rivers in the Irish nation,
To hear them praised myself I can't endure,
Barring one I doats on, where boats they floats on—
You know I mean the sweet river Suir.

This noble river presents a prospect
From Muckincannon to Slievenamon,
It has the most divinest aspect
You ever set your two eyes upon,
The stately buildings of Poulakerry
And Kineer Castle that's so demure,
If you walked from Paris to where Rathgar is,
You'd never meet the river Suir.

You sons of Neptune, I mean the boatmen,
You are the rulers of this fine stream—
You are the navigators and conservators,
The best that Nature could ever frame.
When hauling horses and warbling sea-gulls,
They join a chorus—melodious, pure—
Sure the flukes and eels dance jigs and reels
By the lovely banks of the river Suir.

'Tis there you'd see the sweet maids a-maying,
The jackass braying in strains so pure,
Quails, rooks, and rails, and the sweet wagtails,
That adorn the banks of the lovely Suir.
'Tis there you'd see Mat Tyran's daughter
Washing praties fornenst the dure,
And on the other side, as you'd cross the water,
You'd hear Cullinan's bulls most melodious roar.
'Tis there the roses so sweetly growses
That gives your noses so sweet a scent,
And the daffadowndillies, and little Billy
Harney reading his Testament.

Oh, if I had the famed tongue of Homer,
Titus, Vespasian, or Daniel Bran,
Nebuchadnezzar, or Julius Cæsar,
Or Harry Stottle, that mighty man,
To describe its beauties they were never able—
Its meandering banks, so transparent pure;
It far surpasses mugs, jugs, and glasses—
The heavens be with you, sweet river Suir.

By Colehole as oft I did stroll,
That lies to the north of sweet Fairy Hill,
Where the pretty lasses in summer passes
Leading from the Spa to Dudley Mill.

PHIL SMITH.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

"Surely in toil or fray,
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say
Of no mean city am I."
—KIPLING.

A CHRISTMAS greeting to all Clonmel men far away! How many there are who romped in youth through the old town, and fared forth to set up their landmarks in countries over sea; and how eagerly their thoughts must turn at Yuletide to the "town with the cloud over it." Not long ago I had a letter from a present citizen of Sydney, with whom at one time I was closely allied in predatory descents on the gooseberries in the master's garden at the Model School. He told me that his dearest relaxation was to sit alone smoking, and to conjure up Clonmel memories until his room seemed filled with old faces and the whisper of old voices, most of whom he can never hope to see or hear again! What would he not give to see once more such a panorama as can be viewed from an upper window in our local hospital? The time is morning, say, and the mists which have gathered on the bosom of the river overnight are lazily rolling up the hillside. The Convent Bridge shows clearly over a streak of silver river, and beyond it Greenane, "browsed by deep-uddered kine," lies deeply green against the dark background of the hill fringing the Knocklofty road. The wedge-shaped valley, with its green riband of road

—the weary way to Dungarvan and Melleray—recalls the legends of unhappy "Petticoat Loose," whose favourite promenade it was, before her banishment to the "Red Sea" by some saintly power. Perhaps it also brings back to some of us the hot summer days of juvenile trout-fishing in Glenary, before we were rich enough to invest in a set of Bradford flies, and considered the Anner our proper sphere of action. By the way, is it not safe to aver that the first shilling possessed by a boy at the time I write of was invested in a Bradford knife? Like most good things, Bradford knives have had their day—but they have not left their like behind.

Leaving the valley—is there a pleasanter hill in Ireland to look upon than that long stretch from Higgins' Plantation on the right to Glenpatrick, and farther, on the left? If your eyesight is what it used to be you can see the flagstaff on the rifle range, and the battlements—well, they seem battlements at a distance—of "Pelliser's Castle." Beneath, nestling in a hollow of the hills, lies the old town—a sea of slated roof, with islands of spires and steeples, and the turret top of West Gate to break the monotony.

Perhaps it is owing to the contrary vagaries of reverie that in walking along the Quay in winter one thinks of what it is like in summer time. Now the trees are bare, and the river swirling under the Old Bridge is in flood, while the fleet of lighters—our bulwarks on the deep—are snugly moored to the bank. But in summer the trees are leafy, and filled with crows cawing noisily (who was it called a crow's parliament the Diet of Worms?), the air is heavy with the suggestive sweetness of brewery grains, and the shallow water shows not quite the "glassy, clear, translucent

wave" which Milton sings of, but shines with the greenness of gracefully swaying reeds. What son of "Climel" is not fond of the Quay? We are taken there in childhood, when a walk to the Slip is a Sabbath day's journey, and in old age we toddle there again to sit on a balk and talk of the times "long, long ago, the days of the Barmecides."

To speak of the river is to call up recollections of early bathing days. We began our career at "Newbolds," where a safe depth of three feet permitted of long-distance swimming—with one foot on the bottom. Then, generally as the result of a challenge, came the daring effort to reach the gravel island across the swift current, and, if successful, this was followed by promotion to the Second Field, the final stage being the "Thirteenth Hole," and "Little Hell." To leave school at three o'clock, have a swim (having been forbidden to go near the river), and to account satisfactorily to his mother for the wetness of his hair at dinner time, is one of those things which was the schoolboy's own affair, and remains so, I suppose, to the present hour. Talking of school—I was a Model School boy—let me say a tributory word of our old master. How much we owe to him, which of us can say? Looking backwards I have not since met any man with a nobler sense of devotion to his calling than Terence Smyth. I chanced recently to pass through Draperstown, his native place, and I could not but think what far-reaching effects he had on the fortunes of his Clonmel pupils.

Released from his care, when school was over we rushed down the New Line, and having duly fired a volley of stones at the iron gate of Gorheenalive, we went on the principle that the longest way round is

the shortest way home, as has ever been the manner of schoolboys. By all means the "characters" of the town had to be interviewed, and they were many in those days. The vociferous blind man on Gallows Hill had a stone placed in his outstretched palm in order that we might test his fluency in cursing. He always emerged with honours from that trial. May Heaven forgive us for having annoyed poor "Whistling Joe, with the crooked toe," and may it likewise assoil us for mimicry of "Jack the Rat," as he cobbled shoes on his bench at the West Gate. It was a joy to watch the little old nail-maker of Johnson Street at work, and if it were election time was not Budge a high oratorical treat? I always respected him from the moment he addressed six of us—we were then in third book—as "Men of Tipperary." We looked on "Billy the Chron," who vended "a read" of the *Chronicle*, as in some way connected with literature; and there was a little old waiter at the Club (he acted as javelin-man at assize time) who was the best ghost-story teller living, and reckoned among his acquaintance three men who had driven in the "headless coach." It is, of course, not permitted to speak of living celebrities. But if so, who shall ever write of the Clonmel applewomen, since they are "immortal." We were their true and constant customers, chiefly for "russedans." I know no apples taste so sweetly now. They were saucy women when I was a child, and to-day, as I see them sauntering along the street with a word for gentle and simple, their beaming countenances are as rosy and rubicund as of old. Long may they survive, for vituperation is rapidly becoming a lost art.

So I could ramble on, but there must be a limit to trespass on editorial patience. Again, to all Clonmel

men far away a merry Christmas! Which of them would not wish to sing the soldier's song—

"When you're marching thro' Cork city,
There the girls are all so pretty,
With your gun upon your shoulder,
Faith it makes you feel the boulder.
Boys, farewell; girls, farewell;
Boys, farewell; we're bound for marching
To Clonmel."

C. J. Boland.

RARE CLONMEL

FAREWELL, farewell, my native town
That nestles in the vale ;
Where Slievenamon looks proudly down
On wooded hill and dale.
Thy fond, loved scenes that I must part
Surge round with mem'ry's swell,
And rend with pain an exile's heart
When leaving Rare Clonmel.

Thy mountain walks can I forget
While life and light endure ?
And Bagwell's Rock—I see it yet
Beside the silver Suir.
And that blest spot, so dear to me,
Saint Patrick's holy well,
It's church and tree in dreams I see,
When far from Rare Clonmel.

Oft by the wandering Anner side
At Newtown have I strayed ;
Or roved some gentle heart beside
'Mid Marlfield's green shade ;
Or stopped to drink the waters clear
At Nature's fount—Wren's Well.
Oh ! parting makes you still more dear,
Fair scenes of Rare Clonmel.

Then fill, my friends, a flowing glass,
And drink " The Sons of Toil " ;
And when that sparkling toast shall pass,
We'll drink " Our Native Soil."
In ev'ry fight for Erin's right,
And tyranny to quell,
The first in the field and the last to yield
Are the boys of Rare Clonmel.

ANON.

ESCAPE OF A PRISONER FROM CLONMEL JAIL

A MAN named Richard Maroney, who was convicted at the Clonmel Quarter Sessions of having broken into Carrick-on-Suir Social and Literary Club and stolen a quantity of liquor, and who was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, succeeded in effecting his escape from Clonmel Jail in the early hours of Sunday morning. The matter will form the subject of a searching inquiry, and, as the authorities decline to make any statements, one is left pretty much to conjecture as to how the whole thing occurred. Maroney, who is an active young man of about twenty-seven years of age, is a native of Carrick-on-Suir, and had spent some time in the army. He had been nine times convicted of robberies and burglaries, besides repeated offences of drunkenness, so that Clonmel Prison was not altogether unknown to him. His last burglary was committed on 29th March, and since then he has been in custody, and this his latest achievement places him in the forefront of prison-breakers—far ahead of Lynchehaun, Hehir, or even Waterford's celebrated Conny Mernin. So far as can be ascertained Maroney was confined in one of the cells of a corridor, and about 3.15 on Sunday morning the warder in charge discovered the cell door open and the prisoner gone. The prison premises and grounds were at once searched, but while the search proved fruitless the prison authorities were able to trace the course taken by Maroney. The grating in the cell door had, it is stated, been broken, and the

lock, which was on the outside of the door, removed. The man must have got through other doors and windows after leaving the cell ; and eventually he found himself at the boundary wall, on the other side of which is the constabulary barrack-yard. Here, by means of some planks which he had procured by entering the carpenter's shop, he erected a kind of scaffolding in an angle between the wall and a large circular building, the lower part of which is used for condemned prisoners, and the top as a chapel. With the aid of the scaffolding and a window cord he was able to reach the level of the top of the wall—about 30 feet—and he must then have passed along the wall for a distance of nearly 100 yards, and contrived to get down into the laneway. The police at the Victoria Barracks were informed of the matter by the prison authorities about four o'clock, and all the available men were at once sent out. They met two boys, who stated they had seen a man in the street, who, from the description they gave, was doubtless Maroney. They said he was dressed in grey tweed, was without his coat, and wore light boots—but they were probably mistaken as regards the latter fact, as the man was in his " stocking feet." Police on bicycles were sent through the neighbouring district, and when the post-office was opened between eight and ten o'clock the telegraph was availed of to communicate with all the surrounding police stations. It has been stated that Maroney was seen near Kilsheelan during the early hours of the morning, and there were further reports to the effect that he reached the vicinity of Carrick, where he got a change of clothes, and crossed the river to the county Waterford side in a cot, and that later in the day he was seen in the crowd at the football match at Deerpark.

Nationalist, 1905.

CHARMING FANNY POWER

AIR—"Lovely Mary Anne."

WHAT hallowed wreaths of glory encircle "Rare Clonmel,"
Which gallant hearts defended 'gainst Cromwell's shot and shell;
But there I fondly worshipped, in manhood's dawning hour,
That peerless gem of womanhood, my charming Fanny Power.
Oh, charming Fanny Power! Tipperary's beauteous flower!
May love divine for ever shine
On charming Fanny Power.

Her love-lit eyes were brighter than sunshine on the lea,
And her agile step was lighter than the merry roving bee;
But oh! for Mother Erin, like yonder battle-tower
She'd bravely stand unfearing, my charming Fanny Power.
Oh, charming Fanny Power! Tipperary's beauteous flower!
May love divine for ever shine
On charming Fanny Power.

How frequently we rambled beside the crystal Suir,
That swiftly-gushing river magnificent and pure;

When blackbirds sweetly warbled within each shady bower,
As if to swell the praises of my charming Fanny Power.
Oh, charming Fanny Power ! Tipperary's beauteous flower !
May love divine for ever shine
On charming Fanny Power.

But now, alas ! I'm exiled beyond the raging foam,
Where Mitchell, Rossa, Reilly, and others found a home,
Howe'er, I'll soon return, and a million kisses shower
With affectionate devotion on my charming Fanny Power.
Oh, charming Fanny Power ! Tipperary's beauteous flower !
May love divine for ever shine
On charming Fanny Power.

PATRICK O'H. PETERS.

IN THE HEART OF THE COMERAGHS

In the heart of the hills is a treasure
More precious than silver or gold;
Unstinted in bounty—what measure
Could ever its riches unfold?
Men seek it in vain in the city,
In the mine, in the mart, or the main;
But this treasure unminted—'tis pity!—
Hides far from the trackway of gain.

By the door of a cabin is sitting
A peasant, his child on his knee;
His partner is silently knitting,
And God smiling down on all three.
'Tis evening; his labour is over,
And the toiler whose work is well done
Feels his heart like an acre of clover—
Exchanging soft smiles with the sun.

It is not that wealth is his guerdon—
Enough for the day is its tale—
But he feels not the pitiless burden
Of seekers for gold in the vale,
Of the strife, of unending endeavour,
Of the trick, and the plot, and the hate
Of energies wasted, that never
Can alter the current of fate.

In the heart of the hills lies a treasure—
Ah! why do we tenant the plain,
And follow the firefly of pleasure?
To sigh at the last, "'Twas in vain."
The peasant, apart and unknowing,
For the blessings his Maker has sent,
Gives thanks with a heart overflowing;—
He is lord of the treasure—Content.

C. J. Boland.

DORNEY *IN RE* TICHBORNE

The Saxon has at last doffed his hat to the Celt, and even the anti-Hibernian journals of London vie with each other in complimenting our now famous fellow-townsman, Thomas Dorney, upon the triumph he achieved through the genuine wit of his most cutting replies under cross-examination. Why, the barber-ous treatment received from the irresistible T. D. by the claimant, when scarcely the shadow of his present self —granting for a moment that "R. C. T." has been bodily present before the court—is nothing to the way in which our countryman has shorn the English Attorney-General of his scholastic reputation. *Fun* would seem to be quite in ecstasies at the defeat of Coleridge, and even invites our local hero to partake of his hospitality. Whether Mr. Dorney availed himself of the opportunity of hob-nobbing with the London jester we are not aware. Our humorous contemporary, in its latest issue, has the following tribute to an Irishman's celebrity :—

"*Fun* takes off his hat to Dorney, the barber of Clonmel. He's a broth of a boy is Dorney, and if he crops his customers as clean as he shaves the counsel for the defence, he ought to have plenty of customers. It is pleasant to find a Clonmel barber speaking patronisingly of the terrible Hawkins, as 'a gentleman who says smart things occasionally,' and his correction of the Attorney-General's phraseology is crushing in its severe accuracy. Dorney swears that,

on examining the claimant's head, he recognised the scar which he discovered on young Tichborne's head while cutting his hair fifteen years ago. 'You found your old friend, then,' says infelicitous Coleridge. 'No,' is the stern reply, 'I found my old acquaintance.' 'You are more correct,' is the penitent admission of the Attorney-General. 'We are Irish,' is the haughty rejoinder, and who will deny that the barber has the best of it? If the whisky of Erin hath charms for Dorney, if his senses can be lulled to exquisite rapture by the choicest brands of Havannah, let him rush to the arms of *Fun*, and taste the hospitality of 80 Fleet Street."

Clonmel Chronicle.

THE TICHBORNE CASE

Taken from the "Clonmel Chronicle," Dec. 16, 1871

THOMAS DORNEY, hairdresser, of Clonmel, was examined. —I had the honour of cutting the hair of most of the officers of the barracks at Clonmel about twenty years ago, and among them there was a cavalry officer who had a mark on his head at the time. All the officers wore their hair cut as close as that of the non-commissioned officers and privates, and the reason I remember this circumstance is, that I had to leave the hair a little longer in order to cover the scar. In consequence of the length of time I cannot say whether he was an officer of the Carabineers. What I noticed was a mark a little to the right of the back of the head.

Did you cut that gentleman's hair more than once ? —Oh yes.

So as to know him well ?—Yes.

Have you seen the plaintiff in this case ?—I have.

And when did you see him ?—I think it was three weeks ago.

Where did you see him ?—In the Waterloo Hotel.

Did you examine his head ?—I did.

Did you find anything there ?—I found a similar mark to the mark on the officer whose hair I had the honour to cut about twenty years ago.

Did you put a question to him in connection with your business ?—Yes. To make assurance doubly sure,

I asked him if he recollected having his hair cut in Clonmel.

He said he did ?—Yes. I then asked him if he recollected where the establishment was situated in which he had his hair cut.

What was his reply ?—He said, " Yes, it was down from Miss Smith's towards the barracks." That description was correct.

Who is Miss Smith ?—She is a respectable Quaker lady, who keeps a perfumery establishment, which is much frequented by officers in Clonmel.

Cross-examined by the Attorney-General.—What sort of a scar was this ? A burn, a cut, or bruise ?—Not being reared to that profession, I cannot professionally describe it. It might be from a fall or a cut, or from brine or pickle, as we call it in Ireland, falling upon it.

My friend Mr. Hawkins suggests that it might have been a Chili pickle (laughter).—Mr. Hawkins has said a good many smart things, sir.

Witness, at the request of the Lord Chief Justice, described on a sheet of paper the size of the scar.

Does this represent the shape of it ?—I think it does, as well as my recollection serves me.

You must have had a clear recollection of the scar ?—Well, yes. I got a comb and combed back the hair, when I found the mark. The moment I saw the size and position I said, " That is the gentleman."

You did not examine it carefully ?—No. There was no necessity. I recollected the scar the moment I saw it.

Then you must have had a lively recollection of the scar ?—When I saw it I was at once sure it was the same. As sure as I could be after twenty years.

Are you quite sure the scar was in the same place as it is now ?—Well, as near as I can recollect. The head was not so large as it is now.

Then it has grown since ?—Yes. If he is the same gentleman, it has.

Not more than you would have expected it to have done in twenty years ?—I have seen much older men with smaller heads.

Some gentlemen's heads change ?—Yes.

This gentleman's has changed ?—It has considerably changed from the head of the gentleman of twenty years ago.

To whom did you first mention the fact about the scar ?—Well, I was travelling with Captain Bell and other gentlemen from the Cashel Sessions, when the conversation turned upon the celebrated Tichborne case. Captain Bell said that I ought to be a witness in the case, as I used to cut the hair of the Carabineers. I then spoke of a peculiar mark that a certain officer had, and I believe that Captain Bell wrote to London soon afterwards. I have no ambition to figure as a witness in this important case ; but I was obliged to come.

I am extremely glad to see you.—I reciprocate the compliment, Mr. Attorney-General (laughter).

It is a case of mutual congratulation then ?—I feel it so, sir.

When did you first know that you were to have this trip to London ?—I had a letter some time in November.

And so you came ?—Well, I think I should have been guilty of contempt of this honourable court if I had not.

You went to an hotel first ?—No, to Baxter, Rose, and Norton's, where I was kept waiting longer than I liked.

They are busy people, you know.—Yes. I saw Mr. Spofforth, with whom I had a short conversation the night before.

Did you go with him to the Waterloo Hotel ?—No. Mr. Spofforth told me to be there by half-past nine o'clock the next morning, and I went there accordingly.

Who went with you ?—I went alone. There was the gentleman, and Mr. Spofforth was with him.

What occurred ?—After a short delay I was asked to examine his head. I am not certain whether the gentleman or Mr. Spofforth asked me to examine the head. I was directed either by him or Mr. Spofforth to lay my finger on the place.

Was it on the same side ?—That is my impression.

And there you found your old friend ?—No; say old acquaintance, sir (laughter).

You are more accurate on your side of the water ?—Oh yes, we are Irish, sir (laughter).

Then you are satisfied as to his identity ?—Yes, that he was the officer whose hair I cut twenty years ago. If he had been made up for the interview he would have said that my shop was in Bagwell Street, but he said that "it was down from Miss Smith's towards the barracks," and that was perfectly correct.

Did that satisfy you ?—My opinion was already formed.

I suppose every officer in the regiment would know where that lady's establishment was ?—I should think every officer would.

Did it occur to you as strange that you should not be sent for till the month of November ?—Lord Dunally's brother said I ought to have been sent for before.

This case having been going on three or four years, and having caused a sensation, did not you read the proceedings ?—No. There are so many sensational trials in London that we pass them over in Ireland (laughter).

But you have your sensations in Ireland ?—Not latterly, thank God.

Yours was a well-known establishment ?—Yes, it was pretty well known in Clonmel from 1848, when I removed from a smaller place.

How large is Clonmel ?—An English mile in length and half a mile in breadth. The population was 15,000, but it has been reduced by emigration to 11,000.

Did you mention about cutting the hair of a gentleman who had a scar ?—An officer's hair.

An officer and a gentleman ought to mean the same thing ?—I believe they do ; the same as an attorney and a gentleman by Act of Parliament (laughter).

Did you read the examination and cross-examination of the claimant ?—I carefully avoided it.

Why ?—Because I thought if I were examined it might be said I read a portion of the evidence.

Did you read plaintiff's cross-examination ?—No, nor his examination-in-chief.

There was a great deal of talk about it ?—Yes ; everybody in Clonmel was talking about it.

And you could not help hearing what was said ?—No. The under classes of society seldom see the English papers.

Before you went to the Waterloo Hotel had you any conversation with Mr. Spofforth about the scar ?—Yes ; I was talking to him about ten minutes the evening before. The gentleman was very busy at the time, and he bowed me out.

The conversation was undoubtedly about the scar ? —It was.

Is the scar very prominent now ?—No, because the hair is very long ; but by using a comb you can discover it at once.

What do you mean by " pickle " ?—Well, if pickle

falls on a portion of the head the hair will fall off, and will not grow again.

Is this such a mark as would be caused by the falling brine or pickle ?—It might be.

Re-examined by Mr. Sergeant Ballantine.—Was any suggestion made to you by Mr. Spofforth of any sort or kind with regard to the scar ?—Not the least. On the contrary, he seemed carefully to avoid anything of the kind.

Has anybody told you where to find the mark ?—Upon my oath, no.

I don't think I shall want you any further.

The Foreman of the Jury.—Was the hair of Sir Roger Tichborne of the same colour as that of the claimant ?—My impression is that the hair of the gentleman whose hair I cut was a little lighter than the claimant's. Hair gets darker until it turns grey.

If hair is cut from the head, does it lighten or darken in time ?—My impression, as a haircutter, is that it gets lighter.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine.—That is your professional opinion ? (laughter).—Yes ; and I give it to you without a fee (renewed laughter).

THE CLAIMANT AND THE BARBER

Belfast Evening Telegraph

"R. C. T." the "Claimant," once was stationed in Clonmel,
Where he met a jolly barber—an Irish wag as well,
Who dressed his hair so very neat and didn't leave the scar bare,
That Roger never could forget this clever Clonmel barber.

Long Roger roamed thro' many lands and many barbers seen,
And often had his hair cut in a Yankee rich saloon.
But times were changeful: in the "bush" his life was so much harder,
He used to comb it with his thumbs—then pray for the Irish barber.

Some twenty years had slipped away, and Roger, lost, returned
And sought the "title and estates" for which his heart so yearned—
In the Court of Common Pleas, before Chief Justice Bovill,
Thro' the famous, stirring "Tichborne Case" so startling and so novel.

His "personnel" is scrutinised; his many cuts and scars
More accidentally obtained than by gallantry in wars;

But one small scalp-wound which he got while looking
in the larder
Must be identified—by whom ?—the witty Clonmel
barber.

This joyous son of Erin's Isle to London now has come ;
Among the legal circles, why is there such a hum ?
They laugh, and jest, and whisper, and with their eyes
they twinkle ;
But these clever, boisterous lawyers get from Tom an
Irish " wrinkle."

In Tom our country's native wit in full perfection shone
On these legal lights of England, and out-blazed them
every one ;
Their " chaff " which took with the " upper ten " was
thrown away on Paddy,
And we hope they may not risk it again on any Irish
laddie.

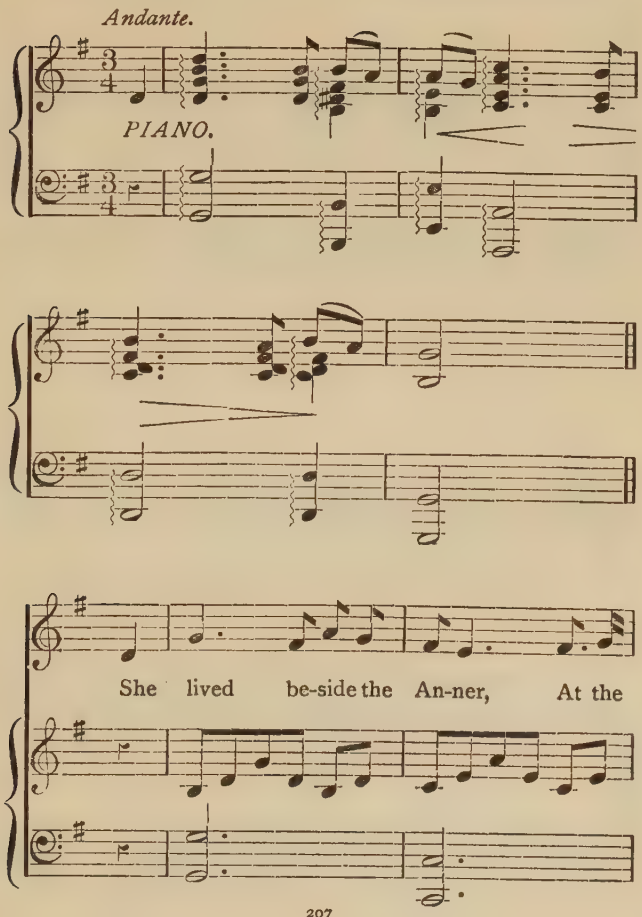
When Roger gets his " Sir " and wealth, we're sure he'll
not forget
The evidence of Irishmen—the most conclusive yet :
That he'll remember Ireland, and in her son reward her,
And dub Tom Dorney of Clonmel—The only Tichborne
barber.

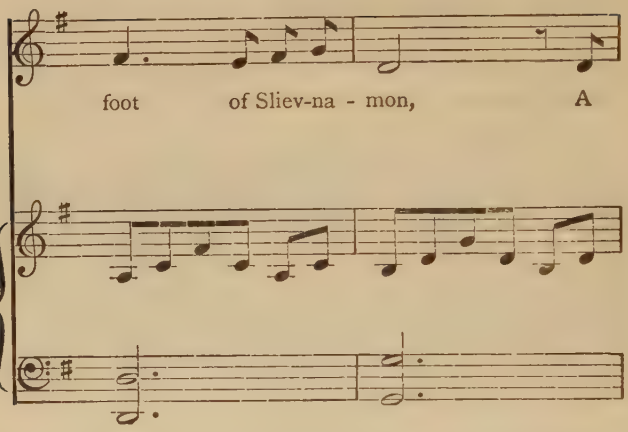
W. M. L.

SHE LIVED BESIDE THE ANNER

Words by
C. J. KICKHAM.

Arranged to Music by
PROFESSOR POWER.

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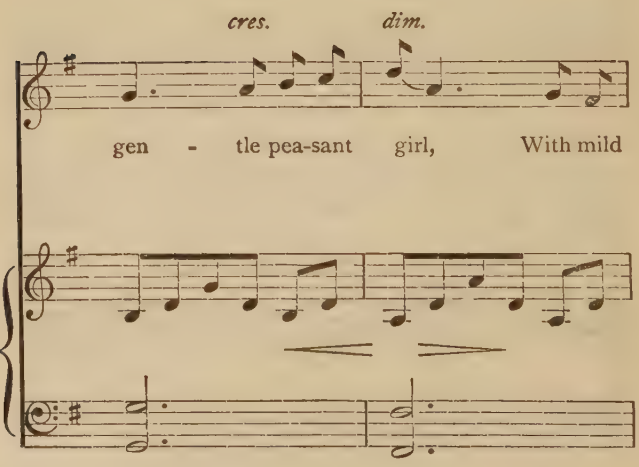
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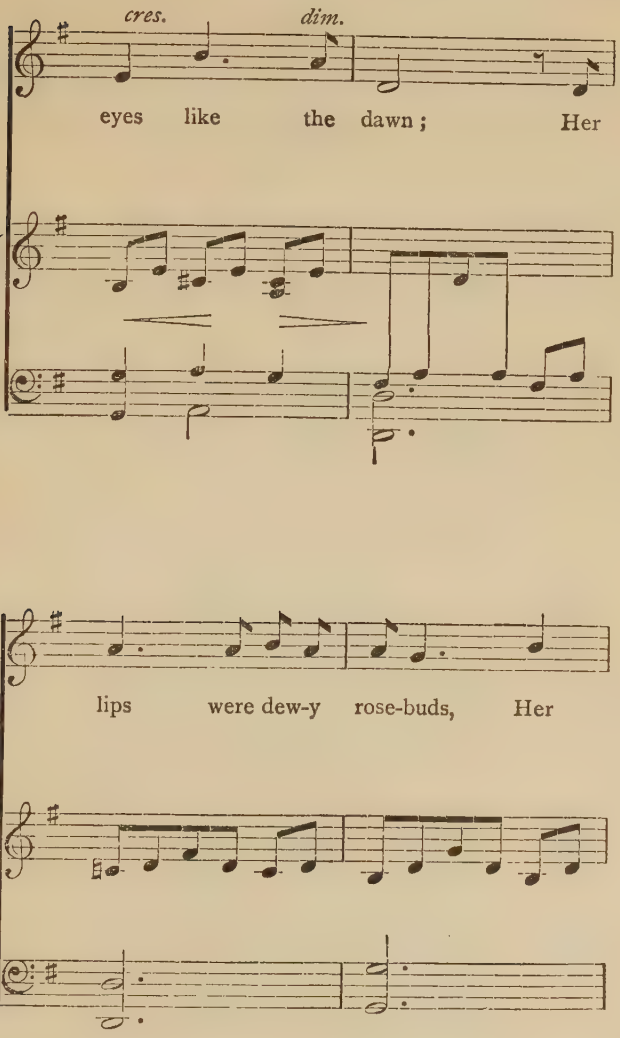
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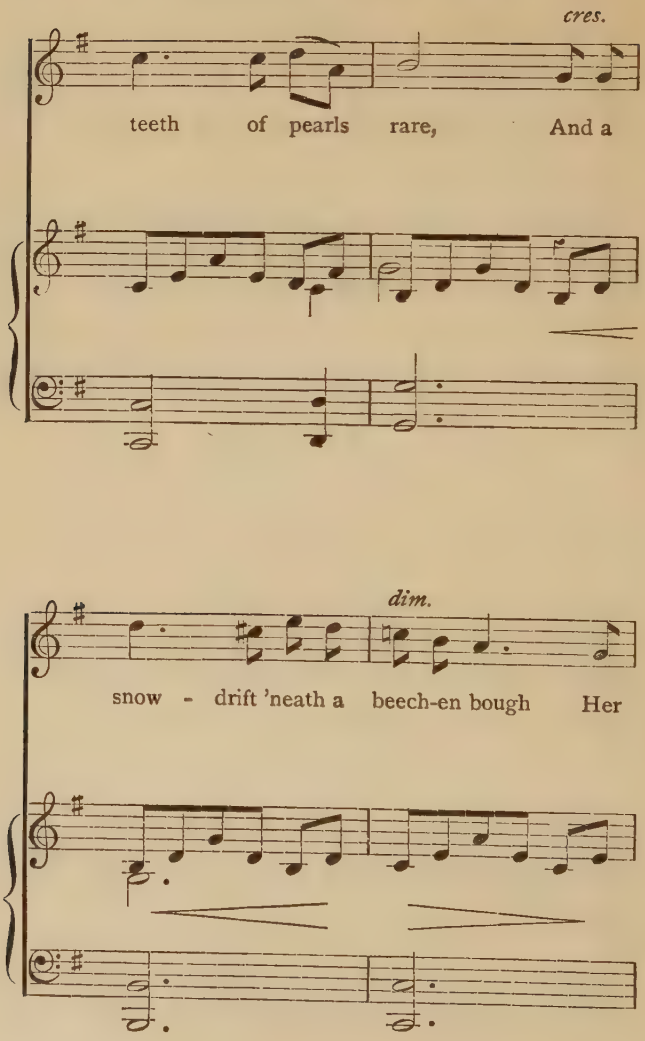
eyes like the dawn; Her
lips were dew-y rose-buds, Her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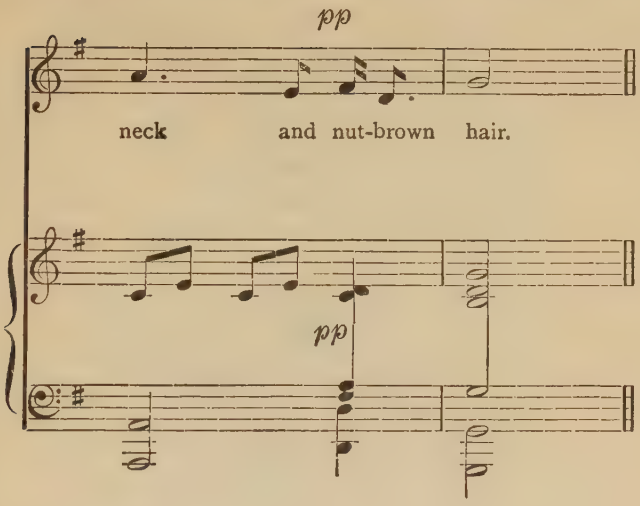
dim.
snow - drift 'neath a beech-en bough Her



How pleasant 'twas to meet her
On Sunday, when the bell
Was filling with its mellow tones
Lone wood and grassy dell.
And when at eve young maidens
Strayed the river bank along,
The widow's brown-haired daughter
Was loveliest of the throng.

O brave, brave Irish girls—
We well may call you brave;
For the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave,
When you leave your quiet valleys,
And cross the Atlantic's foam
To hoard your hard-won earnings
For the helpless ones at home.

"Write word to my own dear mother—
Say we'll meet with God above;
And tell my little brothers
I send them all my love;
May the angels ever guard them,
Is their dying sister's prayer—"
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

Ah, cold and well-nigh callous
This weary heart has grown,
For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland,
And for sorrows of my own;
Yet a tear my eye will moisten,
When by Anner's bank I stray,
For the lily of the mountain foot,
That withered far away.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

NOTE.—There are at least three melodies to this beautiful song. I am assured by competent authority that the one here given admirably suits, and is in thorough sympathy with the sad story of "The Maid of the Anner."

J. W.

CHANGING BERTH

Jack Flaher was skipper,
Little Mickey was nipper,
And Carrigan mate of the *Fury ;*
And their berth by the shore,
Due south of Coyne's store,
They were leaving for one at the Brewery.
Comprehending his art,
Jack derided a chart,
But he glanced at the elements grimly ;
Little Mick gave a shudder
When ordered to rudder,
And steer for the Gashouse " chimbley."

Some call her a tub,
She's a clipper-built " Grubb,"
And Jack is the man to command her,
And Carrigan he,
When he goes on the spree,
Says " I'd take her from here to Santander."
Oh, where is the craft,
With a twenty-inch draught,
That answers her helm so trimly ?
If she's worse of the wear,
And in need of repair,
Well, so is the Gashouse " chimbley."

When she swung from the Quay,
With her head to the sea,
  Jack Flaher's profanity thundered,
For the mate on a boat,
Had that day broken out,
  And mingled his drinks by the hundred.
Mickey noted with fear—
Seeing, he was to steer—
  That Carrigan's walk was unseemly ;
With a mate on the burst,
And a skipper that cursed,
  Could he hope to set eyes on the " chimbley " ?

Then Carrigan's pole
Ran them up on a shoal,
  And Jack, in a way that was droll too,
Swore that Carrigan came
Of a stock I won't name,
  Denying repose to his soul too.
It was ten of the night,
Not a lamp was alight,
  And the Pole Star appearing but dimly,
Jack cried, " We'll be dhrowned,
And we'll never be found,
  But we're safe if you steer for the ' chimbley.' "

They recited their prayers,
And their several hairs
  Arose with a series of panics.
Mickey ported the helm,
And he ran for an elm
  That grows " over-right " the Mechanics.
" You puppy, you'll smother her !
Rudder her ! Rudder her ! "

Yelled Jack, but Mick ruddered her nimbly,
And the crowd on the shore
Gave the cheerfullest roar,
As he stood for the Gashouse " chimbley."

Through the rushes they swept,
And then cautiously crept
By the Budge and the Slip to deep water,
And beside the Quay wall,
With a heave and a haul,
To anchor they finally brought her.
" Shure, we might have been blown
To the cowld Torrid Zone,
Or the deserts of Nova Zimbly ; "
As the skipper's voice sank,
They jumped out on the bank,
And walked home by the Gashouse " chimbley."

C. J. Boland.

LILY OF THE SUIR

AIR—"John Dwyer of Glen"

LET others praise Killarney, or go to Lisdoonvarney,
Where the tourist loves to ramble or enjoy the sulphur springs,
But there's somethin' more appealin' in the village of Kilsheelan,
Altho' I am not dealin' with the progeny of kings.
For my heart is sadly achin', every minit nearly breakin',
Such a torment an' affliction I'm unable to endure;
But I'll lay the whole disaster on that little alabaster,
May the angels long protect her, the Lily of the Suir.

What "embellishments unstinted," on her features are imprinted,
While her spirit ever burns with a patriotic fire;
She's a heart endowed with rapture, yet extremely hard to capture,
An' her eyes excel the planets which astronomers admire.
Every Sunday as she passes with the kindly-hearted lasses,
From the ivy-covered chapel full of happiness secure;
How the bouchals fondly "titther," ever anxious to be with her,
For the pride of Tipperary is the Lily of the Suir.

In the cottage or the garden, at the spinnin' or the cardin,'
Without either "Dolly Varden" or the famous "Crinoline,"
Or in dancin' off a double, boys, without the slightest trouble,
Faith she'd simply overwhelm the beauty of Gurteen.
I have been in Kilmoganny, witnessed colleens fair an' many,
I have roamed thro' Connemara an' the vales of Glenmalure;
But the richest an' the rarest an' the brightest an' the fairest,
For perhaps she set me quarist, is the Lily of the Suir.

P. O'H. Peters.

A MUNSTER MYSTERY

AN OLD-TIME TALE OF ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY

"YEARS have flown into the ocean of eternity, and the winding Suir has emptied its bosom a thousand times into the Bristol Channel since the date of a fearful deed; yet, the spirit of the stream still breathes two well-known names, and still the winter's blast howls over the fatal spot where those who loved 'not wisely, but too well,' met their melancholy, mysterious doom."

. . . . . .

Eighty years have come and gone since occurred a romance ending in tragedy, the story of which is still told to eager listeners round many a Munster fireside. The love-story ending in the untimely deaths of Lieutenant Frederick Close and Anne Grubb will lose nothing in the telling, even though the recital consists but of bare facts.

Among the many respected members of the Society of Friends residing in Clonmel in the year 1826 was one Joseph Grubb, who kept a small silk-mercer's establishment in the town. His niece, Anne Grubb, helped him in the business.

Many were the suitors for the hand of the young Quakeress. Far from the capital of Tipperary had the fame of her exquisite beauty spread. Only eighteen

years of age, she had received as many offers of marriage as there were golden-brown hairs on her head —all to be refused.

W. H. Maxwell, the novelist, who made the story I am about to relate the foundation of "The Major's Story" in his book *The Bivouac*, describes her (under a fictitious name) thus :—

". . . Presently she appeared. I was almost struck dumb with astonishment. A lovelier face than hers I never looked at ! . . . She was scarcely nineteen, tall, and notwithstanding the formality of her costume, the roundness of her arm and symmetry of her waist and bosom could not be concealed. Her eyes were hazel, with an expression of extreme gentleness. Her hair, Madonna-like, was parted on the forehead ; but the silken cap could not hide the profusion of her silken tresses. The outline of her face was strictly Grecian—the complexion pale and delicate—while the ripe, red lips formed striking contrast in its hue, and seemed as if ' some bee had stung it newly.'

"Were anything wanted to make her irresistible, her voice was so musical, so modulated, that the listener held his breath to hear."

It must be remembered that Maxwell had an opportunity of seeing the young lady, and so his description, allowing for the imagination of the novelist, may be taken as accurate.

This, then, was the maiden who had promised her heart and hand to Frederick Close, lieutenant in his Majesty's 86th Regiment, then stationed in Clonmel.

Close was the son of a wealthy Manchester merchant. As a youth, he had impetuously joined the army as a private. His father, however, seeing the fascination of a soldier's life was very strong with him, gave him his

way, and purchased him a commission. At the period of which I write he was but twenty-two years of age. Nearly six feet in height, athletically built, handsome, and possessing an exceptionally winning manner, it was no wonder that the fair Quakeress loved him with all the love of her bright young heart. He hardly needed the additional glamour of the gold-laced uniform to complete his conquest.

Bearing in mind the peaceful principles held by the Society of Friends, one is not surprised at knowing that, when the girl's uncle heard of her friendship with the young lieutenant, he sternly forbade the continuance of the acquaintanceship.

But eighty years ago, as well as to-day, love laughed at locksmiths and stern fathers. Many were the meetings, many the moonlight strolls by the banks of that river that so soon, alas! was to flood out their young lives; many the pleasant evening hour spent in the elm walk in that older churchyard, where soon a massive tombstone was to silently tell how one of the twain died for love.

The morning of Sunday, 26th February 1826, dawned fine. Towards evening rain came pretty heavily. That, however, did not prevent the lovers keeping their appointed tryst. Some minutes before eight o'clock Anne Grubb left her uncle's shop, only letting the old housekeeper know where she was going.

At eight o'clock on that Sunday evening the couple were, for the last time, seen going towards the river, then, as now, a favourite lovers' promenade. For some miles beyond the town this promenade sustains a breadth of from four to ten or twelve yards. Along this walk they went, and then—mystery.

That night the silk-mercer's housekeeper became alarmed at the continued absence of Miss Grubb. At

last she found herself compelled to acquaint Mr. Grubb of the girl's absence from the house, and of her assignation with Lieutenant Close. The old man was irate as his Quaker spirit would allow him to be. The hours went on, but his niece did not return. Inquiry was made at the military barracks for Lieutenant Close. He had not been in barracks that night. Consternation succeeded alarm. The town was searched, but without avail. Some suggested that perhaps they had eloped; one man told the inquirers that he had seen a young couple take the Fethard coach the previous evening.

The uncle, together with a family friend named Strangman—of whom more anon—a favoured (by the uncle) suitor of Miss Grubb's, immediately took horse to Fethard, some eight miles distant. But when Fethard was reached, it was found that no such couple had travelled by the coach. The military stations in neighbouring towns were searched for news of Close. None to be had; and the uncle and his friend returned to Clonmel in despair.

During the next week or two, a strange rumour floated around the district. The lovers, the rumour said, were in the river, victims to the diabolical hate of a vengeful rival of the young lieutenant. In whispers that name was mentioned. Unsuspectingly, the lovers were strolling along—a blow—a rush—and the swirling flood soon washed over their lifeless bodies.

So rumour said, and, to a certain extent—maybe altogether; we shall never know—rumour spoke truly.

Three weeks after the fatal 26th of February the body of Lieutenant Close was taken from the river. Another few days passed, and the sullen flood yielded up to kindly hands the still beautiful form of Anne Grubb, from a spot scarce ten yards from where her soldier lover had lain.

Following so fast on the heels of the too pregnant rumour, the discovery of the bodies caused a tremendous sensation in town and country.

An investigation was held by the magistrates. No marks of violence, it was said, were discovered on the bodies, "and it was decided that they were not murdered." Such was the verdict.

Nine years passed. An election for parliamentary honours took place in Clonmel. The candidates were, Mr. Bagwell, representing the Tory class; and Mr. Roynane, representing the popular interests. Strangman, the person mentioned as having accompanied Mr. Grubb in the search for his niece, was a prominent member of Mr. Bagwell's election committee.

About a month after the election, which resulted in victory for Mr. Roynane, the *Tipperary Free Press*, which had advocated Mr. Roynane's candidature, published a series of articles under the title of "Sketches of the Late Election," which excited a great deal of interest. They were aimed, of course, at Mr. Bagwell and his followers, and were all written by one person, who signed himself "Nemo." Matters reached a climax when the sketch, an extract from which has opened this tale, appeared.

"Nemo" wielded a brilliantly descriptive pen, as will be seen from the following lines. Nobody who read doubted who his shafts were meant for. The scene depicted is that of Mr. Bagwell's committee rooms, and the individual chiefly concerned the Strangman before mentioned.

"On ascending to (what from the noise may well be termed) the Pandemonium, I observed that the door was guarded by two ill-looking Cerberi, with bludgeons in their hands. My conductor advanced beyond them,

but on opening the door I perceived all that insulting humbug which generally guards the orgies of the unpopular. However, my Palinurus took on himself to answer all the queries, and at length I was franked into the sanctum. Whilst I live I can never forget the exhibition that glared before me. The room shone bright with many lights, and many good things were spread out, but I could mind nothing except the 'persons' who swelled this motley throng. Pre-eminently officious was a tall, thin-faced young man (about thirty-eight), with light bushy whiskers, long nose, and a figure drooped at the shoulders, but not from age. What first fixed my attention on him was the unearthly excitement of his eye—it was terrible, such as no election feeling could conjure up. It was frenzied, and riveted me like a basilisk's. I asked my guide who the young man was, and his answer solved the enigma.

"I could not bear to look longer at his haggard brow, and with a chill I turned away."

Then followed the picturesque introductory paragraph.

Excitement reigned when the sketch appeared. Everybody who knew of the fate of Anne Grubb and Lieutenant Close knew what was meant by "fearful deed," and those who were acquainted with Strangman at once recognised him from "Nemo's" pen-picture.

It may here be said that the theory of suicide or of accidental death was popularly scouted. No reason was advanced why the couple should have acted rashly, the promenade was not in any way dangerous, and Close was known to be a powerful swimmer.

The scene is changed to Kilkenny Summer Assizes, July 1835, when the case of Strangman *v.* Hackett (owner of the *Free Press*) was called on. There were

four counts in the indictment, charging the defendant with having published a libel on the character of the plaintiff in the *Tipperary Free Press* of 18th February 1835. Damages were laid at £2000.

The case was tried before Chief Baron Joy and a jury notably hostile in every way to the *Free Press*. A verdict was given for Strangman—£750 and 6d. costs.

It is a curious fact that, although at the investigation held by the magistrates when the body of Lieutenant Close was discovered no marks of violence were found, it was learned at the trial that a contusion appeared on the head of Close which induced the doctors to open it, but without giving any satisfactory decision. It is also worth mentioning that the plaintiff never in the course of the trial asked for the production of the author of the election sketch, which led the defendant, Mr. Hackett, to proclaim in court — " The author, my, lord, would gladly stand forward, but they don't want him."

Such is as much as is known of the mystery surrounding the tragic end of Anne Grubb, the beautiful Quakeress, and her soldier lover, Frederick Close.

In old St. Mary's Churchyard, in Clonmel, an ivy-embraced tombstone marks the young officer's grave. Its inscription gives little more information than that Frederick Close " perished in the river Suir." Across the roadway, in the peaceful shade of the Friends' burial-ground, she lies—without a stone to tell her name.

Can I better conclude than by again quoting " Nemo's " elegant lines :—

" Years have flown into the ocean of eternity, and the winding Suir has emptied its bosom a thousand times

into the British Channel, since the date of a fearful deed; yet the spirit of the stream still breathes two well-known names, and still the winter's blast howls over that fatal spot where those who loved 'not wisely, but too well,' met their melancholy, mysterious doom."

R. G. WALSHE.

MEMORIES OF THE CLONMEL FLOOD

Come, all ye boatmen circumspect
That navigate the Suir,
Come all abaft, desert the craft,
And every lighter moor ;
Unbend the sail, put down the bale,
Lave all things taut and true ;
And I'll sing a song of the good ship *Sprong*,
Her captain and her crew.

She was Carrick built—her prow wasn't gilt—
With twenty inches draught,
She moved as slow as the dribbling snow—
An elegant sailing craft ;
And if aboord—although insured—
No engine she did boast,
It took twenty horse power, or maybe more,
To pilot her from the coast.

Attend my tale—with Indian ale
The *Sprong* was loaded down.
Last Christmas Eve she thought to leave,
All steering for Fiddown.
When all of a slap came a thunder-clap,
Compelling the crew to prayer ;
Says the captain, " I'm curst but the Boulic's burst
In the infantry barrack square ! "

Then the waters riz with a mighty whiz,
And the helm refused to act,
And the river Suir, " that runs so pure,"
In troth it fairly backed !
The ship did roll—with one bare pole
Before the gale we beat,
And late that night, by the pale moonlight,
We grounded in Duckett Street.

Then Patrick's Well, they say, did swell
And inundate its brim ;
Afloat again, through sweet Church Lane
The *Sprong* did sweetly swim,
And " Continent Bouncer," in faith, couldn't trounce her,
Upon her course that day.
Our hearts were broke, so we took a smoke,
And steered for the Old Bridge Quay.

Oh, the men were swimmin', and some ould women
Were bawling about the town,
Desiring to know if away we'd go
And lave them for to dhrown ?
So we heaved out ballast—the captain's " Sallust "
All to the deep consigned ;
And the passengers sot in the captain's cot,
And we towed them along behind.

Then Kitty Conroy for her pig did cry.
Lamenting his early doom—
" No more he'll thicken for Ballybricken,
Nor grunt in the spare back-room."
One lost a bonnet, with trimmings on it—
She riz a mournful yell,
But she walked the plank at the National Bank,
And we anchored at Hearn's Hotel.

But the lifeboat crew appeared in view,
And hailed us with a shout;
And each kind hand bore a different brand
Of whisky and of stout.
'Twas understood that such a flood
No one had seen before;
So if ever I thirst may the Boulic burst,
And the mighty Ragwell roar!

C. J. Boland.

THE BOAT HOUSE AND TAIL OF ISLAND

THE CLONMEL ROWING CLUB IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES

" We won the " Liffey Cup," my boys,
And many more as well.
Then hurrah ! for the crew
Of the White and Blue—
We're the boys of Rare Clonmel."
—*Old Song.*

It was in the spring of 1884, when the young bloods of the Clonmel R.C. were brimful of energy, combined with a strong desire for conquest at the forthcoming regattas, that the committee of this once famous Rowing Club considered the advisability of enlisting the services of that incomparable tutor of rowing, the late Matt Taylor, of Ringsend, Dublin (poor Matt has long since paid his debt to nature, peace be to his ashes; he was, indeed, the Napoleon of his craft). Matt very quickly found his crew, and, as was his wont, soon found its calibre. In Morrissey, Hayes, Somerville, and Land (stroke)—I name them in the order in which they manned their racing craft—he found a junior crew somewhat to his liking. It was entered for the " Junior Four " (Ballybricken Cup) at the approaching Waterford Regatta, and Taylor lost no time in " licking " his crew into shape.

At length the great day arrived, and the sporting fraternity of " Rare Clonmel " hied them to the Urbs Intacta to witness the boys make their *début* at " pot-

shifting." In this year the Waterford Club had what they considered an invincible junior crew, in Grace, Manning, Dobbyn, and Power—and so sanguine were they of success that they freely laid long odds on the boys. This "tall talk" might have had a detrimental effect on the Clonmel boys, had not Taylor firmly implanted in their minds the undoubted confidence he entertained in his own. In this year the course lay from the "Clock Tower" on the Quay to the "Cove," and at the time of the contest it blew a brisk cross-wind, which considerably ruffled the surface of a strong ebb tide. This was very much to the detriment of the visitors, who, on home waters, performed their training on the calm surface of a non-tidal stream. At the word "Go" the visitors were remarkably quick "off the mark," and then began a deadly struggle for the lead. Both cox's roared themselves hoarse calling out "dozen" after "dozen." Land kept the boys at full pressure, and being gamely backed up, Clonmel more than held their own passing the Milford wharf, where the Waterford crew lost some ground, but gamely spurted, and quickly were on terms again, whence ensued one of the gamiest and pluckiest of contests right to the very end. The superior "grit" of the Clonmel boys, however, asserted itself, and they slowly but surely wore their rivals down, eventually winning a splendid race by about a length clear. Great was the dismay of Waterford B.C., unbounded the jubilation of the Clonmel R.C. The calmest and apparently the most unconcerned individual there was Taylor, who never for a moment entertained the slightest doubt of the victory of his boys. All sorts of excuses were forthcoming for the conquered—bad steering, &c., but they were perfectly unaware (very few beyond Taylor and his crew knew) that for the last quarter of a mile

Clonmel were only rowing three oars. Somerville had been far from well, and became so ill nearing the end of the race that he could not do more than mark time. The Waterford boys were informed that they could have another try at Limerick Regatta ten days later.

Down at the " Brick Fields " on the lordly Shannon, with their bows pointed for the City of the Violated Treaty, three racing crafts awaited the starter's orders to speed them on their eventful journey. These were Clonmel R.C., Shannon R.C., and Waterford B.C. This race is very easily described, indeed, for at the word " Go " Clonmel R.C. shot at once to the front, and halfway home (Barrington's Pier) were some six lengths in front, and paddled home the easiest of winners. Somerville was quite himself on this occasion, which accounts for such a decisive victory over the Waterford B.C. The Clonmel boys were accorded a most enthusiastic greeting at the finish of the race, and as they approached the docks the excitement and cheering was intense. The cause of this outburst of feeling was, the Shannon boys wore similar jerseys to Clonmel (white and blue), and in the distance (which they say " lends enchantment to the view "), the Limerick folk were under the impression that it was their own boys who were romping home such easy winners. Great was their chagrin and disappointment when they discovered that their representatives were almost out of sight, down the course, having been completely out-classed. The Waterford B. C. Juniors were now fully convinced that they were unable to conquer Clonmel, and if any lingering doubt remained, subsequent events, in the two succeeding years, showed them that in these times, at all events, they might abandon all hope of lowering the colours of the Clonmel R.C.

There was an alteration in the Clonmel R.C. crew the

following year (1885), the most glorious year of the Clonmel R.C. Land left for Dublin, where he afterwards distinguished himself with the Dolphin B.C. Sars Wright now entered the crew, taking his seat at No. 2 oar, Billy Hayes going down "stroke." The crew then read: Morrissey (bow), Wright (2), Somerville (3), Hayes (stroke), Tom Sheedy (cox), which won the distinguished honour of being called the "Clonmel Invincible Junior Four." Taylor arrived early in the summer, and soon training began in earnest.

Old Matt quickly ascertained that his crew was no ordinary one, and it continued to improve daily under his careful and able tutelage. As the dates of the important regattas were fast approaching, a special meeting of the club's committee was convened to determine the advisability of sending the crew to compete at the forthcoming Metropolitan (Dublin) Regatta, in the Dodder and Liffey Cups. Taylor of course attended the meeting, and informed the committee, in his usual determined manner, that the crew could not be beaten; but the committee appeared to be rather doubtful and undecided about risking the expense of venturing at such high game. Taylor, perceiving how matters stood, excitedly jumped up, and in his peculiar "north-country" accent yelled out, "Gemmen! if the crew does not go to Dublin to row, I am off there now." This quickly decided the matter, and the crew was entered for the above-mentioned races. The evening preceding the commencement of the Metropolitan Regatta, the Clonmel boys, a few hours after their long and tiresome journey to Dublin, went out for a spin on the Ringsend course, and found the first four of the Dolphin R.C. (which crew subsequently won the Subscribers' Cup at this regatta, with Clonmel's former "stroke," Land, rowing No. 3 oar)

waiting for them to try their pace. Chambers, the Dolphin stroke, asked Taylor if he might give his boys a "dust up" in a short spin, which proposal quite pleased old Matt. The crews started level: in a strongly rowed quarter of a mile, there was very little to choose between them, a slight advantage being in favour of Dolphin. Both crews slowed down and indulged in a short rest, soon afterwards re-starting for home. Taylor now sung out to Dolphin, "Now, Mr. Chambers, let us see what you can do to the end of the wall (little over a quarter of a mile), and do your best." Both dashed forward at racing pace. Try as hard as they possibly could, Dolphin failed to make the least impression on the boys, and when Taylor found that his lads were holding the others he shouted for a "grand spurt," which was gamely responded to, and to the intense surprise of the onlookers and the dismay of the Dolphin, the country boys began to forge ahead, and were almost clear at the end of the wall. To have had such a satisfactory trial with a champion Dublin crew was a very good omen for the success of the Clonmel R.C. The news that Taylor had a clinking junior four quickly travelled about Ringsend, but, nevertheless, the faith of the Dubliners in their "University Rowing Club Juniors" remained unshaken. I heard the old boat-keeper of the Pembroke R.C. remark to the Clonmel boys on the morning of the regatta, "You'll get beaten in the Dodder, but you will win the Liffey." Charming old prophet! At this time the 'Varsity crews were reckoned invincible, and the idea of a parcel of country boys lowering their colours seemed preposterous. Since these good old days, it has given me the greatest possible pleasure to see my old friends of the Urbs Intacta show them a "clean pair of heels," as they,

year after year, bore home the most beautiful and best trophies at the Irish regattas.

The eventful day had arrived, as also had the hour when the boys of the "white and blue" suffered the first and only humiliation of their glorious career. I prefer to express myself in this manner regarding the loss of the Dodder Cup, as subsequent events will prove that it could not, strictly speaking, be qualified a defeat. Unquestionably the 'Varsity R.C. boys were a fast four, but were not possessed of the grit and staying power of their rivals.

In the draw for stations, Clonmel succeeded in getting the inside (next the wall) berth in both heats for the Dodder and Liffey Cups, University R.C. being their only opponents on each occasion, and as a sort of "set off" against the advantage of station (the inside being the better position), the latter had the services of the oldest and "cutest" cox on the river—a regular professor of the art. A better cox than Tom Sheedy it would be hard to find, but at this time he had the disadvantage in years and experience of his crafty opponent. Besides his complete ignorance of the course, he was a mere child, weighing only some six stone odd, which necessitated Clonmel carrying about two stone of lead to reach the stipulated 8 st. 4lbs. At this time the Metropolitan course lay from the jetty below Pigeon House Fort to the end of the wall at Ringsend, and the start of each race was emphasised by the discharge of a cannon, the muzzle of which rested on the wall immediately over the heads of the competing crews. The heat of the Dodder Cup was Clonmel's initial essay. As the starter pronounced the word "Go," the simultaneous crash from the artillery overhead momentarily disconcerted the unsuspecting country lads, and caused them to lose over a length in the con-

fusion. They, however, quickly responded to the call of their stroke, and as dozen after dozen of hard genuine work was put into their little craft, she seemed to fly along, and slowly, inch by inch, began to bring the leaders back.

At the half-way slip Clonmel had gained most of their lost ground, and now set to work in a desperate manner to wrest the lead from their doughty opponents. It was at this point of the contest, as Clonmel was gradually but inevitably closing with their rivals, that the piece of jockeyship on the part of the 'Varsity cox occurred which cost Clonmel the race. The Dublin man quickly perceived how the dreadful strain was telling on his men, and began to realise the possibility of defeat. So he gradually " bore in " on the Clonmel boat, whose cox very foolishly gave away until Nos. 1 and 3 of his crew were compelled to shorten their oars to prevent them from smashing against the wall. At this critical moment 'Varsity again forged ahead, and Sheedy, seeing (alas, too late !) the trap he had been led into, steered out, thus freeing his hampered oarsmen. With a mighty yell from the indomitable Hayes, Clonmel once more, with a supreme effort, dashed forward for a goal, but alas ! that such a splendid dash proved unavailing, as the winning-post had been passed by their rivals, who secured a victory, in one of the pluckiest struggles that could be witnessed, by barely a length. As the Dublin boys cleared the winning-post their bow oarsman swooned away, and as they reached their slip their No. 3 was almost a dead man, and had to be carried to the dressing-room.

Taylor ironically remarked that " the course for this event was about fifty yards too short." Clonmel pulled up "as fresh as paint," but sorely disappointed that their herculean efforts were not crowned with success. Tom

Sheedy felt the defeat very much, but there could be no blame attached to him in the matter, as he was a mere child, and totally unversed in the artifices and tricks of his wily opponent. He helped to console himself and crew with the remark that "he won't humbug me the next time." Exactly one and a half hours after this desperate encounter the same crews met in their heat for the Liffey Cup. As both crews drew into their respective stations at the starting-post, the Clonmel boys critically eyed their former victors, in whom they quickly discerned distinct traces of their recent gruelling. Hayes chaffingly inquired "how they felt," and received a cheery reply from their cox that they were prepared to administer a more severe beating to him in this race, to which idle remark he received a rejoinder from Hayes "to have a good look at Clonmel's form now, as after the word 'Go' they would see them no more until the race was over." This proved no vain boast. The race is easily described. At the signal to "Go" Clonmel jumped off very smartly, and in the first hundred yards had their canvas in front. At the half-way slip they had increased their lead to a couple of lengths, and as the University R.C. had now "shot their bolt" the country boys paddled along at their own sweet will, eventually winning anyhow. Thus you see I am right in asserting that Clonmel was not beaten in the previous race, but was most unfortunate to lose it. As a further proof of my statement, the same crews met at Limerick ten days later, and Clonmel won "by the length of a street." The following day saw Clonmel opposed by Dolphin for the final struggle for the Liffey Cup, which the former had no difficulty in securing. Clonmel next journeyed to Waterford, where they had very little trouble in winning the Ballybricken and

Suir Cups. Cork was the next venue of contest, where Clonmel annexed, in its usual style, the Tivoli Prizes and Leahy Challenge Cup. The Clonmel R.C. wound up its brilliant career for the season in the "City of the Violated Treaty" by winning the Aspirants' Cup and the Ladies' Plate. With reference to the race for the latter trophy, I may parenthetically quote a telegram sent by a Clonmel man (Vincent Power) to his brother in Dublin, who was eagerly awaiting the result of the race: "The boys won; University R.C., twenty lengths behind, second; Shannon R.C. not yet in." It was indeed a procession, and a splendid revenge for the Clonmel boys over their victors of the Dodder Cup.

In this year Clonmel R.C. offered very tempting inducements to the 'Varsity R.C. (being the only "foemen worthy of their steel") to visit Clonmel to compete at the regatta, but unfortunately they could not see their way to accept the invitation to visit the romantic little town on the banks of the "silvery Suir." I, very much doubt if you could find an amateur crew in the kingdom capable of lowering the colours of the Clonmel R.C. in that year, on home waters.

The year 1885 was indeed a year for the Clonmel R.C. to look back upon with pride, pleasure, and satisfaction, as the crew won in cups and prizes a money value of about £100, besides indelibly recording the name of "Rare Clonmel" in the history of rowing in Ireland. As a fitting tribute to the indomitable pluck and prowess of this splendid crew, the committee presented them with the freedom of the club and island for ever. Perhaps there are not many members of the Clonmel R.C. to-day aware of the distinguished honour possessed by Hayes, Sommerville, Wright, Morrissey, and Sheedy.

The season of 1886 opened and closed as auspiciously

as its preceding compeers for the boys of the "white and blue." They still marched (or rather I should say rowed) out to conquer, and make their marks on the most important "pots" at the southern regattas. In consequence of the heavy expenses of the two preceding seasons, the financial aspect of the Clonmel R.C. was in anything but a flourishing or healthy condition, and the crew was unable to compete in Dublin, which is ever to be regretted, as undoubtedly the Metropolitan Cup was at their mercy, and more so as it was fated to be the last season of this "invincible four" together.

The ball opened by winning the Waterford City Challenge Cup (£100) and Suir Challenge Cup (£50). Some unpleasant friction arose in connection with events at this regatta. Clonmel sent a general entry, *i.e.* the champion crew to row for the three important cups for fours, viz. Waterford City Challenge, Suir and Ballybricken Cups — covetous Clonmel! Waterford naturally objected to the entry for the last-named cup, saying that one at least of the Clonmel crew was over age, and it was for a junior crew under twenty-one. Morrissey was the ancient mariner referred to, and he was only three weeks over age, whereas it was a well-known fact that two at least of the Waterford juniors were more ancient still. Clonmel pointed out this fact, but to no purpose, and the entry would not be accepted unless Morrissey "stood down" in the race for the Ballybricken Cup, Every oarsman knows right well that the breaking of a trained combination disorganises a crew, but nobody could blame the Waterford folks for grasping at a chance hope of trying to keep one at least of their cups in the Urbes Intacta. They moreover took every possible advantage to achieve this end, and the sequel shows how well they succeeded.

The " champions " met a fairly good crew in the race for the Big Cup, but the event turned out a most miserable fiasco.

This year the course lay from the Bridge to the Cove. The race was timed to start at 3 P.M., at which hour punctually Clonmel drew up to their stakeboat ready and eager for the fray; but the chimes of 4 o'clock P.M. pealed forth from the Clock Tower, ere the representatives of the Waterford B.C. reached the starting-post, and quite another fifteen minutes expired before the official starter put in an appearance.

This was indeed very ill treatment to the Clonmel boys to keep them for such an unseemly length of time waiting, stripped as they were, in the chilly eye of the bridge. It certainly put them into very bad humour, and resolved them to make it pretty hot for their opponents.

At the word " Go " Clonmel dashed off in their usual spirited fashion, and assumed the lead at once; but after going a couple of hundred yards or so, it was evident that Waterford was in trouble, their No. 3 catching a " crab," which caused them to cease rowing altogether. Clonmel certainly would have waited their recovery, but were so incensed at the shameful manner they had been treated that they paddled over the course and received the race. This action was severely criticised by the Waterford men, who went so far as to affirm that Clonmel could not beat them on a fair course, barring accidents. In my opinion their action in this race resembled very much that of the snakes towards St. Patrick. They committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter. But Waterford's revenge was at hand, and as Clonmel arrived at the Boat-house after the big race fiasco they found a fresh crew of the Waterford B.C. ready to oppose them in the Bally-

bricken Cup. But this time, be it remembered, Waterford did not keep Clonmel waiting. Morrissey had (to his deep regret and mortification) to vacate his seat, Sars Wright had to change from No. 2 to bow, and Milne occupied No. 2 oar. Thus the crew was completely changed, and every oarsmen can readily understand how terribly Clonmel was handicapped, and without a moment's breathing time, the boys were bustled off to their doom. The race was a most desperate one from start to finish; both crews were almost level for two-thirds of the journey, but eventually the boys of Urbs Intacta won a hard-fought race by about a length.

One of the outgoing Milford boats considerably interfered with the crews in this race, and Clonmel was the chief sufferer, as their boat was more than half full of water from the wash of the steamer, at the finish. Some foolish remarks in the *Waterford Press* led to some paper warfare, and finally Clonmel received an intimation that Waterford was prepared to row the champion four on any course in Ireland for £500 aside and £20 per man.

The challenge was eagerly accepted, with a request to make it £1000, but the original stake was considered sufficient to risk. The articles of agreement were drawn up by Clonmel, and brought on to Waterford by some members of the committee for signatures, but *mirabile dictu!* at the crucial moment Waterford climbed down from its exalted castle-in-the-air position, and thus what might have been a most memorable affair ignominiously ended in a beautiful bubble. I have often regretted that the event did not come off, as I believe the Waterford crew was a good one (I think it was composed of Grace, Moseley, Hodges, and Brophy), but they could not live very long in such goodly com-

pany as the Clonmel quartette, and in calmer moments I fancy Waterford were of the same opinion.

Clonmel's journey to the "Rebel City" this year was, in view of all the hardships they had to endure, a marvellous exhibition of grit and endurance. Leaving Clonmel early on the morning preceding the regatta, they were detained all day at the Limerick Junction, owing to some beastly irregularity on the part of the railway company in connection with the trucks for taking the boat along, so that they did not arrive in Cork until past 8 P.M. "The Bells of Shandon" pealed forth the hour of 10 P.M., when young lovers on the Marina Parade were startled to hear the rhythmical click of oars on the water, and see a racing "four" flash past them like a phantom at that unseemly hour of night. The Clonmel boys were clearing the dust of the Limerick Junction out of their lungs. On, on they flew at racing pace until they approached the bend in the Lee, down by the picturesque old castle of Blackrock, at which point bow oar appeared to be in difficulties, and sang out to Taylor that there was something wrong, as his oar was catching a heavier liquid than water at each stroke. Taylor called this diversion of bow's an "easy," but instead of "easy all," Matt called on Hayes for a "dozen," when presently there arose a sound like a person sneezing in quick succession. "Sh! sh! sh! sh-e-e-e-e!" and the dear old *Liffey* stopped suddenly. Morrissey was right; they had been rowing on the face of a sandbank for some time, into which he had been digging his oar in a most laborious manner, until the bend in the river brought them dead into it, where they remained for some time. It was a beautiful night; the moon shone out of a clear cloudless sky, and the sheen on the river made the sandbank look like water—hence Taylor was deceived.

It was past midnight when the crew returned to quarters, and long past 1 A.M ere they gained their couches, completely fagged out after a long, weary, monotonous day. Not long after 7 A.M. next day these boys might be seen wending their way towards "Cork Park" to get the fresh air and a "breather" to face the breakfast, for Taylor's was indeed a most restless spirit. At this regatta the Clonmel champion crew was entered for the Tivoli prizes and Leahy Challenge Cup (£50), leaving their scratch crew, which was composed of Lester (bow), Milne (2), O'Neill (3), and Land (stroke), to compete for the big cup (the Cork City challenge of £100). The reason of this was that the latter was a perpetual Challenge Cup, but the Leahy Cup became the absolute property of the club winning it twice. Clonmel won it in 1885, and Cork Harbour B.C., and University B.C. (Dublin) had won it the preceding years, so that this was the "Who shall?" for a pretty trophy, which now reposes with the Clonmel R.C. The regatta commenced with the race for the Tivoli prizes, which Clonmel R.C. won after a hard race for about half the distance with the Dublin boys. A little over an hour afterwards came the tussle for the Leahy Cup. To appreciate the gigantic task Clonmel had to accomplish in this race, it is necessary for me to explain that the Dublin crew was composed of the winners of the Metropolitan Cup of that year, and they rowed in what was considered the fastest first-class four in Ireland—a beautiful machine they called the *Glenbrook*, having won it from the Cork Harbour R.C. the preceding year. The Cork Harbour men were the first senior four of their club, and rowed in a beautiful first-class shell, built for them that year by Clasper, of Putney. Clonmel rowed in a "tub" boat (a ship compared to the other), a fast one, no doubt, built by

Biffen, of Bedford; but every oarsman knows that a "tub" is not within lengths of a first-class boat. The race was a most desperate one, and I doubt if any of the twelve oarsmen engaged could ever forget it. Every feature of it is as indelibly imprinted on my mind to-day as if it only occurred yesterday.

So sanguine were the Dublin and Cork men of the downfall of Clonmel in this event that they freely laid 5 to 1 against the Clonmel R.C., which, I am happy to say, I had the pleasure and satisfaction of accepting four times in gold. At the word "Go" the three crews struck the water simultaneously, but the "first-class" boats gained a slight advantage of the "tub," which they only momentarily maintained, as when the latter got under way with full pressure on she was very fast, and soon drew perfectly level. Each crew strove with might and main for the lead, and at the half-way mark there was scarcely a yard between the three boats. The pace was very fast, and the strain tremendous. You may clearly understand the position of the crews at this point by extending the hand and fancying the three middle fingers to be racing crafts—Cork Harbour R.C. represented by the index finger, Clonmel R.C. by the middle, and Dublin University B.C. by the third finger. These were their exact positions for over half a mile, Clonmel about a foot in front of 'Varsity, and both about a canvas in front of Cork Harbour R.C. After passing the mile mark Clonmel set about getting first home, and right well did they profit by the teaching of their splendid old tutor. With that ripping "first part grip" of the water and the powerful and effective "leg drive" off they slide. Onward they strove in that splendid contest. Spurt after spurt and dozen after dozen were reeled off until the enclosure on the Marina was reached (about

200 yards from the winning-post), when Cork Harbour R.C. "cracked" and stopped dead beat, leaving 'Varsity and Clonmel to fight out a desperate finish.

At this point the latter led the Dublin men by a little more than their canvas. As they neared the winning-post, the victors of the Metropolitan Cup made a superhuman effort to wear down the "boys," but to no avail. Like an electric flash Clonmel gamely responded to a final spurt by Hayes, and won the toughest race of their career, amidst a scene of the wildest excitement, by a little over a length. To the surprise of the rowing fraternity, Clonmel's second four simply romped away with the race for the Cork City Challenge Cup from four other crews, their immediate attendants being the Pembroke R.C. of Dublin, who ran the 'Varsity very close for the Metropolitan Cup a week previously. Clonmel made a close sweep of the "pots" at this regatta, winning the three best prizes off the reel. This was the last race rowed by the "invincible four," and the curtain rung down to a fitting termination to a glorious and all-conquering career. It is hard to think that the remarkable achievements of these four boys have long since been forgotten by the Clonmel R.C.

"Then here's to Matt, to Nev, and Bill,
To Sars, and Jim, so true;
And we'll not forget him whilst we fill
The 'Cox' of the white and blue."

My little tale of Clonmel's "champion crew" is told.

In the following year, 1887, Morrissey (who was in the National Bank) was removed to the west of Ireland, and the marvellous combination was destroyed. It is strange to say that, although a good man filled the vacancy in the boat, she never seemed to travel quite

as fast as when the original crew manned her, and here ended the victories of the Clonmel R.C.

What pride the dear old town took in her oarsmen of these days! I recall with deep feelings of pleasure the enthusiastic receptions accorded the conquerors on their return from Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, as they carried with them the best challenge cups and prizes of these regattas. The huge crowd of people assembled at the railway station, accompanied by a couple of bands crashing alternately "See the Conquering Hero Comes" and "Rare Clonmel" (a local popular song, which went to the air of "Auld Lang Syne"). In the latter the delighted crowd chimed in with its own version of the chorus, which ran—

"For, 'tis O Rare Clonmel, my boys!
It's O Rare Clonmel!
The first in the field and the last to yield
Are the boys of Rare Clonmel!"

I recollect the Main Street being one blaze of bonfires, flaming tar-barrels piled on each other, and for weeks afterwards poor old George Hargrove, who was manager of the National Bank and agent for the Sun Fire Office, having a lively time of it attending to minor claims for damages by fire to the shop fronts, &c., in the principal streets. Yes, Clonmel was proud of her sons in these days, and justly so!

What has become of Clonmel nowadays? I look in vain for her entry at the annual regattas. Apropos, I may here be pardoned for borrowing a simile from the splendid ode reproachfully addressed by the immortal Byron to the modern Greeks—

"You have your Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?"

I cannot believe but that Clonmel has to-day as good athletes as she ever had. Yet why have they so absolutely ostracised the oar for the wheel? I understand that the Bicycle Club musters two hundred members, and very much regret to think that the cycle craze should flourish over the ruins of the manliest pastime of them all. In days gone by, when the cycle fever was at its height in Waterford, its rowing decayed. Yet, if I mistake not, it was this very thing which gave to the Waterford B.C. the best crew it has ever had in the never-to-be-forgotten Parl Brothers. Let us hope that history will repeat itself in this respect as far as Clonmel is concerned. You have the best training waters in Ireland, because you must row to get your boat against the stream, and to get her to move fast you must row hard. It is hard work, I admit, but it makes the man.

In conclusion, I fervently hope the day is not far distant when the exiled sons of Clonmel—some of them in the land of the kangaroo and others in the land of the Saxon—who at one time placed her in the proud position of the premier rowing club in Ireland, shall feel their hearts beat proudly to see an account in the sporting journals of the victory once more of their beloved Clonmel R.C., when that too long silent shout will again spring to their lips of "Well rowed, Clonmel!"

J. J. Morrissey.

Note.—Any little feeling which may have existed against the Waterford B.C. has long since vanished. Mr. P. F. Clery, Provincial Bank, who for several seasons held the position of captain of the Waterford B.C., is, and has been for many years past, a valued officer of the Clonmel R.C. He takes an active interest in promoting rowing, and on his proposal, two banked practice pairs are on order, which we hope to see well to the front during the coming spring. We trust to see our flag again

THE CLONMEL ROWING CLUB CUPS

carried to victory by the young members of our club. On our list of members also we rank Mr. Nicholas Parle, one of the famous crew (Parle Bros., 3) who with Tom Sheedy, Clonmel swimmer and oarsman, made the Waterford crew feared and respected on all waters over Ireland.

J. W.

December 1906.

THE CLONMEL ROWING CLUB CUPS

No. 1.

NEW ROSS REGATTA

1879

OUTRIGGED FOURS CUP

won by

L. Doocey (1).
J. Fletcher (2).
D. O'Brien (3).
J. Mockler (Stroke).
M. Fell (Cox.).

No. 2.

CAPPOQUIN

1876

WHERRY RACE CUP

won by

Peter King.
S. O'Shaughnessy.
M. W. Fell (Cox.).

No. 3.

CORK CITY REGATTA

1883

THE LEAHY CHALLENGE CUP

Presented by D. F. Leahy, D.L.

won in 1885 *by*

J. J. Morrissey.
S. Wright.
N. Somerville.
W. Hayes (Stroke).
T. Sheedy (Cox.).

No. 3.

Finally won in 1886 *by*

J. J. Morrissey.
S. Wright.
Joe O'Neill.
W. Hayes (Stroke).
T. Sheedy (Cox.).

No. 4.

CLONMEL REGATTA

1875

CUP FOR GIG RACE

won by

L. McCarthy.
S. O'Shaughnessey.
A. Power.
W. J. King (Stroke).
J. F. Tinsley (Cox.).

No. 5.

CAPPOQUIN REGATTA

1876

CANOE CUP

won by

D. O'Brien.

SWIMMING

"TELL us of the days that are past" is a cry that has come down through the ages. This has a special reference to the many vicissitudes which go to make up the life history of a club, and whether in politics or the realms of sport the "old member" has always reminiscences of a glorious past. In the foregoing pages the old member tells of that glorious period which saw the colours of the Clonmel Rowing Club well-nigh invincible; but alas for things human! the forces that make for disintegration were also at work. America and Australia held out allurements of other prizes in the sterner walks of life, and to the members of that famous crew, as they departed from our midst one by one, we wished God-speed.

A period of quietude has since followed, development proceeding along the lines of a pleasure club. The long summer evenings find the river dotted with boating parties making for the many beautiful trysting-places up the river. Markam's Rock, about two miles from the Boat-house, is a favourite place for picnic parties. Pulling through the weirs is hard work, with just a spice of adventure making the trip enjoyable, the song at twilight as one lazily drifts homewards amply compensating for the exertions of the outward journey.

The facilities which the club affords for bathing may justly be regarded as ideal. An island lying to the westward of the town divides the river into two parts; the northern part being spanned by a handsome bridge, the property of the club. On the island the Boat-house is erected, affording protection for the boats during the

THE CONVENT BRIDGE

Man standing at point from which divers jumped

winter months; a bath-room and dressing-room complete the equipment, a recent addition being a covered colonnade. This latter is a great boon, giving shelter from the inclemency of the weather and enabling bathers to dress in the open; the situation is due south, and commands one of the finest views in the county. A stone's throw across the river rise the Co. Waterford hills, stretching east and west as far as the eye can reach; the scene is of that peaceful kind that the eye delights to dwell on. Right up to the summit the untiring industry of the peasant has reclaimed the land, the green fields and waving corn being the reward for long years of toil. His own little whitewashed house stands glistening in the morning sun.

Some of the pleasantest hours in the writer's life have been spent in contemplation of this scene, and as he writes these lines his thoughts go back to that pleasant time (now some years since), when Larry Comerford was the life and soul of a little party of bathers who, during the summer season, met at the island each morning at seven o'clock for an hour's fun in the water.

May the sod lightly rest on poor Larry! death claimed him in the prime of manhood, robbing us of one of the best-hearted fellows that ever lived. Our little club was Bohemian in the simplicity of its rules, each member being free to join us; all that we asked was punctuality in attendance, and as all were in business we had little trouble on that score. It was in this simple manner I myself joined, and, in racing parlance, Larry became my trainer. I had occasion to remember for long Larry's maxim "More force!" for it soon became the war-cry in all our contests. I may here say that the daily programme was a stiff one, a first necessity being absolute fearlessness of water. In front of the island, and for a few hundred yards up the river, is a long stretch of deep water, with just enough current in dry weather to make

swimming against it a pleasure. Near the Boat-house was a "sally bush" growing on the extreme edge of the bank and stretching out some feet over the water; on each side an upright was stuck in the bank, with a light bar stretching across. The fun raged fast and furious, each striving for the mastery—to clear the jump without knocking the cross-bar and to enter the water head foremost. I would say that the palm lay with D. Kiely and Herbert Beale for the neatest jumps. O'Neill, water-dog that he was, would then bring us up the island for running headers over bushes stretching out six or eight feet over the water. The spring-board then came in for attention, P. Mulcahy being unapproachable in this particular jump. High diving then began to have attractions, O'Neill leading the way. Our first attempts were from an ash tree, Arthur Beale having put up with great ingenuity a solid wooden platform from which to spring. Gradually our eyes began to turn to the Convent Bridge, the next highest object, One bright morning O'Neill swam us to the Co. Waterford side to give us a long swim from above the bridge. As I crossed the road the impulse seized me to have a go from the bridge; I shouted my intentions to O'Neill. An instant later I was on the parapet; I poised for a moment, and off. Rising quickly to the surface, I saw that my glory would be short-lived; I had barely time to clear away when down came O'Neill in a perfect dive, Mulcahy and Arthur Beale following in quick succession. We frequently took this dive afterwards, Paddy Myers falling in for special praise owing to the neat way he took the water, his head coming up almost before his heels had disappeared. The end of the summer did not deter us, nor did a flood. Just a few more words and I finish. Late one autumn we had a more than usually high flood, covering most of the island itself with more than a foot of water. The approach to the bridge

crossing to the island was several feet under water, barring progress in that way. For safety's sake a boat had been pulled up the lane out of the water—but who would venture across? At this instant Mr. Fred Quin (himself a fine swimmer), appeared on the scene, and without a moment's hesitation stepped into the boat. A volunteer crew was in immediate attendance, and we pushed out into the angry current. For a moment I thought we should be swamped. A cheery word from Mr. Quin made us redouble our efforts. We grasped a bush as we swept past the island, and dragged ourselves on to land; we undressed, and entered the river high up the island. The mad rush down on the angry current will long remain in the memory. After poor Larry's death our little party broke up, drifting in various directions. Even still, when I meet O'Neill or Mulcahy, we invariably revert to the pleasant mornings on the island.

I must not forget to pay a tribute to Matt Feehan, who always maintained that endurance is the true test of the swimmer. His long swim from "The Turn of Abbey" to the Boat-house is something to be justly proud of—may it excite emulation amongst the rising generation; my old friend E. O'Neill can also place this swim to his credit.

The last name I will mention is Michael Curtiss. To a high degree he has developed the art of inspiring confidence; see him on a summer's morning (with a simple line attachment) coaxing a youth, a mere schoolboy, to take his first plunge into ten feet of water. This may appear a strange way to teach swimming, but it is a short cut to success. Before the end of their first season I have seen these same youths take "headers" off the spring-board and swim to the landing-stage without the least trace of fear.

JAMES W. WHITFORD.

TO MISS MAUD MacCARTHY

She strayed beyond the pasture bars
To where the Easter-bud had bloomed,
And saw our sodden earth, illumed,
A sister to the stars.

Then Erin charged her daughter : " Girl,
Go, tell thy vision round the sphere ;
Thy flame of joy, my frozen tear,
Shall blend in beauty's pearl."

Over the strings, drawn true and fine,
She spends her cunning. To and fro,
In great slow curves and ringlets, flow
The melodies divine,

And weave an arras of Eden Dale,
That pictures peace to troubled men,
Who find and lose and seek again
The Manna in the Grail.

Now hope in Erin's furrow sows,
And plenty lifts the cabin's latch,
And foreign people lean to catch
The scent of Erin's rose.

Oh, beauty, rarest dower ! To hold
One carat's weight, we sift and toss,
A mountain's slag—a world of dross,
To round a ring of gold !

William A. Leahy.

THE MEN OF 'NINETY-EIGHT

Written on the erection of the '98 Memorial in Clonmel, 1904

HURRAH! hurrah! I'm glad to say, within this ancient town,
Where heroes bold, in days of old, with valour and renown,
From yonder wall, with rifle-ball and deadly pointed steel,
Thro' Cromwell's horde destruction poured, 'neath dauntless Hugh O'Neill.
Howe'er despite each bigot's might, that spirit unsurpassed
Doth still survive, and nobly thrive, unconquered to the last,
For thus before the world o'er, we proudly venerate
That matchless band, serene and grand, the Men of 'Ninety-Eight.

When hellish wrong, existing long, provoked the bitter strife,
They fiercely fought as rebels ought, for liberty and life;
While manhood rare, beyond compare, immortalised the fray,
At Oulart Hill, remembered still, and "Thubberneering Day."

Let none forget the sacred debt, however, thus we owe
Each martyr brave, in silent grave, unconscious of the foe,
But even now, with solemn vow, prepare to emulate,
That matchless band, serene and grand, the Men of 'Ninety-Eight.

P. O'H. Peters.

TO THE POTATO MARKET

Of old, in the days when King Brian
  Was giving boiled beans to the Dane,
When the wolf, and most likely the lion,
  Might be met any day in Dowd's Lane,
In the year—who can tell what the date is ?
  We'll call it one thousand and two—
They built you, O Mart for Potatoes,
    When New Street was new.

The oldest inhabitant, lying
  As usual, says he recalls
His father's great-grandfather dying
  On the day when they finished your walls.
He had bought a half-stone of the first ones,
  And whilst they were boiling he joked ;
Then he bolted the best of the burst ones,
    And straightway was choked !

You existed when ancient St. Stephen's
  Was still in its primitive debt,
And I'll venture to say it is evens
  You were old while the mortar was wet
On Marlfield's Abbey ; you flourished
  Anterior to taxes and rates ;
Now all your belongings have perished
    Save railings and gates.

The sheep on fair days make Aunt Sallies
Of shopkeepers' fronts of plate glass,
And vibrant the air of the Mall is
With the roar of the time-expired ass ;
The cattle on footpaths are dozing
As they chew the contemplative cud ;
How cruel to think of enclosing
The succulent spud !

I leave to some consummate lawyer
From Blackstone to demonstrate why
In one corner you harbour a sawyer
With balks of felled timber hard by.
But blest be a thoughtful Town Council
Who left—with what object who'll say ?
A most superannuate ouncil
With nothing to weigh !

At night, when pale stars by the million
On your ruin in pity look down,
At the hour the Dungarvan postillion
Is keeping a trot for the town,
I gaze on your shed—it's a lean-to—
And ask, in a fanciful flight,
Did our humorous ancestors mean to
Imprison the blight ?

C. J. Boland.

SADLEIR, M.P., BANKER

"To what infamy have I come step by step—heaping crime upon crime! and now I find myself the author of numberless crimes of a diabolical character, and the cause of ruin, misery, and disgrace to thousands—aye, to tens of thousands. Oh, how I feel for those on whom all this ruin must fall. I could bear all punishment, but I could never bear to witness the sufferings of those on whom I have brought such ruin. It must be better that I should not live. No one has been privy to my crimes—they spring from my own cursed brain alone. I have swindled and deceived without the knowledge of any one. It was a sad day for all when I came to London. . . . The prayers of one so wicked could not avail, or I would seek to pray for those I leave after me, and who will have to suffer such agony, and all owing to my criminal acts. Oh, that I never quitted Ireland! Oh, that I had resisted the first attempts to launch me into speculation! If I had had less talents of a worthless kind and more firmness I might have remained as I once was, honest and truthful, and I would have lived to see my dear father and mother in their old age. I weep and weep now, but what can that avail?"

Such were the despairing words penned by John Sadleir, M.P., at the moment when he had in his pocket the phial of poison which was to end his troubles. On the 17th February, 1856, a Sunday morning, his corpse

was discovered on a grassy mound on Hampstead Heath, near London, and lying close beside it a silver ewer which smelt strongly of prussic acid. The death by his own hand wrested from the dock a criminal whose trial would have revealed one of the greatest swindlers and forgers that the world ever knew. That same death let loose indeed in Ireland a flood of litigation in connection with the Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank, but the misery and ruin which followed the crash of that institution found the principal villain beyond the reach of even the long arm of the law.

Like all great criminals, his career was a remarkable one, and the story of his life will bear repetition.

Sadleir was born near the town of Tipperary in the year 1814, the son of a respectable trader. At an early age he was apprenticed to an attorney, in whose office he distinguished himself for the versatility of his talents. On becoming qualified he settled down to practise, and soon acquired a lucrative and high-class business in Dublin and Carlow. Of handsome presence and dignified manners, he impressed those who approached him that he was no ordinary man. He soon began to think that Ireland did not afford scope enough for his plans, so he migrated to London, where he established himself successfully as a parliamentary agent. Finance now began to claim his attention, and his first scheme was the establishment of a bank for his native county. He had no difficulty in raising the capital, £80,000, which he considered necessary for the undertaking, and branches were quickly established in all the principal towns of the county. Money poured in rapidly, and from its inception the concern was in a flourishing condition. He had himself nominated as president, and his brother James became general manager.

So far his career was an unbroken success. In 1847

he was selected as candidate for the representation of Carlow, and, amidst much popular enthusiasm, he was elected by a large majority. In the House of Commons he quickly made his mark, but the discreditable part he played in betraying the "Irish Brigade," by accepting a Junior Lordship of the Treasury in the Administration of the Earl of Aberdeen, need not be touched on here, except so far as to say that his action caused disgust and dismay in Ireland.

The success of the Tipperary Bank attracted to him the attention of the City financiers. He was offered several directorships, and became chairman of three large companies, and in a short time he had a large and rapidly-increasing income. In 1852, being then unmarried, he formed a connection—probably the first step in his downfall—with a danseuse named Clara Morton, of Her Majesty's Theatre, one of the handsomest women that ever tripped on the London stage. He became a member of some of the principal London clubs, there meeting the most aristocratic and wealthy men in England. At White's, he gambled nightly with men much richer than he was. His luck at last seems to have deserted him, and his losses became large. To recover them he plunged recklessly, but without avail, and his own fortune soon became dissipated. He then began to draw on the Tipperary Bank till he drained its resources of over £200,000, and he next speculated on the London Stock Exchange, his transactions being on an immense scale. The companies with which he was connected gave him ready means of forging shares, on which he borrowed freely. His forgeries were of such a skilful nature that secretaries and others were afterwards unable, in some instances, to swear to their own signatures. But the inevitable day came. Whispers began to get about that there were large blocks of fraudu-

lent shares in circulation, and the identity of the forger was more than hinted at. His exposure and suicide soon followed, and the next day the Tipperary Bank closed its doors, causing the total ruin of thousands of people in Tipperary and the neighbouring counties. His death caused consternation among the various companies with which he had been associated, and not without reason. When the defalcations at last were made clear, as far as it was possible to do so, the whole amounted to almost a million and a half of money.

Such was the man who was the real, though not the nominal, defendant in the great cause, Dowling *v.* Lawler, tried before Chief Baron Pigot and a special jury at the end of 1853, a few years before his tragic death.

This trial was the first check to Mr. Sadleir's fortunes, and the result created considerable sensation in Dublin as well as in political and financial circles in England. The verdict of a Dublin jury practically proclaimed the Lord of the Treasury a perjurer.

The leading facts are as follows. In July 1852 there was an election for Carlow, the candidates being John Sadleir and Clayton Browne. Most of Sadleir's supporters at the previous election in 1847 had now turned against him, amongst the number being Mr. Edward Dowling, of Carlow, a country gentleman, who was known to be able to control three or four votes besides his own. The contest was expected to be a close one, and every single vote was of great importance. Dowling had been canvassed repeatedly by Sadleir's agents for his support, but not even the solicitation of Mr. Thaddeus O'Shea, the manager of Sadleir's bank at Carlow, was able to influence him to change his mind. What then happened ? Dowling was arrested on the hustings and thrown into prison in time to prevent his vote being given for Clayton Browne.

The arrest was made on a bond which he had given to a man named Crotty, a disreputable sort of money-lender in Carlow, as security for putting his name on two bills for £350 which were cashed in the ordinary course by O'Shea. These bills had not yet come to maturity, and counsel on both sides admitted that the arrest was absolutely indefensible and illegal.

In August, Dowling, on application to the Queen's Bench, was discharged from custody, and the first use he made of his freedom was to start an action against his enemies; but they forestalled him by having him arrested a second time, his bills in the bank having now apparently matured without being met. It was afterwards proved that this arrest was also obtained by a fraudulent contrivance.

Dowling spent fourteen months in jail on this second arrest, and he had no idea that there was anybody behind Crotty in these malicious proceedings, and it is likely enough that the plans of the arch-conspirator would have carried all right had not the hand of death revealed the strings which were being manipulated from behind. Crotty died, and, fortunately for Dowling, as well as for the ends of justice, his affairs fell into the hands of an honest man, Mr. Richard Crotty, his cousin and executor. This gentleman revealed the fact that the arrests were absolutely procured by fraud, and that Dowling might as well have been arrested for the National Debt as for the amount of the bond on which his detention was founded. This, of course, let in a flood of light on the whole transaction, and though the task was a very difficult one, Dowling's advisers traced out with great skill every move in the plot.

The issue to be tried by the Chief Baron and a special jury was whether the arrests were obtained by fraudulent contrivances, without the justification of an existing

debt, and the consequences of a corrupt and unlawful agreement between a person of the name of Daniel Crotty and John Sadleir, M.P., to prevent Mr. Dowling from exercising his rights as a parliamentary voter at the Carlow election in 1852.

The details of the case were somewhat complicated, and it will be sufficient to give here some of the more salient features.

Lawler, the nominal defendant, was a man of straw, a blacksmith, who had got on a little bit in the world. He was supposed to be handling bills and I.O.U.'s for hundreds of pounds, but in reality one halfpenny never passed through his hands, all his transactions being bogus ones. In accounting for his position as defendant he said it was the Chief Baron who put him into the issue. He was rather surprised to hear a gentleman say that he was acting counsel for him, and he never knew that he had the felicity of having acquired a solicitor till a gentleman named Mulhall told him to consider him as his attorney! So much was elicited by his cross-examination.

Other pawns used by the expert financier in his unscrupulous attack on Dowling were a poor man named Lyng, and a servant boy of Lawler's who was not sixteen years of age. These were the parties who were dealing in bonds, bills of exchange, and I.O.U.'s to cover the traces of the principal actor. Indeed all the mechanism of paper money, the complexity of bills and renewals, as well as the moral influence of Sadleir's Bank, were employed to crush poor Dowling, and to secure the election of Sadleir.

Crotty, the money-lender, was a drunken, dissipated man, but it was said that in his sober moments he had his good points. A few hours after Dowling's arrest on the day of the election his conscience seems to have

touched him, as he ran about the town proclaiming that he had neither hand, act, nor part in the arrest of his friend Dowling, and that he would get him released before night. This good intention was unfortunately frustrated by an agent of Sadleir, who plied him with drink to such an extent as to drown his conscience and his consciousness together. The agent, however, it must be said, was not aware at the time of the illegality of the arrest.

It was proved conclusively that every step in the illegal proceedings was traceable either to Sadleir himself or to one of his recognised agents. The bond on which the arrest was obtained was handed over to Sadleir himself when on his way to Dublin, and it was on the very next day that the judgment was obtained in the capital. The executions were given to the sheriff by Sadleir's own agents.

Some certificates in the case were proved to be actual forgeries. They were purported to be signed by an attorney named Gibbings, but far from knowing anything about them, this attorney was at the moment in Cork in a moribund condition. They were in the handwriting of a clerk belonging to No. 5 Great Denmark Street, Dublin, the residence of Mr. Sadleir, and of his partner, a Mr. Leonard Morrogh. Affidavits made by Crotty had been engrossed by the same clerk, and had been brought down from Dublin from Morrogh's office to be sworn to by the deponent.

Several other points serving to elucidate the mystery and to perfect the chain of evidence were made by Dowling's counsel, and before the defence was opened people began to wonder what defence there could be. But Mr. Sadleir was too astute a man to try to refute the plaintiff's evidence by any cross pleas. The bold course to adopt was to deny everything, and in follow-

ing this course he knew that he had the least chance of giving himself absolutely away. He would rely on his own ability, and trust to some of the jury to give credence to his version of the case.

He accordingly denied everything, and disowned everybody. He did not want to have Dowling arrested, and he was absolutely innocent of the whole illegal proceedings. Whatever he did was in the interest of Crotty, and any connection he had with the case was pure philanthropy.

The evidence of Lawler and Thaddeus O'Shea did not improve the defence. Their contradictions were numerous. How do these statements agree ? Sadleir swore that it was from O'Shea he first heard of the existence of the bond a week before the election. O'Shea swore that he never told Sadleir about the bond at all. O'Shea also swore that he had but one conversation with Lawler about the bond, while Lawler's evidence was that he, O'Shea, and Crotty had several conversations about the bond, and that on one occasion they had spent an hour and a half over it in O'Shea's garden.

One incident in the transactions is almost humorous. They gave £350 to Lyng, who had as much chance of paying it back as the man in the moon. Lyng passed it on to Lawler, the latter gave it to Crotty, who brought it back to the bank and with it released his bills. The bank was thus paid its claim with its own money, a transaction which must have been highly profitable to the shareholders !

After Daniel Crotty's death, his executor, Richard Crotty, wrote to Mr. Morrogh, solicitor to the bank, to inquire if there was any claim against him on the foot of certain bills which formed part of the case. No claim was made, and the only reply he received

was a model of brevity, but it showed the tricky and equivocal character of the business. The reply was :—

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter.

"L. MORROGH."

The suppression of evidence was an important factor in the case. Morrogh, an important witness, though subpœnaed, failed to appear, and it was said that he fled to England. A solicitor named Mulhall could have thrown much light on the origin of the money expended in the early stages of the case, but he was kept back. Lyng was not produced because he would probably have proved a damaging witness to his side. The clerk at the Great Denmark Street office was not forthcoming either. Others of Sadleir's agents, who were shown to be mixed up in the transactions, were also kept back, with a view, the opposing counsel alleged, of preventing disclosures and of obscuring the case.

A short analysis of Sadleir's evidence will be interesting : "I am a shareholder in the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank. Mr. Thaddeus O'Shea, the manager, was not in any way under my control or direction. Neither by myself nor through any other party did I in any way apply to Daniel Crotty for the bond in evidence, to put it in execution against Edward Dowling or otherwise. I never at any time agreed with Daniel Crotty that he should be relieved from all liability on foot of the two bills of exchange for £150 and £200, then in the Tipperary Bank. I never authorised any person on my behalf to enter into any such agreement with Daniel Crotty. I do not know of any person professing to act on my behalf, having entered into any such agreement. I got the bond on one occasion when going from Carlow to Dublin, but I never made

any application, directly or indirectly, for it to any one, nor that I should be permitted to use it for any purpose whatever. I saw Mr. Morrogh that evening after I arrived in Dublin. I gave him the bond with a direction. After I parted with the bond I had nothing personally to do with the issuing of the execution or the arrest under it. I have heard of Mr. Edward and Mr. Michael Corcoran ; neither of these gentlemen were agents of mine. I had nothing whatever to do with, nor did I ever hear of, the transaction of Lawler's bill. I had nothing whatever to do with the second arrest of Dowling. If he was arrested at the nomination in July 1852, I was not aware of it. Neither Fitzpatrick nor Roe, who were supposed to be my agents, were employed by me, nor by any one for me, with my authority. Neither I nor any person on my behalf, to my knowledge, agreed to release Mr. Dowling from either of the two bills of exchange. I know Mr. Leonard Morrogh ; he is an attorney, but not a partner of mine. He had nothing to do with the writ further than the execution of it in Dublin." What a very innocent man !

When counsel on both sides had addressed the Court, the Chief Baron was about to charge the jury, but the foreman intimated that they would not require his lordship to do so, as they had already unanimously agreed to their verdict. Counsel for the defendant, however, requested the judge to do so, as it was the right of his client. The Chief Baron's charge under the circumstances was comparatively brief, and it made no difference in the minds of the jury, who, after a few moments' deliberation, found for the plaintiff on all the issues.

This verdict of a special jury meant, if it meant anything, that they did not believe Sadleir, and virtually that he had perjured himself. This was a serious matter

for him, for after such revelations, how could Lord Aberdeen retain him as a Lord of the Treasury, especially when some of the principal London papers made a big row over it? There was but one course open to Sadleir, namely, to resign, and resign he did shortly afterwards. This was the first step in his downfall.

As was generally expected, the case did not end here. Dowling started immediately an action against Sadleir himself, the previous trial being only preliminary to placing the responsibility on the proper shoulders. The new trial was practically a case for the assessment of damages, as no witnesses were called for the defence. Mr. Whiteside made a very brilliant speech in stating the case, concluding as follows: "It remained for them to measure the damages by the hatred they bore to falsehood, by their veneration for justice, by their love of truth. He would take the liberty of telling them that, sitting there empanelled to do justice as between his client and Mr. John Sadleir, they would be insensible of the privileges they enjoyed if they refused to give the last farthing which was sought in damages against a man who wickedly, meanly, and basely sought to rob his client of his dearest rights, and to reduce him to the level of a slave; and he would add, speaking not as an advocate, but as a man, better for them to be deprived of free institutions than that they should exist to be made the instruments of a dastardly conspiracy to crush the free subjects of the realm in the exercise of their rights and privileges. He commended this case to their consciences—he demanded a large verdict to compensate his client, and proportioned to the guilt of the defendant, and unless he much mistook the feelings that actuated the breasts of honest men, they would respond to that appeal, and do that justice which had long been delayed, but which

at last was on the point of being obtained at the hands of a virtuous, a conscientious, and a discriminating jury."

A verdict with £1100 damages was found for Dowling, and in spite of the fact that Sadleir succeeded on certain grounds in obtaining a new trial, he eventually decided to pay that sum, and to give up the contest with his ill-treated opponent.

It was for some years believed by many in Ireland that Sadleir had never committed suicide at all, and that he was still living abroad. An American paper in the early seventies revived this belief with a sensational story of his discovery and arrest at a place called Avranches, in France. The story was that, when Sadleir found himself cornered, he approached a surgeon with an offer of £3000 if he could procure a body about his own size and deposit it on Hampstead Heath on the Sunday morning. The surgeon consulted a resurrectionist, who agreed to do the job for £100, which was paid in advance. Sadleir next confided his plans to a confidential butler, who, acting on his instructions, was on the Heath when the body was discovered. He announced it as the body of his master. At the inquest the body was identified by the surgeon and the butler, and the resurrectionist never broke silence. The account went on to say that some years later a gentleman named Bridge, from near Roscrea, who had lost a large sum of money in the Tipperary Bank, was on a tour in France, and whilst seated at a *table d'hôte* one evening he recognised John Sadleir as his *vis-à-vis*. The forger was greatly altered, but there was no doubt as to his identity. Bridge wired particulars to Dublin, and a detective was sent across to arrest Sadleir. The story was most circumstantial, but it lacked one essential —truth.

M. Hynes.

A LETTER IN RHYME

DEAREST Jim, I will do as you tell,
But I fear that I can't do it well,
To sit down and write what we do day and night
In this small truly rural Clonmel.
However, here goes, though only of those
I have heard of, for really ourselves
Are as quiet as maids whom time and care fades,
And are laid 'gainst their wills on the shelf;
But e'en in this town there are boys of renown,
And, *sub rosa*, have many a lark.

. . . . . .

They go to the Lodge, and oftentimes dodge
Just over to Hearn's for sips;
There you'll see handsome Johnnie, though he looks so bonnie,
Partaking of numerous nips.
It's said he is idle, loves dearly the bridle,
All day in the stable he'll lurk.
He'll talk of his drag or examine a nag,
And leave Charlie to do all the work.

. . . . . .

Then there's funny Pat F——, who's a host in himself,
With a drooping moustache "militaire";
But I fear he's a rake, and no girl will take
Such a lad full of debts for her share.
There are crowds of bank clerks, all up to great larks,
For though poor they manage some fun;
There's that six-footer Long, who rejoices in song,
And B——, "Hard lines" and "small son;"

This poor little sonny, who never has money,
He seems ever to me in a fix;
Though his father, they say, his debts oft doth pay,
Yet he never to steadiness sticks.
There's Joe Higgins so neat, with oh! such a seat;
On a horse he would quite strike you dumb,
For to danger he's blind, leaves all others behind,
And delights in a thundering run.
He ought to take care when he's on the grey mare,
For Miss H——, who lives near Gallows Hill,
Is always in fright when Joe's out of sight,
In case he should get a bad spill.
There's a snug little fellow, with voice sweet and mellow,
J. J. F. his initials, I think.
If he went on the stage he would soon be the rage,
And his calves they look grand on the rink.
I can't leave out W——; though he seems so silky,
He thinks no small beer of himself,
I fancy he's rueing the day he chose brewing,
For he pockets but little of pelf;
He makes eyes at Miss ——, who speaks slightly nasal,
For she comes from some place near New York,
But she'll only laugh, and look on it as chaff;
She knows that his heart is in Cork.
Next comes pretty Frank Tydd, who never gets rid
Of the hue in his face like the rose;
'Tis a pity such looks should be wasted o'er books,
For he's like an Adonis in clothes.
There's simple L——, who lives next to Helen,
Who never does anything wrong,
And S——, called "Crocks," with brown eyes and locks;
They say he can sing a queer song.

. . . . . .

I could tell you of lots more, but indeed 'tis a bore
To keep up such rhyming as this,
Besides it is rash to write personal trash,
And I hope they won't take it amiss.

H.

IN EXILE

To hear o'er the Quay
The soft Angelus chime,
While the breathing is free
And the appetite prime,
Is worth dollars—but then as for me—
Why, stranger, I haven't a dime!

In the gulch the long day
Ring of pick, rasp of shovel,
Sun blazing away—
Yet isn't it novel
That wealth, living here, wouldn't weigh
Against life in a Suir-side hovel?

For there the kind sun
Only nurtures and warms,
And the fields as in fun
Hold out green, grassy arms,
Like a mother to romp with her son
In the glory of motherhood's charms.

In the shade of West Gate—
To re-people old scenes—
Hawke Street! and a plate
Of its luscious crubeens—
With the *scents* of Cologne while you wait—
Not for me! but just think what it means!

A rod, and a night
At The Stillogues, apart
From a nibble or bite,
When I haven't the art
Of keeping my casting-line tight,
Would install me an evergreen heart!

For a day with the hounds
On my good mare "Shanks"
Through hollows, up mounds,
Over ditches and banks,
While the cry of the huntsman resounds!
Oh! wouldn't I offer up thanks?

Rose petals that fell
In Glenary's swift burn,
Can they ever compel
Their faint scent to return?
Does the drip wander back to the well,
Or the splash to the fragrant churn?

And so, you'll confess
On the whole, it is hard—
Who's dead? I'm to guess?
Uncle Tom! poor old card!
And left me ten thousand no less!
Its *vermilion* I'll paint the Main Guard!

C. J. Boland.

POULAKERRY WEIR

Oh! the weir at Poulakerry is hauntin' me this night
(Though 'tis far from Poulakerry my ould head is lyin' now),
And through ev'ry vein that's in me there's a rushin', mad delight,
Like as if the weir was burstin'—oh! I cannot tell you how.

I can hear the Mississippi, scarce a hundred steps away—
I don't want to say against it, but I know it can't compare,
With its moanin' in the night-time, and its roarin' in the day—
With the strains I heard in childhood down at Poulakerry Weir.

An' 'tis often now at night-time—I suppose because I'm grey,
An' my work is nearly over—that 'tis ringin' in my ear:
That fierce hoarseness of the winter, an' the bright, shy little way
That the waters sang in summer time in Poulakerry Weir.

I think my heart's a good one yet; my frame—ah, well! that's wrecked
In the time since Poulakerry's Weir used wet my curly head.
Oh! I'd love to see it, livin'; but, maybe, God might object,
Sure, I'll go to Heaven contented if I see it when I'm dead.

R. G. Walshe.

THE IRISH FLANNEL GOWN

One evenin' fair, beyond compare,
As the twilight gently fell,
An' the blackbird's song re-echoed long
Thro' many a flowery dell.
Near Coolnamuck I overtook,
Like Vaynus of renown,
A colleen oge, with a Carrick brogue,
And an Irish flannel gown.

Her love-lit smile would saint beguile,
Or seal a hermit's doom,
While, oh! her face, an' oh! her grace,
A palace might illume.
Yet nobler mind, you couldn't find,
In counthry or in town,
That colleen oge, with a Carrick brogue,
And an Irish flannel gown.

"Bedad, sweet maid, I'm much afraid,
'Twill shortly rain," says I.
"Young man," says she, "don't prophesy,"
With a twinkle in her eye.
But even yet, I can't forget,
Altho' the neighbours frown,
That colleen oge, with a Carrick brogue,
And an Irish flannel gown.

Let others roam beyond the foam,
An' build a fortune, too,
I'll thry my luck in Coolnamuck,
An' see what love can do.
For might an' main I'll sthrive to gain,
Or wear a marthyr's crown,
That colleen oge, with a Carrick brogue,
And an Irish flannel gown.

P. O'H. PETERS.

DUCKETT STREET

Miss Duckett Street was a prim old maid,
And because of her ways being starched and staid,
As years went by she got more afraid
  Of her chances growing fewer ;
Most of the neighbouring streets, she knew,
Had dropped old names and taken new,
But like herself there were left a few
  On the shelf, by the amber Suir.

Her nearest friend was Miss River Street,
Another old maid precise and neat,
And once of late, when they chanced to meet—
  For they couldn't exist apart—
Miss Duckett Street to her friend appealed
For advice on a matter till now concealed,
And in strictest confidence revealed
  The secret of her heart.

With many a giggle and pout she told
Her friend, that she knew she was growing old,
And that ere her heart became too cold
  To cherish Love's sacred flame,
She wished to name the happy day,
To settle herself in life, and say
The words "love, honour, and obey" ;
  In short, to change her name.

Miss River Street's answer is not preserved,
Though 'tis said by the shock she was quite unnerved,
And hinted she thought she had not deserved—
  At least, not to her knowledge—
To be left alone in advancing years ;
But despite her sisterly prayers and tears,
Miss Duckett Street, last Shrove, appears
  To have taken the name of College.

C. J. Boland.

FAIRY HILL[1]

WHILST Cooper's Hill in Denham's noble lay[2]
Shines forth in Nature's dress, with Nature gay;
While Windsor Forest shines for ever green,
And Pope with beauty paints the charming scene;
Such glowing numbers, with description fraught,
Secure our love, and open all our thought.
Not less admired (were but their numbers mine)
My Fairy Hill should live to future time;
Where, as believ'd by superstition's tribe,
The fairies oft upon its top reside;
They show the place where fairies oft were seen,
And where their midnight revels mark'd the green.

Up its steep side a walk I oft pursue,
And from its top enjoy its distant view;
Where numerous prospects charm the wandering eyes,
And beauties all around our sight surprise.

A ridge of mountains on the south extend;
Black is their hue, and rocky is their bend;
Whose barren look invites the lab'ring hand
To burn the heath, and turn the sterile land;
Tho' here and there, a cultur'd piece we find
Rise at its side, and leave the vale behind.

[1] A very steep and high hill in the county of Waterford, opposite Clonmel, from the top of which is a very extensive prospect.

[2] Printed in Waterford by Esther Crawley & Son, Eulid's Head, Peter Street, MDCCLXXIII.

But to the west extends a beauteous vale,
As might adorn a youthful poet's tale ;
Whose verdant fields our whole attention claim,
Unmatch'd by none, not e'en the fields of Thame,
Whose beauties Pope has sung with youthful fire,
And made the world to envy and admire.

If to the east I turn my wand'ring eyes,
Or to north-east, where Slieve-na-mon arise,
Whose lofty height forsakes the flow'ry plain,
And in the op'ning sky maintains his reign ;
Its tow'ring head oft shares the fleecy show,
Whilst we enjoy fair weather here below.

As thus I stand and take an eastern view,
New objects still my roving eyes pursue,
And there, with eager haste to meet the tide,
Suir's limpid streams in circling order glide ;
Till with the Nore and Barrow joins its course,
And all connected rolls with rapid force,
With strength united bears an ample reign,
Runs swiftly on, and empties in the main.

Thus strong the state where concord joins in sway,
Where men to rule less wish than to obey,
Far noisy factions—riots far from these,
Whose study is, each other how to please ;
Smooth glides the helm, each other's help they prove,
And all their wishes, amity and love.

Far to the north more ample plains extend,
To which we vainly strive to trace an end ;
The extensive prospect opens to the sight,
And the view shines with Nature's chief delight.

There fields and gardens form the chequered scene,
And bounteous Nature decks the blooming green :
And there, amid the humble, smiling plain,
Where rural peace, content, and beauty reign ;
The lofty trees of Carageen arise,
And to the view in graceful order lies.

O lovely shade, where lonely solitude
Haunts thy steep rocks, tho' form'd by Nature rude ;
The muttering poet here may hum his song,
Chaunt o'er his tale and plaintive themes prolong ;
Here from the world recluse may court his muse,
And in his tales simplicity infuse,
Thy varying prospect aid his pleasing flight,
Inspire his mind and muse with new delight.
Here lovers too may tell their amorous tale,
Seek the broad wood, or share the closer vale.

With hills encircled there Clonmel appears,
Famous in former as in latter years
For its defence 'gainst Cromwell's powerful band,
Who forc'd obedience to his conquering hand.

The spacious streets, each in due order placed,
With structures uniform and handsome graced,
A splendid court-house beautifies the town,
And lofty spire the ancient church doth crown,
Which rears its head in air above them all,
And to the sight majestically tall.

The Abbey,[1] too, its ancient head doth rear,
And to the spoils of time a witness bear ;

[1] Said to be founded by the family of the Butlers about the year 1219 as a convent for friars of the Franciscan Order.

Perhaps a building once of great renown,
The ornament and beauty of the town,
With tow'ring head o'erlook'd the neighbouring plain,
And from whose spire re-echoed many a strain,
But now that all its ornaments are gone,
Few visitors receives, admirers none.

As o'er the plain I turn my wond'ring eyes,
There villas in promiscuous order rise,
And county seats, whose grandeur claims applause,
And for their beauty admiration draws.
A humbler sort diversify the scene,
Rise to the sight and ornament the green.

Such scenes as these demand the humble quill,
And such the beauteous views from Fairy Hill.

THE TIPPERARY HUNT

I AM going to write about the Tip'rary Hunt,
But in verse it is hard to write sense;
If you don't like your lines now pray don't take affront,
They're not written to give you offence.

Mr. Burke (he's on Newtown) has just thrown the pack
Into Grawnacole's gorse-covered valley,
With a "Line in there," and a whip's cheery crack,
"What's that, that I hear? it's a tally."

That is Kennet's fine hollow, this fox is away,
As topping the hill he is seen;
If you're able, keep close to the master to-day,
He'll be first when they get to Killeen.

Mrs. Burke, riding up, nods a cheery good day,
Entering into the sport heart and soul;
I remember right well how she showed us the way
Last year from this same Grawnacole.

Then there's Mr. James Phelan (of steeplechase fame),
But about him I'll tell you this one thing,
He may say what he pleases about liking the game,
But he's really far keener on hunting.

He has a roan horse you'd perhaps think a bit light,
But mark you my words now and know,
If hounds run, keep Jimmy and Crubbers in sight,
For they *always* are having a "go."

Photo by Elliot & Fry, London

THE TIPPERARY HOUNDS

And then there's Joe Higgins, all keen for a dart,
Of a fine dashing rider a pattern,
If is fifty to one he will get a good start,
Then look out, for he's riding old Saturn.

"Mr. Bobs" is a figure we've all missed of late,
Fond of riding and toasting a chase,
Though it strikes you the joint is too large for the plate,
"The fat man on the ass" keeps his place.

Was there ever a fence which Miss Rosie would shirk?
See how neatly she sits on that grey;
She might follow you, p'raps, if you're cutting out work,
But if not, faith, she'll show you the way.

And that grey's a bit chancey, for I've seen her fall
More than once, and of course you'd suppose
That the lady fell too. My dear sir, not at all;
She just sat there until it *a Rose.*

Who's that welter-weight there going bang with the pack?
He's a soldier of cricketing fame;
I bet that high timber he'll try hard to crack.
You know him—Tom Brand is his name.

See him face at that big ugly fence on the thrust;
It's a regular yawner—no matter.
I tried hard to stop him—his answer was just,
"If I fall, well, it's good for my hatter."

Here comes Darby Scully, well-known as the blast,
On the theory of hunting no mug,
You can hear him a mile with the hounds running fast,
"Stop, horse; bad luck to you, slug."

There's Frank Wise over there ; to you all he is known.
" Frank, what are you riding to-day ? "
" What a question, good sir, with the neat Mullinahone.
Ballylemion and Bushes, the grey."

Charlie Clibborn's a welter of welters ; you'll say,
The top-weight lags behind in a race,
But Charlie likes going in front all the way,
And that big chestnut goes a rare pace.

Mrs. C—— follows Charlie wherever he goes,
So she always is seen in the van,
All the words and the deeds of her neighbours she knows,
And she says, " Tell me, where is my man ? "

Then there's bold Master Willie, who I mean you all know,
Of ladies' society so chary,
A rattling good sportsman, a nailer to go,
Follow him when the country's contrairy.

Now here comes Mick Hartigan, his face all aglow
With good humour and talk ; how he forces
That big horse along. Mick, you're having a go,
You'd better reserve your resources.

Sixteen stone of pure scarlet comes crash through the wall,
It's a figure that can't be mistaken ;
He's a fine plucky welter, and when he does fall,
It's the ground, not " Blood Orange," that's shaken.

Graham is a youth who, at times, goes the pace
(His language is somewhat appalling),
But he rides a good hunt and a still better race,
And remember the road is hard falling.

Well, now, I have finished; I hope you won't say
That my lines about you are too blunt;
My only idea was to try and portray
A few flowers of the Tip'rary Hunt.

F. H. W.

TRIAL OF FATHER SHEEHY

READERS of *Knocknagow* will remember that Charles Kickham makes Billy Heffernan record the tradition of the Tipperary countryside—that since that March morning in 1766 when Father Sheehy, parish priest of Shandraghan, Ballysheehan, and Templeheny, was hanged in front of Clonmel Old Jail, a black cloud has rested over the town. A parishioner named Edward Meehan died with him, but in those days it was so common for one of the "mere Irish" to be executed that his name would have long since been forgotten were it not for the fact that he met his death in the company of one who will be for ever remembered as a martyr for his people.

By 2nd Anne, cap. 7, which provided for the registration of "Popish priests," Father Sheehy was entitled to pursue without hindrance his avocation as pastor of the united parishes of Shandraghan, Ballysheehan, and Templeheny. His first regular appointment as a registered priest had been to the parish of Clogheen, from which he went to his last cure. Previous to his appointment to Clogheen his ministrations had been secret, and he had on several occasions come within the grasp of the law, managing, however, each time to escape conviction. But he was a marked man.

He was the idol of the people, and the fearless manner in which he faced the Ascendancy, when by doing so the slightest amelioration of the penal laws was to be gained raised him up a host of influential enemies.

Towards the end of the year 1764, a poor half simpleton named John Bridge suddenly disappeared. This poor fellow had been induced by bribery and intimidation to give evidence against some members of the Whiteboy Society, and he had been bound over to appear as a witness for the Crown at the coming assizes. The authorities presumed that he had been murdered, but during the whole course of the trial it was never actually proved that such was the case.

"It is strange," says a writer, "that there was nothing said about the body of Bridge at the trial. The impression at the time, and which still exists in Tipperary, was that Bridge had fled the country to avoid both the Orange faction, who were using him as an informer, and the Whiteboys, whom he feared on account of his testimony against them. It is also stated that he was afterwards identified in St. John's, Newfoundland."

The Rev. Mr. H——, who seems to have been fired with the utmost animosity against Father Sheehy, set himself to work to solve the mysterious disappearance of the "half natural" informer. On informations sworn by a woman named Mary Bradley, *alias* Moll Dunlea, whom Father Sheehy had expelled from his parish for a grave offence, a horse thief named Tuohy, brought out of Kilkenny Jail for the purpose, and a boy named Lonergan, a warrant was issued for the arrest of the priest and £300 reward offered for his apprehension.

Being well aware that a fair trial in Clonmel was impossible, Father Sheehy decided to go "on his keeping," and for several months remained concealed in the neighbourhood of his parish—sheltered even by several Protestant families, and particularly by a farmer named Griffith.

The hunted man grew weary of this terrible life, and in the end wrote to Dublin Castle offering to surrender himself on condition that his trial should take place in Dublin. This offer was at once accepted, and Father Sheehy delivered himself up to Mr. O'Callaghan (ancestor of Lord Donoughmore), who not only received him kindly, but sent to Clogheen for a troop of horse to escort him to Dublin, fearful to hand him over to the myrmidons in the service of his brother magistrates.

On his arrival in Dublin, Father Sheehy was first lodged with the Provost in the Lower Castle Yard, but after the most cursory examination his innocence was so apparent that he was at once freed from all restraint, and permitted to go anywhere within the city limits. Town Major Sirr—the father of Major Sirr, of "Ninety-eight" fame—actually became security for his appearance at the approaching trial.

After a delay of nearly eleven months, on the 10th February 1766, Father Sheehy was arraigned at the Bar of the Court of King's Bench, before Chief Justice Gore and Judges Robinson and Scott.

It is a remarkable fact that in this trial he was only accused of treasonable practices—there was nothing said of the murder of Bridge, the charge on which he had been proscribed, and to answer which he had delivered himself up. But we have it on the word of reputable historians that the whole proceedings were marked by the strictest impartiality.

The day was occupied in the trial, and at seven o'clock the Lord Chief Justice, addressing the jury, said it gave him no ordinary pleasure to assure them that the Court was unanimous in declaring Father Sheehy innocent of the charges brought against him.

The jury retired, and almost immediately returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty," which was received with the greatest enthusiasm in court.

The applause had scarcely subsided when the Lord Chief Justice, addressing the prisoner, said:—

"The jury, as I expected, has acquitted you of the charges contained in the indictment, and by this time you should have been free had not a fresh obstacle presented itself—one, too, involving the most serious consequences. Nicholas Sheehy, it is now my most painful duty to remand you to prison. You are charged with being accessory to the wilful and deliberate murder of John Bridge."

"My Lord Chief Justice," replied the prisoner, bowing individually to judges and jury—"My Lord Chief Justice, this new accusation, terrible as it is, does not at all surprise me, knowing the men from whom it comes and their persevering enmity towards me. I had every reason to suspect that they would be prepared to follow up my acquittal here—if acquitted I should be—with some other charge. Such a charge as this, no one who knows me could have anticipated. God's will be done. I accept this grievous humiliation as coming from His paternal hand, and will only pray Him to turn the hearts of those who persecute me. . . . I am now ready to submit to whatever fate awaits me, always declaring that if John Bridge was indeed murdered — which God forbid — I have had neither act nor part in, nor knowledge of that execrable deed."

Amid a scene of wild commotion, the Sheriff then took Father Sheehy again into custody.

The malice of the good priest's enemies prevailed, and he was sent from Dublin to Clonmel for trial.

On the journey every possible indignity was heaped

upon him—handcuffs were placed on his hands, and his legs tied beneath the horse's body so tightly that the cords cut to the bone.

On the 12th March 1766 he, together with Edmund or Edward Meehan, of Grange, was put on his trial at Clonmel "for the wilful murder of one John Bridge, at Shanbally, on October 28, 1764."

So great was the terrorism in which the Tipperary magistracy were held, that not a lawyer in the south of Ireland could be found willing to undertake the work of the defence. An obscure Dublin attorney, named Sparrow, was the only man who could be found to fill the breach, and he had to steal out of town at night in terror of his client's enemies.

Touhy, the horse thief, was the first witness, and he swore that he was present with a party of Whiteboys when Father Sheehy tendered an oath to Bridge binding him to deny his information against the Whiteboys at the coming trial. Bridge refusing to take the oath, a man named Pierce Byrne hit him with a stone, and Edmund Meehan then killed him instantly by striking him on the head with a billhook. Father Sheehy then swore all present to secrecy and administered an oath of allegiance to the King of France. The body was then carried to a lonely place and interred two miles from the scene of the murder.

The evidence of the boy Lonergan was to the effect that he met the party on the way to dispose of the body, and that Father Sheehy gave him three half-crowns not to inform on them.

Mary Bradley, *alias* Moll Dunlea, a woman of bad character, deposed that she lived with her mother at Clogheen. A man named Michael Kearney was at their house on the night of the murder, and Father Sheehy called for him; she followed them to Shanbally, where

she saw the priest, Kearney, the other prisoner Edmund Meehan, Thomas M'Grath, and others carrying the dead body of Bridge, which they buried at a place called Baron. She was also present when the body was removed from Baron and buried at Ballysheehan. On both occasions the priest swore all present to secrecy.

Such was the evidence for the Crown.

For the defence, Anna Hullan, Moll Dunlea's mother, swore that Moll slept in the same bed with her on the night in question, and on several nights before and after; that she could not have left witness's side without her knowledge; and that Michael Kearney had not been in their house during the year 1764.

Five or six witnesses were then called to prove that Kearney had left the country before the date of the disappearance of Bridge.

In the case of Meehan, an alibi was clearly established when a farmer named Hendrichson testified that he had spent the entire night of October 28th in his house, and a Mr. Keating, of Tubrid, a Catholic gentleman of good family, swore that Father Sheehy had been an inmate of his house on the same night.

In the act of giving evidence Mr. Keating was denounced by the Rev. Mr. H—— on a charge of having been concerned in the murder of a sergeant and corporal at Newmarket, Co. Kilkenny, with the result that the witness's evidence was expunged, and he himself committed to jail.

Other witnesses for the prisoners on the way to court were arrested on charges varying from Whiteboyism to murder, and one of them, a Protestant gentleman named Herbert, was so terrified that he gave evidence for the prosecution.

Evidence was also given by several persons as to

having seen Bridge on dates subsequent to the date of the supposed murder.

The judge charged against the prisoners, and after a short deliberation the jury found both prisoners guilty of murder—Father Sheehy by having "aided and abetted Edmund Meehan therein."

When put forward for sentence on the following morning, Father Sheehy delivered an eloquent and well-reasoned protest against "the shameful injustice, the gross perjury, and the deadly malice of which we are the victims," and concluded by declaring: "I leave it to God to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty."

Sentence was then passed, and on Saturday, 15th March, 1676, Father Nicholas Sheehy and his fellow-martyr, Edmund Meehan, were hanged in front of the old jail.

Even in death the malice of his enemies pursued him, for the poor lifeless body was drawn and quartered. The head was then severed from the trunk and impaled on a pole over the porch of the jail.

At the end of about twenty years it was given to his sister, Mrs. Catherine Burke, and placed by her with his body, which lies close to the ruins of the old church in the little graveyard of Shandraghan.

The brave old town in the "Vale of Honey" has witnessed many an historic scene. But while the proudest events in its past live mostly in the minds of historian or antiquarian, the people of the town and country still fondly cherish the memory of the simple priest, who, with a prayer for his enemies on his lips, died, like his Master, because "of the great love He bore them."

GALL MACMORNA.

THE WRECK OF THE *AVONDALE*

"Accident to a Coal Lighter.—On Saturday afternoon as two lighters, containing cargoes of coal, were being towed up the river Suir by a team of horses from Carrick to Messrs. Phelan's stores, Clonmel, when passing under Sir Thomas's Bridge, the hind boat stemmed against the archway. As a result of the impact, the boat immediately began to leak rapidly. The boatman, observing this, at once severed the rope connecting her with the other boat, when she drifted some 400 yards with the current down the river and sank. She happily rests in such a position that traffic can go on on the river uninterrupted, and it will not be difficult to have her removed. She contains about thirteen to fourteen tons of coal."—*Clonmel Chronicle*, November 4, 1903.

Come all ye tendher-hearted sons of ancient Gran Uaile,
I'll tell yez of the fearful wreck of the lighter *Avondale.*
Unto the Gasworks she was bound, with horse-power, sail, and pole,
When she became a total loss with thirteen ton of coal.

Upon her deck the captain bould right manfully did stand,
One eye he kept upon the sky, the other on the land;
His little son was there as well, his tarrier dog likewise,
And kindly Nature seemed to smile upon their enterprise.

From Carrick town they made a start, the morning
bright and clear,
Securely on the tide they sailed by Poulakerry's weir ;
Kilsheelan they did navigate and distant Derrinlaur,
And if the final bridge was passed all danger would
be o'er.

O brave Sir Thomas Osborne, you little did suspect
Against your bridge the *Avondale* was fated to be
wrecked ;
The cruel pier in her poor side conveyed a dismal hole,
Scamandhering her precious freight of thirteen ton of
coal.

Her skipper and his little son lept on the other boat,
Which, notwithstanding all the shock, continued for
to float ;
They cut away the hawser, and they riz a murnful wail,
And looked their last upon the mast of the lovely
Avondale.

" O when," the valiant captain said, " will I ever brave
the gale
" Upon her aiqual as a boat, with her flowing mutton
sail,
" And will I steer her once again through sunshine,
rain, or fog ? "
His little son, on this exclaimed, " O father, where's
the dog ? "

The awful truth must be revealed, the dog that was the
pride
Of all the dogs in Carrick town, his master now espied.
He called him in a broken voice, and gave a tearful
hail ;
Sagaciously the faithful dog three times he wagged his
tail.

The tarrier with intelligence attained the nearest bank.
The *Avondale*, she settled down, and by the bows she sank.
The captain and his little son—his sole and only crew—
Were smothered with their grief, and riz a powerful pillalew!

Now here's a health to Captain Britt, likewise his little boy,
And may they sail the *Avondale* and opulence enjoy;
And may the *Avondale* once more be rendered sound and whole,
And safely reach the Gasworks with her thirteen ton of coal.

C. J. Boland.

OUR QUAYS

When a poor working man gets drowned,
His wife and weans repent it,
The lov'd one's dead who won them bread,
But why should *they* resent it.

Some night, mayhap, at this same trap,
By chance may tumble in
A Mayor or an Alderman,
And then you'll have a din.

Good folks will all be horror-struck,
And raise their hands aghast;
A chain at last will be put up
To guard our quays at last.

C. J. Boland.

By permission of Mr. F. Harvey

THE NEW BRIDGE

DERRINLAUR CASTLE

WITHIN about three miles of Clonmel, and close to the ruined castle of Teagh-an-Corr (Tickincor, *i.e.* the house at the head of the weir), which nearly two centuries ago was the home of the Osborne family, stands the ruined fortress of Derrinlaur. At present the castle seems but a shadow of its former self. Time has left nothing but a solitary shaft of masonry, pierced with narrow mullioned windows, and thickly mantled with ivy. It is the merest skeleton of what it must have been in the sixteenth century. Now, in its present condition, it is a picturesque old ruin, and forms a prominent object in the surrounding landscape.

O'Donovan's accurate description of this ancient castle may be given for the benefit of those who wish to trace the lines of the old fortress: "The castle of *Doire-an-lair—i.e.* the middle or central oak wood—now Derrinlare . . . was a quadrangular fabric, measuring 48 feet from east to west, and 30 feet from north to south, and had a round tower at each corner. Of these towers three are still traceable, but that which stood at the south-west corner has totally disappeared. About one-half of the north-east tower remains, to the height of about 60 feet, but the south-east one only to the height of 10 feet. These towers were 18 feet in diameter on the inside, and their walls, which were well grouted, are 11 feet in thickness. The side walls of the square are also grouted, and are 8 feet 4 inches in

thickness. Tradition ascribes the erection of this fortress to the Butlers;" and it became one of the principal strongholds of the Barons of Caher.

Defending the passage of the river Suir at this point —which in those days formed the chief means of communication with Waterford—Derrinlaur was more than once assailed by the Desmonds; and in the year 1574, in the absence of its lord, one of the Geraldines contrived to surprise its garrison, and obtain possession of the fortress. He and his followers were not permitted to long enjoy their triumph, and a terrible vengeance was taken upon them. The event to which we refer is thus recorded in the *Annals of the Four Masters*:—"It happened that the son of the Earl of Desmond—namely, John, the son of James (fifteenth Earl)—found an opportunity of taking a well-fortified castle of the district of Clonmel, called Doire-an-Lair, which he garrisoned with some of his own trusty people as guards. When this intelligence reached the Lord Justice of Ireland, Sir William Fitzwilliam, and the Earl of Ormond—namely, Thomas, the son of James, son of Pierce, Roe—the taking of that stronghold renewed their recent and old animosities against the sons of the Earl of Desmond, and they commanded the men of Meath and of Bregia, the Butlers, and the English settlers in general to march and completely ravage Leth Mogha (Leinster and Munster). They did not halt until they pitched their tents and booths about Derry-an-Lair, which they finally took, and all its guards were beheaded by the Lord Justice. His people and allies were this time so much forsaking the Earl of Desmond, that he came to the resolution of waiting on the Lord Justice (while encamped here), and submit to him; and he was compelled to surrender the castles of Castlemaine, Dungarvan, &c.; and all depredations

committed between them were forgiven by both parties." In confirmation of this fact we find it stated in the Carew Manuscripts that Ormond accompanied Sir William Fitzwilliam to the siege of Derrinlaur, and after the taking of the castle "he brought Desmond to the camp to make his submission."[1] One can scarcely imagine as he stands before the ruins of old Derrinlaur, in all their loneliness and decay, that three centuries ago an entire province was well-nigh devastated simply to punish its captors and regain possession of this outlying fortress for the Butlers, Barons of Caher.

The next reference to Derrinlaur we find in "A Journal of the Occurrences of the Camp," kept by the second and ill-fated Earl of Essex during his sojourn in this country as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Essex had been staying at Kilkenny, with a considerable force encamped outside the city; and on Monday, the 21st May 1599, he breaks up his camp, and marches forward towards Munster, where he has yet some work to do. In two days after the Lord-Lieutenant, with his army, arrives in Clonmel, where his troops rested that day and the next, to refresh themselves, and to "await the coming of the cannon and munitions from Waterford, which are presently to be employed in compelling the surrender of Caher Castle, the principal stronghold in Munster." The army being now sufficiently recruited, and "eager for the fray," Essex also grows impatient for the arrival of the expected ordnance; and, taking with him a troop of horse, he leaves Clonmel "to meet the companies from Waterford, whose

[1] August 16, 1574—The Lord Deputy, "from camp beside Darrinlare," writes to Lord Burghley appointing Maurice, *alias* Morgan Mac Brien Ard, to the Bishopric of Killaloe. September 3, 1574—Lord Deputy writes from Cork "Darinlare Castle besieged (by the Lord Deputy) and all slaine. Desmond's humble repair to the Deputy at Clonmel—he disperses his forces."

rendezvous he had assigned about two miles beneath the town, near a castle called ' Darrelayrie,' belonging to the Lord of Caher, but held by the rebels." It would appear from this that the old castle had again been captured by some one or other of the hereditary foes of the Butlers. The reinforcements having at length reached Derrinlaur, by river—the easiest mode for the transport of artillery—the Earl summoned the castle " seated on the Shoure." 'Twas vain to resist that summons ; and probably the remembrance of a former " beheaded " garrison had something to do in hastening compliance. Be this as it may, we learn that " the rebels surrendered, and were pardoned," while a ward of thirty soldiers of Captain Clare's company was left there. Lord Caher's enjoyment of the stronghold did not, however, long remain uninterrupted, for in the course of a few years we find that the place, by some process of sequestration, had passed into the hands of the Queen.

Essex, after quietly performing this service, returned to Clonmel to make all preparation for the great, and indeed the only successful, enterprise of his campaign —namely, the taking of the castle of Caher. The place was to have been surrendered to him by Thomas, fourth Baron of Caher, according to promise given to the Lord-Lieutenant at Clonmel ; but he soon found that the garrison were determined to hold out, despite Lord Caher's pledges and remonstrances.

Derrinlaur is not mentioned by Cromwell, hence we infer it had been dismantled before his time, for he records the capture of Poulakerry (but two miles farther east from Clonmel, on the north bank of the river), and also the taking of another inferior castle in the neighbourhood, but makes no mention of Derrinlaur.

W. Clarke.

THE CHURCH PATH GHOST

The chill silence of a winter's night brooded over the water. By the pale light of a December moon, shining through the tracery of leafless boughs on the Waterford bank, the Suir, swollen by recent rain, looked turgid and sullen, and seemed by its forbidding aspect to prohibit the existence of what joy or hilarity might be abroad upon the Christmas air. In contrast to the aloofness and gloom of the river shone a strong light from the door of the *Mary Jane's* locker. That noble craft, whose ancient hull had borne many cargoes to warm the firesides of Clonmel, was at the moment in commission—Captain John Flaher, C.B. He was not yet indeed a Companion of the Bath, but a Clonmel Boatman—a title of much greater antiquity and of little less distinction. With him on this particular night were gathered together his post captain, flag lieutenant, major of marines, purser, boatswain, and ship's company in the person of Joe Neligan, a nervous little man, with a short nose, short trousers, short pipe, and short temper; and also a landsman of venerable appearance, whose previous career and calling are obvious from his soubriquet of "The Pensioner." The trio were sitting on the benches of the locker discussing a fourth party—a small but rotund jar, which was attended by three corpulent satellites in the guise of tumblers. There was no allaying water present. None of the three, except under severe stress of thirst, and

then only under protest, had ever astonished his inside with that cold and cheerless element. Story-telling was the order of the night, and the light of two lanterns stoutly contended with an atmosphere laden with fiction and Limerick twist.

"And so you thravelled in Persia, Pinsioner," Joe Neligan was saying.

"For the best part of two years," replied the man of war. "'Tis a darlin' counthry."

"Fine land, I suppose," said Jack Flaher.

"Elegant. Talk of the Goolden Vale—'tis only trotting afther it. One of our men—against gineral ordhers—left his bayonet in the grass of a night, and the next morning it was a full-sized cavalry sword. He was docked of his pay to get it shortened again, and I believe he bothered the life out of the Duke of Cambridge to get a refund."

"The farmers must have great bullocks there," said Joe.

"Bullocks! 'Tis elephants they breed to keep the grass down."

"Any tarriers?" asked Jack, who was a fancier of that species.

"No, then, I never seen a dog all the time I was there, but you'd die laughin' to see the lions and tigers playin' about the cross-roads like puppies."

"Begor, I think I heard tell that the end of the world was near Persia," said Joe thoughtfully.

"'Twas about two short miles from our camp," returned the Pensioner. "Many's the time I took a walk to have a look at it in the fine evenings."

"Wisha, what is it like at all, at all?" asked Joe eagerly.

"Well, 'tis a big brassy wall as smooth as that tumbler, and about forty foot high."

"'Tis a wonder you never climbed it," said Jack, "if 'twas only out of curiosity."

"There was only one man in the regiment aiqual to it, and that was Pat Toomey from Carrick, and the reason he was able to do it was because he had web feet. But faith, if he got to the top he couldn't stay there, for he missed his footin' and fell down on the other side of the wall."

"Oh, the poor fellow!" ejaculated Joe; "and lost his life, I suppose?"

"Worse and worse," said the warrior, "he lost his pinsion, but I believe he landed in New Zealand, and I hear he has a farm of land there now and is doing right well. But he was made a cripple for life."

"Troth then," said Jack, "I'd sooner live at home if it wasn't for the cowld winter nights."

"I never seen the sign of rain nor the colour of snow in Persia," pursued the Pensioner. "Always great heat. You could bile a pig's head, if you had one, in the first lough of wather you'd meet. But pig's heads is a terrible price in Persia, and we used only to have them at Christmas and Easter, and of a Patrick's Day."

"Shure, that must be where the sun rises," said Joe, who hadn't been in Second Book in vain.

"The very identical spot," said the Pensioner. "Airly in the morning you'd hear him rising behind the brassy wall with a terrible whizh like the ingine above at the station, and then he'd give one standing lep up into the middle of the sky. And in the evening he'd dart down again like a man diving from the Convent Bridge into the Thirteenth Hole."

"Any ghosts there?" asked Jack, with a sly look at Joe Neligan, who lived in mortal dread of visitants from the spirit world.

"There's millions of ghosts in Persia," replied the Pensioner, with the air of mentioning one of its principal products. "They have about five times as many ghosts as living people, for when a man dies there he walks for a hundhred and five years aftherwards. But no one thinks of being in dread of them the way foolish people are at home. I kept three of them myself, quiet affectionate craythurs that used to folly me about like a dog. Their keep cost me nothing, barring they liked to see a bit of fire in the grate of an evening. That's what got them the nickname of the 'Fire Worshippers.' When I'd be in bed I'd see them standing in the middle of the floor bowing to the fire and bowing to myself, and I'd nod to them and give them a kind word. And when they bowed three times to the fire, they'd give a little screechin' laugh and fly up the chimbley afther one another."

"I think," broke in Joe crossly, "we have enough of this kind of talk. Mockin' is ketchin', and we're very aisy and comfortable without spakin' of the—the departed."

"Did any of the lads folly you home?" inquired Jack, ignoring Joe Neligan's protest.

"Only wan. The other two gave me to undherstand they didn't care to lave the counthry, but they said if they'd lave Persia for any one in the world they'd do it for myself. But nothing I could say would prevent the Shah, as I called him, from coming. I warned him we had no fires at all in the summer sayson, and that he'd be lost for the want of it. Well, he said, he'd come for the winther at all events, because his heart was set on seeing Ireland before his time was up."

"I never seen a ghost myself," said Jack, "but wanst, and that was on this very boat. But I seen the Death Watch, and that's next door to it."

"I'm goin' home," said Joe Neligan. "There's neither luck nor grace to be got from making game of such things."

"Aisy now, Joe, take another welt out of the jar. Shure, 'tis a bright moonlight night, and I'd be the last to say a Neligan showed the white feather."

"Oh, if it goes to that," said Joe with forced gaiety, "talk away; a Neligan never feared man or sperrits."

"I wouldn't doubt you, Joe; fill for yourself and rise your elbow. Well, I'll tell ye how I came to see the Death Watch. The minute I'd get into bed he'd start his churruping, keeping me awake and I dying with the sleep afther a hard day's loading timber on the Quay. So one night when I was taking my last smoke, with a candle lighting on a table beside the bed, he was churruping away like a thrush inside the wall at my very ear. 'Faith, me bucko,' says I out loud, 'the first thing in the morning I'll scrape some of the mortar off that wall, and when I ketch you I'll put an end to your singing soon and suddent!' With that he stopped, and the next thing I seen was himself peeping out at me from a little hole in the wall. He said nothing, but his eye was shining like the top of a needle, and the look he gave me paralysed me heart. For as plain as if he was spaking I knew by the bitther expression of his little eye that he was saying to himself, 'Listen here, Jack Flaher, if I hear any more of your talk I'll lave the house, and if there's any misfortune in the family soon don't blame *me*.' So I thought 'twas the best of my play to say I was only joking, and the minute I quinched the candle he tuned up again, and 'twas myself was glad enough to hear him."

"And so you never seen but one ghost in your time," said the Pensioner in a pitying tone, bred of his larger experience in such matters.

Jack knew that Joe Neligan's road home lay by Mary Street along the Church Path, which prompted his next words.

"Only wan," said he regretfully. "But I knew a man that nearly died afther seeing the sperrit that haunts the Church Path."

"What's that?" cried Joe sharply. "A ghost on the Church Path! Yerra, don't be talking such nonsense, Jack; I thought you had more sense."

"'Tis the ghost of a sojer," continued Jack, at which the Pensioner nodded gravely, and Joe's intimate relation with the locality, through which he must wend his way later on, held him an enthralled if most unwilling listener.

"'Tis the ghost of a sojer," said Jack. "I believe he was in the Lancers. They say he was doing senthrygo on the town wall at the Anne Street side of the Big Church, and Cromwell's army was undher canvas in the Nursery. Well, I suppose the day was warm, or the relief was delayed, but be that as it may, me bould Lancer got tired of his job, and away with him to a public-house in the town, where he was overtaken by the charms of some very ould whisky and a game of forty-five. He was playing a first-rate game, and was going to make a jink of it, when all of a sudden there came a most notorious roar from the town wall. He knew on the minute 'twas Cromwell was afther diagnosin' that he left his post, and was taking a mane advantage of a poor private to storm the wall in his absence. He whipped up his lance in any case, and back with him into the middle of the scrimmage and fought like a hero till the inemy was put to rout. Of course he was court-martialled, and all his bravery didn't save him, poor fellow."

"Was he shot?" asked Joe.

"Hung," said Jack, in a hollow voice.

"And rightly so," said the Pensioner, "for its accordin' to the articles of war."

"But that wasn't the worst of it," continued Jack, "for the sentence of the court was that, afther being hung by the neck till dead, he be condimned to walk the Church Path for one night every year during the term of his natural life."

"What day of the year was he to walk?" asked Joe.

"What night is to-night?" inquired Jack. "Christmas Eve! Be the hokey, this is the poor man's night, sure enough."

"Do he have the lance along wid him?" asked Joe anxiously.

"Yerra, the lance is dust long ago," said Jack; "he has nothing warlike about him but his breastplate and his top-boots."

Joe was feeling very uneasy, and meditated making his way home by a détour, but Jack determined that this was not to be.

"I'll hould you a shilling, Joe," said he, winking at the Pensioner, "you won't walk up Mary Street to-night."

"Done," said Joe, who never could resist a wager. The moment the word was spoken he regretted it. But there was no escape. Jack and the Pensioner accompanied him to the corner of Mary Street, and saw him depart with many wishes for a happy Christmas, which Joe returned with little heartiness.

He walked in the middle of the street, and to keep up his flagging courage whistled the "Young May Moon" as loudly as he could. But the shadows cast by the tall houses, the death-like stillness, broken only by the sudden bang of an unfastened door, and the weird conversation of his late companions speedily

affected his spirits. The lively air he whistled died away to silence on his dry lips, and just as he came to the Church Path a dense cloud passed over the face of the moon. The usual shade under the immemorial elms of the graveyard took on an impenetrable gloom. No lamps cheered the wayfarer, for it was a moonlight night, and gas companies are slaves to the calendar. Joe paused at the Parochial School and resolved to take to the flagged footpath, which would keep him as far as possible from the lonely precincts of the dead. He had no sooner taken a couple of steps on the flags, however, when his heart died within him. He had heard a footstep just behind him. He shook all over, his knees trembled, the hair of his head stood erect, his eyeballs protruded, and a clammy shiver passed down his back with terror at the formless horror which lurked in his wake. Should he look round and face it ? The fear of what he might behold held him spell-bound. In desperation he resolved to walk on. There it was again ! Not keeping step with him, it was true, but taking one pace for every two of his. Several times he stopped, but as he did, the steps ceased also. Cold perspiration streamed down his cheeks, but his energy was returning. A lifetime spent working on the Quay does not breed slack muscles. So taking a deep breath he began to run, and as it was a race for life, he ran as if the Flying Dutchman, Petticoat Loose, the " Ould Wan," and the Tipperary Hunt were at his heels. The houses flew past him, the breeze whistled by his ears, until at last he burst like a whirlwind into his kitchen in Queen Street, and flung himself, exhausted and panting, on the settle-bed in the corner.

Mrs. Neligan had been sitting by the fire, but rose up in amazement at Joe's appearance. She afterwards described his face as being the colour of blay calico,

and his hands as cold as the "dribbling snow." But Joe gave her little time for observation.

"Loosen me boots, loosen me boots, Judy," he gasped. Mrs. Neligan dutifully took them off, and returning to her chair, still speechless with surprise, sat with Joe's boots in her lap.

"What in the name of gracious is the matter with you, Joe?" she asked at length. "You look as if you were afther seeing a ghost."

"So I am, so I am!" panted Joe, who, as his breath returned and his faculties came more under his control, thought that there was nothing to be gained by narrating the unvarnished truth.

"Wisha, is it any wan we know?" asked Judy, deeply interested.

"'Tis not then, but a black stranger, and a sojer into the bargain. He's below on the Church Path this minute. I'm thinking he was a lancer, and faith, a fine man he must be when he had his health and strength."

"Sure, I thought there was no horse sojers this side of Caher," suggested Mrs. Neligan.

"Eiyah, this fellow wasn't up on a horse these hundreds of years," said Joe. "I'll tell you all about it, for I own he gave me the father of a fright. I was coming up the Church Path, and I took to the flags to put the road between myself and the graveyard, but I hadn't two steps taken till I met him. He was a terrible tall man with wavy green whiskers, and the cowldest hands I ever felt in my life."

"How do you know that?" said Mrs. Neligan, cross-examining Joe as to credit.

"Didn't I shake hands with him," answered Joe, "and a freezing grip he gave me. He had a big tin breastplate on him and top-boots and—and spurs; and in his left hand he had a hoult of a long lance like the

shaft of a car, with a shining steel top on it as sharp as a razor."

"Did he spake at all?" asked Mrs. Neligan.

"Not a word," said Joe, "and I think that's what shook my nerve most of all."

"Maybe he was a dummy. Did you thry him with the deaf alphabet?" said Judy.

"Yerra, when did you hear of a sojer, or a peeler either, that hadn't the use of his tongue?" returned Joe. "I had to do all the talking, and I was saying what a fine night it was and how well the potatoes were houlding out, but I might as well be talking to a tombstone."

"Why didn't you ask him if he was unaisy in his mind about anything?" inquired Mrs. Neligan.

"I was getting that cross with him," said Joe, "that I was going to give him a bit of my mind, and so I would, too, only for the thought of the lance. He had another ugly habit as well, for he took two steps to my wan, and he stopped dead every time I stopped myself; and I was just going to open on him when I looked around, and there he was pointing the cruel lance at my heart. That was enough for me, or for any man, and small blame to me if I ran for my life."

"Well," said Mrs. Neligan, whose credulity had been gradually lessening, and whose curiosity had abated when she was placed in full possession of all the details, "well, 'tis the best of my belief, Joe, that you're out of your mind. And isn't it a nice state of things," she continued, raising her voice, "that I'll have to send you up to the Asylum in the morning? 'Tisn't the price of the cover car I grudge, dear knows, but I'm thinking of the children, and who'll marry Mary Kate now with her father a lunatic, and she the finest girl that ever took a flat-iron in her hand?"

"Yerra, 'tis yourself is going cracked," said Joe impatiently.

"Answer me this!" continued Mrs. Neligan, whose flow of eloquence had a certain reputation in Queen Street. "Why didn't I listen to my Aunt Statia the day I married you? 'Mark my words, Judy,' says she, 'you'll be sorry for this yet,' says she, 'for I think there's a quare sthrain in the Neligans,' says she, 'and there's a wild look about Joe's eyes that I don't like.' 'Twas true for her, at the long last, and a good judge of madness she was. Usen't it to take six of the strongest peelers in the force to bring her husband, me poor Uncle Patsey, to the watch-house, and didn't they say there wastn't a sthretcher in Ireland could hould him? And when the pigs went mad on her, didn't she go into the stye, single-handed, with nothing to protect her but a red-hot poker? And she a helpless woman, sixteen stone weight if she's an ounce."

"A bitter-tongued ould vagabone," said Joe venomously.

"It comes badly from you," retorted Judy, "to say wan word agin my mother's people—the Cartys are an oulder family than the Neligans any day—and more by token the settle-bed you're lying on was a wedding present from the same Aunt Statia. But off to the Asylum you'll go the first thing in the morning, as sure as I have them boots in my hand."

Something about the boots attracted Judy's attention. On looking closer she saw that the heel and half the sole of one of them were hanging loosely from the upper. She smiled sardonically.

"So he had wavy green whiskers, and top-boots, and spurs. 'Tis a pack of lies you're after telling me this night."

Joe looked at her stupidly, but she pointed to the

damning evidence of the broken boot, and light broke gradually on his agitated mind.

"Two steps to your wan, sure enough that accounts for it. Well, Jack Flaher will laugh hearty when I tell him all about this miraculous ghost to-morrow."

"Oh! Judy agra, sure you won't tell on me," implored Joe. "I'd be laughed off the Quay if the boys got to know I was frightened by the heel of my own brogues. Say you won't tell, Judy darling?"

"Where's your week's wages?" asked Mrs. Neligan grimly, with the air of one who held all trumps.

Joe put his hand in his pocket and ruefully gave her a handful of silver, which she proceeded to count carefully.

"A shilling short, Joe," she said curtly.

"I'll keep it for tobacco," said Joe sulkily. "A man must have his smoke at all events."

"And Jack will surely tell the Pensioner—they'll have great gas over it," said Judy softly. as if communing with herself. "'Tis as well for you to give out the shilling, Joe," she added inexorably.

"'Tis the tyranny of married women is desthroyin' the world," said Joe desperately as he handed over the balance.

Mrs. Neligan smiled sweetly, for not always had victory rested on her banners.

C. J. Boland.

IMPROMPTU

Dear Sarsfield,—
My boat is on the shore,
Full high and dry this many a year ;
Beside it lies the broken oar,
And tangled is the guiding gear ;
Its blistered gunwale's overgrown
With barnacles and green seaweed.
With spars the shore of life is strown—
A wreck, a derelict, indeed.
I stand beside my shattered craft,
And, Crusoe-like, a vigil keep,
Hoping to hail a friendly sail
To waft me o'er life's troubled deep.

It is not thus with thee, my friend :
Thine ocean's fair, thy sky is blue
(Oh, may it be so to the end !
Is my poor prayer, dear S——, for you).
And though fate drives thee forth to roam,
In alien climes, on land or sea,
Forget not native land and home,
And kindly give a thought to me.

May Hope's bright star shine from afar,
May fortune aye to thee be kind ;
In weal or woe, in peace or war,
Forget not those thou leav'st behind.

Polonius speaks : " Give few thy voice."
His words are wise, though terse and few ;
In choosing company be choice ;
Ever " to thine own self be true."
At morn or eve, by day or night,
Whene'er thy skies be overcast,
Oh, trust in God, thy Beacon light—
He'll guide thy barque to port at last.

E. P. HOGAN.

PALLISSER'S CASTLE

Oh, Pallisser's Castle, above on the Hill,
I am far, far away, but I dream of you still,
And as scenes very distant are longest in view,
Most vivid in dreams are my childhood and you !

Who has quaffed the cool Ragwell, or bathed by the Green,
Who has plunged from the Boat-house, or fished to Gurteen,
Who has heard the hoarse weir by the old Manor Mill,
That loves not the Castle above on the Hill ?

No banners in pride from your turrets may float,
No drawbridge may span your invisible moat,
Your battlements never existed—but still,
You are Pallisser's Castle above on the Hill.

Ah me ! for the time when each noonday's light,
Declined to a golden Arabian Night,
When fairy princesses meandered at will,
And were captured by giants above on the Hill.

In what castle bewitched did they languish alone ?
Whose walls have re-echoed their maidenly moan ?
In what kitchen ablaze stood a cannibal grill ?
Faith, in Palliser's Castle above on the Hill.

And who were the knights from the valley beneath,
Flashing sword all aflame from the irritant sheath,
Who beheaded the ogres and giants until
It was " haste to the wedding " above on the Hill ?

Ah, who but the boys that have bathed by the Green,
Who have rowed to Knocklofty, or fished to Gurteen.
So comrades, a cup ! a libation we'll spill
To Pallisser's Castle above on the Hill !

C. J. Boland.

THE CLONMEL SPA

"All's *well* that ends *well*."

[Some attention has lately been drawn by medical men and others to the merits of the once well-known and frequented Clonmel Chalybeate Spa, now the property of the Corporation.]

If you're not feeling well ye ought come to Clonmel,
Where the air and the water are pure,
For if "Patrick's Well," one may easily tell
That the "Health of the District" is sure.

Yes, the saint was a judge—I am talkin' no fudge—
A judge of good *water* and things;
As he pilgrimaged round, no waters he found
That equalled the Marlfield springs.

So he blessed his good well, that is nigh to Clonmel—
If you doubt it, just look in his will—
And he said "'twould be better" ('tis writ in "black-letter")
"To see it is passed through a *still*."

Well, they set up a still, through respect for the will—
Other stills it left far in the shade—
And the critics confess'd the *water* was best,
And the *sperrits* the first in the trade.

But what the gods love, they soon take above,
And St. Patrick he sent for the still,
But he left us instead, and kindly he said
(In a codicil after the will) :—

" If that still I shall take for my own use, I make
This promise according to law,
They shall have and possess, and for ever I'll bless,
An infallible Curative Spa.

" It shall heal and restore the rich and the poor,
And conquer all manner of ills,
And people who are pale make ruddy and hale
Without ' Williams's Chromatic Pills.'

" If one's getting too fat and too large for his hat,
If his temp'rature's risin' too high,
If his chin's on the double, or his liver gives trouble,
My waters he's only to try.

" They're better than *sperrits*, and beat on the merits
All other medicinal spas,
They're a matchless ' life-giver ' to heart, brain, and liver,
And all made from Nature's best laws.

" You can pension off crutches, get free from the clutches
Of Gout and Rheumatics & Co.,
You can *run* where you *walked*, and *sing* where you *talked*,
And *breathe* where you only could *blow*."

At famed Mar'enbad such cures can't be had,
Even Harrogate, Homburg, with cause,
Admit that Clonmel, in the new Patrick's Well,
Has " The Queen of All Curative Spas."

D. J. Clancy.

THE THREE PILGRIMS

THREE pilgrims met on the Coleville Road,
Many a mile from their own abode,
Each one the *Chronicle's* recent issue
Was holding aloft like a precious tissue,
Reciting the verses of " D. J. C."—
As witty a canticle as may be—
And asking directions of all they saw
Regarding a queenly and Curative Spa.

The pilgrim from Cashel bewailed his pain,
Which racked him sore at each shower of rain.
He said it was gout—of the " poor man's type,"
Admitted, indeed, he enjoyed his pipe ;
But as for the wine when it was red—
Never touched anything—so he said :
Hated all spirits, diluted or raw—
No drink for him but the Curative Spa.

The pilgrim from Carrick displayed a crutch,
And said 'twas rheumatics—a passing touch ;
No, 'twasn't gout—never tasted a " tent "—
No Carrickman ever was that way bent ;
Owned that at christening, marriage, or wake
He thought him entitled to make a break—
Or perhaps on a picnic as far as Portlaw.
Why had he come to the Curative Spa ?

The Ballymacarbery pilgrim said
He could find no hat that would fit his head ;
Just like the others, he never indulged,
But failed to account for his head having bulged ;
Was much ashamed, as he thought it horrid
For a moderate man to have miles of forehead ;
In hopes that 'twould shrink to the size of a taw
He had come for a draught of the Curative Spa.

The pilgrims arrived and were seated around
The pump ; they had candles at six to the pound.
The Cashelman lighted a flickering candle,
The Carrickman seized a firm grip of the handle,
And pumped with a will, filled the cup to the brink—
Then the question arose, Who would venture to drink ?
" The man who deliberates," says the old saw,
" Is lost," and 'twas so at the Curative Spa.

The pilgrims were silent, but after a while
Each face lighted up with a roguish smile,
Then out of three pockets—Oh, miracle weird !
Three flasks of John Jameson slowly appeared.
And so, till they heard the birds herald the dawn,
They chorused the strains of the " Cruiskeen Lawn."
Quite cured, they departed, and gave it as law
There was no place like home but the Curative Spa.

C. J. Boland.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the Inaugural Performance of the Clonmel Amateur Dramatic Corps, Thursday, December 15, 1888. *Dedicated to Master Robert Prendergast.*

LADIES and gentlemen,—I beg to say
That this is our first effort at a play ;
So, of our faults you must not loudly speak,
The proverb says that first attempts are weak,
And that ere one can walk one needs must creep—
('Tis wonderful how fresh old proverbs keep !)—
Still, I have fears we shall your patience try
While we essay to-night to make time fly.
Time flies, we know, and steals our joys, 'tis true ;
But who would wish that time less swiftly flew ?
" This hour is long as two ! " some people say,
To whom the hours seem minutes at the play ;
The Chadbands and the Pecksniffs raise their eyes
In " virtuous indignation " to the skies
If they but hear a whisper of the Play.
" The Devil ! " one can almost hear them say ;
The Devil ? Nonsense ! England's wisest sage
And greatest bard says, " All the world's a stage."
A stage, 'tis true, whereon the mighty play
Of Life by Man is acted day by day,
By Man, to whom the prompter, Conscience, cries—
" Act well your part ; there all the honour lies ! "

The Stage is but the world in miniature,
Whereon Art holds " the mirror up to Nature,"

And shows us Vice and Virtue side by side—
Love, lust, hate, av'rice, jealousy, mercy, pride.
That there is less of Virtue may be true,
But sometimes pride becomes a virtue too ;
'Tis well ! because our virtues are *so* few.
In all true dramas Vice and Virtue blend,
But Virtue always triumphs at the end ;
Which is with Moral Teaching in accord—
Yes, Virtue's triumph is its best reward !
Man's but an actor ; and—this much is certain—
Must strut Life's stage till Death ring down the curtain.

I've said I'd fears we should your patience try—
My expectations give my fears the lie ;
For, tho' but Neophytes in the histrion's art,
Each actor seems just " fitted " to his part ;
The ladies, too, are clever, young, and pretty,
But strictly incognito ! Rustic Kitty
Or queenly Maud, coquettish, coy, or serious,
Doth oft enhance her charms by being mysterious :
Perhaps this is why the ladies bade me say
That they are incognito, *sil vous plait !*
We've had some little trouble and expense,
But your applause shall be our recompense,
And when our first performance shall be o'er
We'll hope to hear from you a loud *encore.*
Enough ! My friends with quickly beating hearts
Behind the scenes are conning o'er their parts,
Eager a share of your applause to win—
Ring up the curtain ; let the play begin !

EDMOND P. HOGAN.

CHRISTMAS AT THE GREAT GLOBE

I

Of the kings of the earth was Terry Tracy, and though his domain was limited to the Great Globe Hotel, he ruled no less autocratically than the White Czar. As head waiter he dominated the master and mistress, whose helpless reply to all complaints was, "Speak to Terry about it." He tyrannised over the boots, the under-boots, housemaids and scullions, and even "kept an eye" on the postillions and ostlers in the yard.

One person alone upon the premises disputed his overlordship. Mrs. Mary Anne Brannigan, who filled the high office of cook to the Great Globe, had been known to declare that she dared him to put a foot in *her* kitchen. But where is the sovereign whose sway is undisputed, among whose subjects there is no malcontent?

On a certain Christmas Eve early in the last century Terry Tracy was snugly ensconced in the waiter's pantry, taking his ease in his inn. As is usual at such a time, there was no guest in the hotel to claim attendance. Until St. Stephen's Day, when the hunting began, Terry would be a free man, and none knew better how to minister to his own creature comforts. As he sat in a superannuated armchair beside the stove, it would have puzzled Dr. Petrie to assign his age within half a century. The memory of the oldest inhabitant could not travel back the aeon of years that had elapsed since

first he took service at the Great Globe. As the old woman said on being asked when the church on the Rock of Cashel was built, "Eiyah, 'twas always there," so it was with Terry. At this moment his old scratch-wig was stuck on one of the arms of the chair, and a small table stood beside him with a decanter and steaming tumbler, which he had just replenished from a kettle that sang upon the stove. Content—if that or any other expression could be gleaned from his gnarled countenance—seemed to animate him as he leaned back, holding with one hand his red handkerchief and snuff-box on his knee, and with the other fondling the tumbler on the table.

"Well to be sure," he was saying to himself, "'tis little rest I get wan way or another. 'Tis always, 'Terry, here;' 'Are you there, Terry?' 'Stake and ingans, Terry, and be quick about it,' and 'Four more glasses of whisky, Terry, and be sure and bile the wather this time.' 'Tis a meracle to me where people puts all the whisky they dhrink."

As he spoke he took a long and loving swig from the big punch tumbler, and was proceeding, with the leisurely enjoyment of the confirmed snuffer, to help himself to a huge pinch, when the door bell of the hotel clanged loudly, and the knocker was plied with an impatient hand. The celebrated knocking in *Macbeth* did not startle the Thane of Cawdor more effectually than the present summons disconcerted Terry Tracy.

"Who the deuce can it be at this time of the night?" he cried as he got on his feet, and prepared, from force of long habit, to answer the bell. "If 'tis dhrink they want, faith they may go to the Boolick for it—not wan tent will I give from the bar this holy and blessed night."

The knocking continued, and Terry drew the bolts of the hall door with unwilling hands. Standing on

the steps he found Jack Carty, a well-known Waterford postillion, slapping his arms in cabman fashion to restore the circulation to his half-frozen fingers.

"Wisha, is that you, Jack?" said Terry, "and what in the world brings you here, above all nights, on Christmas Eve?"

"A fare from Waterford, no less," said Jack. "And though I'll have to spend my Christmas in Clonmel, I'd go as far again if 'twould get me wan smile from her. There's a lady and her maid in the shay, so give 'em the best welkim you can, for, be the powers, she's a beauty—and you're talkin' to a judge now."

He stood aside to allow the ladies to enter, and Terry, by this time his old self again, was leading the way to the coffee-room.

"This way, me lady," he was saying; "ye had a could dhrive of it, and ye'll be the betther of a nice turf and coal fire and a hot supper. I'll send the housemaid to ye this minit, and if I can get wan of them blagards that's about this house sober enough to carry your thrunks they'll be up to your rooms while you'd be sayin' thrapsticks."

An hour later saw Terry bustling about the large coffee-room of the Great Globe; and in truth it looked sufficiently gaunt, despite the great chandelier and the huge fire which roared in its capacious grate. The lady had finished her repast, and Terry, while "clearing away," was carrying on a brisk fire of conversation.

"And what am I to call you?" asked the lady. "I should like to know, as my stay here may extend to a day or two."

"Well, miss," he replied confidentially, "I was christened Terry by poor Father John. Maybe you knew him, miss; but, sure, how could you, and you so young? Ah! the heavens be his bed, for if ever

there was a saint 'twas himself was wan, out and out. Glory be, 'twas a terror to hear him preachin' on h——l, savin' your presence, miss. And, sure enough, he christened me Terry afther me grandfather, and Terry I am from that day to this."

The silvery laugh which greeted this reply warmed the old man's heart, and the admiration of her beauty which twinkled in his eyes was undisguised.

For she was, indeed, rarely beautiful. Of somewhat above medium height, with a faultless figure and nineteen summers to her credit, she was in that entrancing stage of budding womanhood which would have stirred the pulse even of the crustiest woman-hater. But when to her general charm were added a dainty foot and slender ankle, a complexion dazzlingly fair, with just sufficient warmth to suggest the bloom of the ripening peach, teeth pearly and regular, and a mass of golden hair crowning an oval face, it was little wonder that, as Terry afterwards expressed it, " When she looked at me I didn't know whether I was standin' on me head or me heels."

" Wisha, what in the name of goodness dhrove you thravelling this cruel, frosty night, miss, when all the rest of the world is at home taking their tumbler of punch, or mixing their plum-puddens for to-morrow ? "

" Well, Terry," said the lady, " I am returning from a visit to Waterford, and my father has arranged to meet me in Clonmel to-night."

" And may I make so bould, miss, to ask who he is ? for there's not a man, woman, or child in these parts that I don't know, and that doesn't know Terry Tracy, for the matter of that."

" He is Mr. Fenton, of Limerick," she said.

" Arrah, is it ould Toby—oh, forgimme, miss !—is it Misther Toby Fenton, the banker, you mane ? "

" Yes," she replied; " do you know him ? "

Terry did not answer for a moment, but, advancing from the table, from which he had been brushing invisible crumbs, he stood in front of her chair.

" Be me song, miss," said he, " you must be the great beauty of a daughter I was tould he had, and them that tould me that were no liards ! "

The hearty emphasis with which he spoke threw the fair guest of the Great Globe into a ringing fit of laughter, which, when it subsided, left a mantling blush on cheek and forehead, which told only too well how the genuine compliment had gone home.

" And now, miss, I suppose you'll be waiting up till your father comes ? "

" Oh yes, I couldn't rest until I have seen him arrive safely."

" In that case, take this arm-chair. I'll put it at wan side of the fireplace, and this screen will keep you safe from the draughts, for to be sure 'tis a bitther night even in a comfortable coffee-room like this."

So saying, he placed a large folding-screen behind the chair, and when the lady had seated herself, nobody entering the coffee-room would have suspected her presence.

Terry, having heaped fresh turf on the fire, now took his departure, and for some time Miss Mary Fenton sat watching the embers with a pensive face. The long drive had fatigued her, and the comfort of the arm-chair was so grateful by contrast with the constrained position she had endured in the chaise, that gradually the fair head began to nod, and the heavily-fringed eyelids to droop for longer and longer intervals, until finally she fell fast asleep.

Terry must either have left the hall door ajar, or some other hand must have again drawn the bolts, for the

two travellers who now entered the coffee-room had arrived unseen by him. One tall and manly, with the bearing of a gentleman; the other short, square-built, and evidently of great strength, they both came some way into the large room, and began to divest themselves of their cloaks. This done, the taller of the two, having carefully closed the door, turned to his companion.

"Murty, I don't know whether to bless or curse you for what you have put into my head to-night."

"Yerra, what about it, Master Gerald; sure, 'tis the only way; and if it comes to the worst, you know I'll take the blame, and save your good name at all events. For God knows I'd die for you or for any of the family."

"I know that, Murty, but I sometimes think the wisest course would be to tell my father all, and trust to his forgiveness."

"You'll not get it," said Murty, with conviction. "Didn't he say if you ever touched a card again that he'd show you the door, and didn't you swear to him you'd never gamble again during his lifetime? He's a good man, if he's a hard man, the same Mister Blunt, but he's a holy terror for keepin' his word. It was Major Harris's fault from first to last. When he had you plied with wine, he dared you to be a man, and use a man's freedom. And that's how you owe him the three hundred which you tell me must be paid before noon to-morrow, or you'll be posted at the County Club as a defaulter."

"True, true, Murty," said the other grimly, with tightening lips, "it is ruin whichever way I turn. But hateful as it would be for me to leave the old man at home in bitterness, or for my dishonour to be published to the world, I'd face either alternative with a stouter heart than the part I am to enact to-night—and by your advice too."

The last words were said half savagely to Murty, and it was evident that the speaker was deeply moved.

"And what's a few hundhred sovereigns to ould Toby Fenton anyway," rejoined Murty.

It was well that both speakers were too deeply engrossed to notice the quivering of the large screen near the fire as the occupant of the arm-chair, aroused by the sound of voices, started on hearing her father's name.

"Well," said Gerald sadly, "what must be must be. God help me, there is no other resource; but mark me, Murty!—by the love my foster-mother bore us, if you do but the least violence to this old man, who never harmed me, and whom I'm about to rob like a common thief—so help me Heaven! I'll never see your face again the longest day I live."

"See to the horses," he continued, in a calmer tone, "while I order supper, for by twelve we must be on the road."

He took his hat and left the room, leaving Murty to follow.

"Masther Gerald," he muttered, loud enough to be heard behind the screen, "I'd die gladly for you on the gallows, and I won't get you into more throuble than I can help, but if ould Fenton as much as lifts a pistol to you—and he has plenty of pluck by all accounts, ould and all as he is—that shot will be his last."

The door closed behind Murty, and Mary Fenton stood trembling with her back to the fire, with her hands tightly clasped over her heart.

In a moment her resolve was taken. She quickly folded the screen and placed it in its old position against the wall. Then by a door near the fireplace she noiselessly left the coffee-room. Once in her own apartment she ordered her maid to open her trunk, and proceeded

to change the travelling dress of tweed for a dark clinging costume of exquisite workmanship, cut low at the neck, and softened by masses of the lace for which at that time her native city was unrivalled.

. . . . . .

Gerald Blunt and his foster-brother had been seated for some time at supper in silence when the former at last spoke.

" 'Tis past eleven, Murty, and the roads are frozen so hard that you'll have to get the horses' shoes cocked. Take them to the smith in Anglesea Street, and have it done as speedily as possible, for we must be at Barne Cross by half-past twelve at the latest. I'll wait here till you return."

When Murty had gone, Gerald threw himself into the arm-chair by the fire and gave himself up to gloomy meditation. How he hated the work in which he found himself engaged might be inferred from the pained and contracted expression of his features. How long he had sat thus he did not know, when he was suddenly brought to his feet by a vision of loveliness such as he had never encountered even in dreams. Mary Fenton stood looking at him with a hand resting on the back of a chair as if for support, and with the other held against her side as though to still the beating of an anxious heart. Blunt began to think he must be dreaming, but the sound of a soft voice recalled him to himself.

" I beg you will pardon me, sir, for my intrusion, but when you have heard my motive for addressing you I shall be acquitted of being over bold."

" Madame," said Gerald unsteadily—for the unexpected sight of her beauty had shaken him strangely —" Madame, I pray you to command my services."

" I am a stranger here," she went on, " and in grievous

anxiety for the safety of my dear father. He travels hither to-night to meet me, and I expect him every hour. But these are wild and troubled times, and though I am little given to idle fears, something tells me that to-night he is in peril. It may be only fancy"—here she gave a pitiful little mirthless laugh—"but truly, sir, I fear for him, I know not why."

Blunt took his cloak and pistols from a chair, and hat in hand turned towards Mary.

"You have but to tell me by what road he travels, and I shall answer for his safety from the moment we meet."

"I know not how to thank you, sir, but when my father hears what you have done at the request of a stranger, he will do so heartily. He comes from Limerick, and, though it may be indiscreet for me to trust you wholly, I believe you too true a gentleman for me to hesitate. He is Mr. Fenton, the banker, and brings a large sum of gold to his branch in Clonmel, and in that lies his danger on the road. Good-bye, and God-speed!"

She gave him her hand, and took no heed of the start, which he could not control, on hearing that his intended victim was the very man to whom he was now bound to afford safe escort. He held her hand in his for a moment, and then, bowing deeply, departed without a word.

II

The clock at the Main Guard was striking midnight as two riders put their horses to a gallop which soon placed West Gate and Irishtown behind them. They were now on the broad Caher Road, and half-an-hour

had not gone by before they drew rein at Barne Cross to await the coming of the Limerick coach. Gerald Blunt sat on his horse in silence, and Murty's efforts at conversation met with few and short responses.

"Murty," said Gerald at last, "I have your promise that no harm is to come to this old gentleman. I tell you now that I have changed my mind about this business."

"Shure, you're not going to renege now, when 'tis as good as done?"

"Not a penny of his will I touch, and since I came to this resolution I have had my first happy moments for days."

"Think of the ruin and disgrace that's before you if the debt of honour isn't paid."

"I have incurred a heavier debt of honour this night, and it will be paid in full."

"And what are we here for so," said Murty testily, "when we could be in our warm beds, instead of freezing to the marrow for the fun of the thing?"

"I am here for the purpose of seeing Mr. Fenton and his money safely to the Globe. Be silent, I bid you, for Heaven knows I'm in little humour for talking."

The distant tramp of horses on the frost-bound road could now be heard, then the jingle of harness, and the cries of the postillion, encouraging his tired cattle. The two horsemen moved out to the middle of the road, and Murty, in a loud tone, called upon the postillion to stand. The coach was stopped on the instant, and the window at one side lowered with a bang. The sole passenger, putting out his head, demanded the cause of the stoppage, and at the same time presented a pistol at one of the horsemen, who rode leisurely towards the coach.

" Who are you, sir, and what do you mean by this conduct ? "

" I hope," said Gerald Blunt laughingly, as he raised his hat, " I hope you don't think it is Mr. Michael Freney who desires an interview."

" I'm not so sure that it is not, young gentleman ; they say the scoundrel has most polished manners. But for fear of any mistake I'll just keep you covered with this pistol till we are better acquainted."

Gerald now explained that, happening to be a guest at the hotel, he had been addressed by a lady in some distress as to her father's safety. Thinking to relieve her fears, he had offered his services as an escort, which, he was proud to say, had been accepted.

" My daughter. It must be Mary herself," said old Fenton, throwing his pistol into the coach. " Sir, accept my apology and thanks combined. Come, take a seat beside me ; your fellow can lead your horse. Of course you'll be my guest at supper, and I certainly will not tell Mary how near I was to putting an ounce of slugs into a benefactor."

The coach now resumed its journey, and without further adventure drew up at the door of the Great Globe.

Miss Fenton was standing near the door of the coffee-room, when an alert, rosy-faced gentleman of some sixty years of age entered and clasped her in his arms. " Father " and " Mary " were the only words spoken for some moments.

" Here I am, Mary dear, safe and sound, and with the gold intact," said Toby Fenton when the first greeting was over.

" But where have you left it, father ? " she inquired, knowing how jealously he kept the box under his own eye when travelling.

"I gave it in charge to the gentleman you sent to meet me—a fine fellow, and trustworthy, I'll warrant him."

Mary's face went white. What if her faith had been misplaced, and if, while her father had been safely delivered to her, the gold should not share his security!

The door again opened, and her doubts were dispelled. Gerald and Murty between them bore a heavy iron-bound box, which they laid upon a side table. The expression of regret on Murty's face as he left the room, never till the last instant taking his eyes off the box, was seen only by Mary. As he was about to close the door his glance met hers, and a smile softened his rugged features.

"What a fool I was to be sure," he said to himself, "to be bothering my brains for the reason of this sudden change in the Masther. Now I know, and be herrins I don't blame him."

Mary now turned to Gerald with a bright and smiling face, and gave him her hand.

"I will not try to thank you," she said. "You have made me very happy."

"I am amply repaid," said Gerald simply, but the flash of his dark eyes told Mary that no task imposed by her would be deemed too heavy.

"And now for supper," said Toby Fenton, "for I see Mary has all ready for us. Hello, Terry, is that yourself? Getting younger and younger every day. You'll have to be shot in the end, you old vagabone; but I'll save you if you tell me the secret of perpetual youth. Help Mr. Blunt, my dear; we introduced ourselves on the road. Well, well, it is strange to think of spending our Christmas in a hotel, but if you'll only add the favour of your company, Mr. Blunt, we shall pass it merrily enough."

After supper Blunt retired, leaving father and daughter to talk for some time of their own affairs. The old man questioned Mary as to her unusual anxiety on his account, whereupon she recounted the conversation between Gerald and Murty which she had overheard behind the shelter of the screen.

"Ah, slyboots, and it was to save me you prevailed on him to abandon his wild scheme."

"To save you certainly, daddy; but to save him too, and I thought also that perhaps with your help it may be easily accomplished."

Toby pondered deeply over her words, and at last rose to bid her good-night.

"Mary, I must sleep on this. He has taken my fancy, and from all you tell me I believe some higher Power has watched over him this night. Kiss me, my dear, and do not rise too early in the morning."

She kissed him fondly, and went to her room with a strange feeling of gladness singing in her heart.

Next morning before breakfast Fenton and Blunt were talking in a recess of one of the large windows which looked out upon Bagwell Street. Gradually the old man had turned the conversation to Gerald's prospects, and drawn from him his history—that of a younger son of a local gentleman, whose property was unable to bear the burden of settlements and mortgages which had only grown with time, with little hope except from emigration to one of the new colonies, then in their infancy.

"Did you never think of banking?" asked Toby.

"I have thought of it," said Gerald, "but—well, credit is required above all else in that calling, and by to-morrow——"

He broke off abruptly. It struck him suddenly that any explanation of his difficulties would seem an appeal

for help in discharge of the trifling service he had rendered, and so he was silent.

"My lad," said the old man, "my lad, bear with me while I tell you an incident of my early days. Like you, I was young, and though you might not think it to look at me now, few men were harder at the bottle, and none as ardent at the card-table as myself. To shorten the story, I plunged beyond my depth, always buoyed with the hope that the next throw of the dice would be in my favour. My father, who was then head of our bank, was kind and indulgent to all my faults, but he drew the line at gambling. And when he took the trouble to draw a line, there was no getting over it. At the time I speak of I fell in love with Mary's poor mother, when suddenly, after an unusually heavy night's play, I found myself in debt for over a thousand pounds. Payment by me was out of the question. My father would pay of course, but he would turn me sternly from his door, even if it broke his heart to do so. To crown all, the girl I loved would be lost to me, owing to my mad and reckless conduct. I don't know how the matter leaked out, but next day, as I was deliberating in my own room whether it would not be the best ending of the situation to blow out my brains, a very old gentleman, whom I knew but slightly—a Quaker merchant of Limerick—called upon me.

"'Friend,' said he, 'I would see thee alone.'

"'We are quite private here, sir,' I replied, wondering what could be the cause of his visit.

"'I know thy father all his life,' he continued, 'and I have ever found him a just man. He once did me a great service which I have never been able to repay. I could not repay it even now if he should have knowledge of it, for he hath his own pride. So I have waited

for years in the hope that before I die I could discharge this obligation.'

" ' Well, sir,' I said, having forgotten my own troubles for the moment, ' I fail to see how I can help you to do so.'

" ' Friend Tobias,' he said, laying his hand upon my knee, ' is it true thou hast lost a larger sum at cards than thou canst pay ? If so,' he went on quickly, ' I will advance the money, and thou canst pay my heirs if in years to come thou shouldst prosper, as I hope thou wilt. Nay, do not thank me—as I said, I am but repaying a debt myself—name the sum, and it is thine.'

" I thanked him as well as I could, and, I'm proud to say, I paid him back every penny in his own lifetime, and I never kneel at my prayers, that I don't ask God to reward him for saving me from worse than death.

" From that day I took a vow that should it ever be in my power to save a young and deserving lad, who had got into trouble more through the high and reckless spirit of youth than otherwise, that I would help him if I could."

He put his hand on Gerald's shoulder.

" Come, boy, tell me all, and if you are in trouble I will treat you as if you were my own dear son."

A few broken words, a hand-clasp, and all was settled. It was arranged that Gerald was to enter Fenton's bank with excellent prospects, and that the debt of honour would be cancelled before many hours should pass.

And so it was as pleasant a Christmas, after all, as any of the guests of the Great Globe had ever spent.

On St. Stephen's Day the coach for Limerick held four " insides," two gentlemen, a lady and her maid,

and as the younger of the gentlemen handed the lady down the hotel steps, Terry Tracy was there to give them his blessing.

"I'll wager you a tenpenny piece," he said to the cook, who was standing near, "that they'll be married before Easther."

"'Tis just like you to bet on a certainty, Terry," retorted Mrs. Mary Anne Brannigan acidly.

C. J. Boland.

ARRAH, KATHLEEN, AGRA

Arrah, Kathleen, agra, will you kill me or cure me?
Will you lave me disheartened or fill me with joy?
Your charms at laist are enough to allure me,
But why are you thinkin' of biddin' good-bye?
Already you know every inch of the farm,
Already I've pledged my devotion to thee,
Then, where is the use in creatin' alarm?
Sure you wouldn't forsake me, acushla machree.

Arrah, Kathleen, agra, notwithstandin' its splendour,
There's plenty of grief in America, too;
Besides, for a colleen so beauteous and tender
Bedad, you'd be safer in sweet Garryrue.
Thus, darlin', achorra, alanna ma sthoreen,
Just say that you'll cling to ould Ireland an' me;
An' there won't be your equal in cabin or boreen,
Believe what I tell you, acushla machree.

Patrick O'H. Peters.

THE CARRICK DOG

It was a Sunday morning in June, just about the time that the Clonmel Friary bell and the bells of the Big Church were booming in friendly rivalry. The Suir was at low water, and business slack on the river in consequence, which accounted for the number of lighters moored abreast out into mid-stream. On the deck of a boat beside the Quay sat Jack Flaher, skipper of the *Gwendoline*, plying in corn, coal, stout, and timber between Clonmel and Waterford. Rubicund and clean-shaven, he wore the traditional Sunday uniform of the Clonmel mercantile marine—pilot blue clothes, a white shirt, unadorned with collar or tie, and a soft "County Waterford" hat. At his feet, with brown eyes blinking in the sunlight, lay a terrier dog—wheaten, wire-haired, and with that tight-skinned look that proclaims the pink of condition.

To look at that dog was to think instantly of combat. He had fight written all over him from his black snout to the tip of his short-docked tail. When you saw him you felt pretty much as a citizen of Seville when he beholds a ferocious bull. He whistles the Torreador chorus from *Carmen*, and in his mind's eye sees the beast frantic from the javelins of the picadors. So Jack Flaher's terrier bred in you the un-Christian desire that another terrier of the same size and weight, and of which you were by no means the owner, might appear on the scene. Fur would fly, but there was no

doubt of the result, for even in the laziest attitude of a yawnful bask that dog wore an unmistakable air of conquest.

Just then a man from the Kerry Road came along the Quay, and hailed Jack in passing.

"Morrow, Jack," said the Kerry Road man.

"Morrow," replied Jack, who was a man of few words when sober.

"Is that a good dog you have there?" inquired the other with acute interest, for the Kerry Road enjoys a certain fame for a particular breed of fighting terriers.

"He's a Carrick dog," said Jack, and the Kerry Road man went on his way with the air of one who had received copious information.

A Carrick dog! Those who knew him best say that he begins his career of battle when he is nine days old. He would start earlier if he could see. The expression of his eyes from the moment they open bids defiance to the canine world. It is said that he will leave no dog alive within a mile of him, except those of his own race. Like Lord Nelson, fear is unknown to him. That hero lost an eye in war. The Carrick dog has generally shed an ear in the course of his encounters. It is regrettable that cannibalism has been alleged against him, and he is credited with regarding a Clonmel dog as a curiously succulent morsel. No wise Clonmel man will allow his faithful dog to bear him company through the streets of Carrick; he may enter New Street with it at his heels, but he will emerge from New Street alone and unattended. His dog will have vanished, but each local terrier within view will wear the shamefaced aspect of a glutton.

The origin of this celebrated dog seems lost in antiquity. Just as the Connemara pony is said to have been introduced into Ireland by one Andy Lucey—

perhaps because he has been traced geographically to Andalusia—and as the best Galway horses are directly descended from "Heaphy's ould mare," there is little doubt that the earliest owners of the Carrick dog were the Donnellys of Cook Lane. Of course the world knows, or ought to know, that Cook Lane is justly celebrated for its brogues. There was a time when men spoke of buying a pair of "Donnellys," much as our grandfathers spoke of their "Wellingtons" and "Bluchers." But Cook Lane's chief claim to celebrity is that it was the early home of the primitive and pristine breed of Carrick dogs.

When bull-baiting was a supreme sport on Carrick Green the man who caught a badger in the Comeraghs saved him up for the fair of Glin, when dogs from "all parts" competed for the honour of drawing the varmint. Victory was ever on the banners of Carrick—my informant was a Carrick man, and he should know—and the dog that won laurels for the little town was as well known afterwards as the bellman, and an honoured guest at every butcher's stall. They say that the shibboleth of "Carrick, I dread you" in part owes its origin to the prowess of the local breed of terriers. We may be sure that when the Carrick men entered the lists against all comers, which was confined to every possible occasion, the Carrick dog was not far off, and did a dog's part to make the name of his native town a terror from Kilsheelan to Portlaw.

There is an instance on record, of which a Carrick dog is the hero, which sadly bears out the truth that they who live by the sword shall perish by the sword. The best fighting dog which Carrick ever produced—and that is saying a great deal—after a long lifetime of battles in which he had been constantly victorious, happened one day to accompany his owner to a saw-

mill. It was dinner hour, and the machinery had ceased working. But when two o'clock struck, and the nearest circular saw began to revolve with a shriek, the Carrick dog took it for a challenge, and, true to the instincts of his race, went for it. It was the shortest fight on record, only lasting one round, and a sympathetic spectator remarked that the owner was as much cut up as the dog.

There may be something in the belief that a Carrick dog on being transferred to other climes partakes of the nature of an exotic, and like transplanted shamrock grows to undue proportions. Perhaps it was this belief which led to Jim Tobin's accident on the occasion of his first visit to Dublin. Tempted by patriotism and cheap fares, Jim went up to town for what he called the Parnell "Anniversity," and having an hour to spare on Sunday morning he rambled into the Zoological Gardens. It was not long until he came to the lion house. The keepers had gone to an early dinner, and there were few visitors about. A fine young lion, about half grown, had recently been presented by her Majesty to the Gardens, and before his cage Jim stood rooted in amazement. "Be herrins!" he ejaculated, when he came to himself, "be herrins, that's a great dog." He approached the cage, and as the lion was leaning pensively against the bars Jim tickled him under the ear. The lion opened his eyes, and was so thunderstruck at the impudence of the Carrickman that he never moved. "Give us the paw, old fellow," said Jim, stretching his hand through the bars. The lion did not exactly give him the paw, but he took Jim's, at least three fingers of it. When I met him afterwards he was congratulating himself on never having learned to write, as he should have had his trouble all over again. But nothing could convince him that

the animal which had so unkindly rejected his overtures was not a gigantic Carrick dog.

I once had a narrow escape from becoming the owner of a Carrick dog. At one time I thought I should like to have one, but reflection on the unsuitability of a quiet suburban street in Dublin as a domicile for one of these terrible terriers convinced me to the contrary. In imagination I saw my post-box filled with writs for the slaughter of the priceless dogs of my neighbours, to say nothing of possible actions for trover arising out of fowl and flesh meats purloined from adjacent pantries. But while the desire of possession was upon me I incautiously wrote to a friend in Carrick—one well reputed and learned in the law—to procure for me the gamiest pup possible, and to send it to a certain train, by which I would be passing through Carrick on the first of the following month. Long before the appointed day I had forgotten all about this request, so when the train steamed into Carrick I was as ignorant as my fellow-passengers of the cause of an apparent tumult at the station. Just in front of my window a hardy-looking young fellow was holding, with much difficulty, a big bull terrier, with a touch of the mastiff in him, by a rope about ten feet long. The dog was making frantic efforts to escape, and every time he made a dash for liberty the crowd on the platform rushed helter-skelter in all directions. No business could be done. The guard stormed, the head-porter gave positive orders to Mickey to take the dog out of that to a place where I am quite sure dogs are not admitted; the policeman laughed, and the passengers enjoyed the scene from secure positions at the windows. "Yerra, how can I take him away?" said poor Micky, with the perspiration running down his face; "isn't he goin' by this thrain along with a gentleman?"

"Search for the gentleman," said the stationmaster to the porters.

That was enough for me. It was my dog. I had to act very quickly, or I should have this savage-looking beast for a travelling companion. I instantly closed the window, lay down on the seat, covered myself with a rug, and simulated deep and dreamless slumber. Nemesis, in the person of a porter, opened the door.

"We are after searchin' every carriage, sir," said he to the stationmaster, "but no one will take the dog. There is a gentleman in here, but he's asleep."

"It must be for him," said the guard. "Throw in the dog, Micky. We can't stay here all day. Go ahead."

I heard the thud of the dog's body on the floor; the door was slammed, the engine whistled, and we were off. I sat up and looked at the dog. He stood up, shook himself, and tried to get free from the rope. I took it from his neck, and he then looked intently at the closed window. The train was gathering speed. Divining his meaning, I lowered the window, and with one bound he shot out of my sight. I hastily looked to see if he were killed, but there he was on his feet, apparently unhurt, and when last I saw him he was tearing across a ploughed field in the direction of Carrick.

Strange as it may seem, it is not long since a sensation was created in military circles in the Punjaub command in India, all through the inextinguishable ferocity of two Carrick dogs. It came about in this way. Private Mulvey, a native of Carrick, being his captain's servant, and about to accompany his master to India, had gone home on furlough to see the old people before sailing for foreign parts. On his departure some friends

presented him with two dogs, Tim and Terry, of the most renowned warrior breed in Cook Lane. Private Mulvey, as a graceful act, in turn presented the animals to his master, who became the envy of the mess as the owner of two such game specimens. In course of time the regiment was lying at a station in the plains, with a name like Ballypore—a letter or two more, Private Mulvey said, and it would have been like home and Ballyporeen.

Now, the colonel of the regiment was feeling run down, but stuck to his post, and would not yield to the persuasion of his wife to apply for sick leave and go to the hills to recuperate. So, as is the manner of wives all the world over, she resolved to take the matter into her own hands As luck had it, the commander-in-chief was just then at the station on inspection, accompanied by his wife, who was an old schoolmate of the colonel's lady. So one morning the latter set out for the commander-in-chief's quarters to arrange matters diplomatically through the medium of her school-fellow. On her way she passed the bungalow of Mulvey's captain, and seeing him sitting in his verandah with his famous dogs at his feet, she asked if she might take them for a walk. The captain was delighted, and Tim and Terry, anxious for exercise and possible adventures, at once followed the lady. Now the commander-in-chief's wife had a most beautiful Persian cat. Need I say any more ? Tim and Terry came back covered with blood and fur, and the colonel did not go to the hills that season.

If you meet a man at Poulakerry who says to you, " I was here wan day," you know you are in for a picturesque fishing lie. But he is truth itself to the Carrick man who begins a story, " I hear tell of a dog wasn't." I was curious to know if the Carrick dog

lent himself easily to training and the acquisition of tricks, but when my informant began to tell me of a dog he knew that was taught to chew tobacco, to refuse meat on Fridays, and to whistle "Tatter Jack Walsh," I pursued my investigation no further.

It is on official record that when the muzzling order was first promulgated years ago, and exempted sporting dogs from the restriction, a public meeting in Carrick memorialised the Lord-Lieutenant on behalf of all the dogs in the township, claiming exemption on the ground that they were fighting dogs. But they were pained and surprised to find that dog-fighting was not considered sport in the cold shades of the Chief Secretary's office.

I fear that this article may be thought in certain quarters to be unduly favourable to the Carrick dog. It is sure to be read with indignation on the Kerry Road. I know a man there who is open to a challenge —his dog against the best dog in all Carrick. The dispute for superiority will probably never be settled, but, like a malicious injury claim at quarter sessions, is destined to remain a burning question.

C. J. Boland.

THE LIGHT OF A MUNSTER MOON

I'm thinkin' to-night of the days long fled—
The days when the cloud-capped hill [1]
Rang with the music of voices—dead,
But living in mem'ry still.
An' I hear the note of the speckled thrush
Ahide from the heat of noon,
But I'm waitin' the hour when the vale will hush
In the light of a Munster moon.

I'm thinkin' to-night of the days long fled,
The lasses and lads I knew
Long laid down in the lowly bed
That I know awaits me, too.
Oh! I'd give what's left of my wearied life
To hear the river croon
And "Tatter Jack Walsh" on an ould cracked fife—
In the light of a Munster moon.

R. G. Walshe.

[1] Slievenamon.

BLUE ANCHOR LANE

Let others tread the mountain height
To breathe Dungarvan air,
For me the town holds more delight,
And eloquence more rare
Than fading light on wind-kissed hill
When gemmed by vesper rain ;
Give me to wander sweet at will
Adown Blue Anchor Lane.

The Roaring Spring's benignant shade
May soothe this summer day,
The Mall its haughty trees parade,
They too must taste decay.
The Western Road may steps invite
To Patrick's holy fane—
Far livelier by day and night
Is old Blue Anchor Lane.

The Boulevards, the Rue Royale,
The pride of gay Paree,
And Rotten Row, the Strand, Pall Mall
Are envious of thee.
In summer Broadway's much too hot,
The Corso I disdain,
Thou'rt worth the concentrated lot,
Our own Blue Anchor Lane.

The siege days it remembers, when
The Main Guard sentinel
Challenged O'Neill's brave Ulstermen,
And answered "all was well,"
And it has watched the warriors wait
The onset—marked the strain;
The cries of victory at West Gate
Amazed Blue Anchor Lane.

I vow, like vestiges of old,
The Trojan or the Greek—
Of much equivalent in gold,
Thou'rt genuine antique.
Egyptian lamp, Etruscan vase,
For this my interest gain,
Their birth was in papyrus days,
Like thine, Blue Anchor Lane!

What if thou art neglected now,
A victim to decline!
I doff my hat to thee, and bow
To the glories that were thine,
When thou and Time were youthful,
And I'd like to say "*shin fain*,"
But I'm considered truthful,
And I can't, Blue Anchor Lane!

C. J. Boland.

RARE CLONMEL

Oh, sweet Clonmel! I now must leave thee,
To seek another home;
For years, perhaps for ever,
Afar from thee to roam.
I grieve to leave each field and wildwood—
'Tis hard to say farewell;
When far from thee, my home of childhood,
I'll think of thee, Clonmel.

The wilderness, where young folks stray,
To pass the Sabbath merry;
The gay-dressed boys all care defy,
And the fair ones never weary.
That place so dear to all our hearts—
I mean St. Patrick's Well;
Its church and tree in my dreams I'll see,
When afar from Rare Clonmel.

Its mountain walks, each grove and dell,
The Spa with waters pure,
The dear old Rock and crystal well,
Kissed by the silvery Suir;
There's Newtown, Anner, Marlfield,
Minella and Ragwell—
Oh! where on earth will you find a spot
To compare with our Clonmel?

When Cupid's arrows pierced our hearts,
By Anner banks we'd stray,
Where proud old Slievenamon looks down,
We'd pass each happy day ;
And, mingled with the river's croon
The wild bird's trillings swell ;
The tears will rise and dim my eyes,
At leaving Rare Clonmel.

Fill up your glasses now, my boys,
Drink to your native soil ;
May Heaven's hand protect our land
And bless the sons of toil.
Then soon may Erin's willing sons
Arise—and I foretell
That the first in the field and the last to yield
Will be the boys of Sweet Clonmel.

J. J. WALSHE.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

THERE'S a road, sir, from Clonmel
To the " Intake's " bubbling well
(Whose waters we, with lime-juice, often take).
From this road, sir, if you're wary,
You can look on half Tipp'rary,
Rock of Cashel, Two-Mile Bridge, and Castle Blake.

You can see the glist'ning Anner
Winding like a crystal banner
To the Suir, with barges sailing to the say,
If you'd care to dwell on death
An' the last great " want of breath,"
Sure the Cemet'ry is not so far away.

You can gaze upon the town,
Where wiseacre, quidnunc, clown
Live among the ruined remnants of its stores—
Where Boards' Committees sit
To air their brains and wit,
Whilst our people fly away to distant shores.

If on sporting you are keen,
Sure the Racecourse can be seen,
An' its broad fields, where T. K. holds well the fort,
An' the Horse Show grounds so neat,
All spread out at your feet,
An' Grove Wood in view to tell its tale of sport.

You can meet, an' hear some noise
From the Nire's fine strapping boys
An' the purty little colleens from the hills ;
You can breathe the sweet pure air
That is always lilting there,
An' say good-bye to *mixtures* an' to pills.

An' the gay beaux of the town—
All smirks and ne'er a frown—
Meet their sweethearts there (by accident, of course),
An' escort them for a walk,
An' about the weather talk,
Whilst often there's some " members of the Force."

An' ould ladies, too, go there—
'Tis *they* likes mountain air—
For to get young looks when youth is long since past,
An' the ould gents toddle up
If last night they " took a *sup*,"
An' the childre an' their nurses love the blast.

So whene'er you're downright seedy,
Of some tonic feeling needy,
An' can't go to health resorts, sir, *à la mode*,
Take some draughts of mountain breeze,
Soon your biliousness will cease,
Have Marienbad upon the Mountain Road.

D. J. Clancy.

THE RAGWELL TREE

WREATHE with ribands the Ragwell Tree,
Love-sick youth and maid;
Drink of the well whose waters swell
Beneath the hawthorn shade,
And wish that the love of young girl or boy—
Whichever the case may be—
May as faithfully twine as the hackneyed vine
Round our friend the old oak tree.

'Tis said that the rags which are flying like flags,
Where the fairies dance and caper,
Were first put there as a business affair by an enterprising draper.
But perish the thought, by cynics taught!
Materialists are stupid,
If they cannot see that the dear old tree
Is gathering clothes for Cupid.

While the cattle browse, what tender vows
By the well, with kisses sealed,
Since sagacious cattle but rarely tattle,
Are never to light revealed,
But the world would mock at the lovers' shock,
And the cruel heart would laugh,
If hidden could be at the root of the tree
An Edison phonograph.

While it can't be gainsaid, 'twould be powerful aid,
To the plaintiff in breach of promise—
May such appliance of modern science
Be far as the planets from us!
What tale could it tell overheard at the well
But the story that's always new—
An "I will" or "I won't" or a smothered "Ah, don't,"
Which is taken to mean "Ah, do."

Long flourish ye, old well and tree,
As the trysting-place of love;
May the branches bend under rags without end
And each year be an endless shrove;
But a word here in the maidens' ear—
The lovers and well may gush,
And the poets may sing, we have heard of a thing
Called a rag upon every bush.

C. J. Boland.

A REMARKABLE IRISH TRIAL

It was undoubtedly a very remarkable trial. From whatever point of view considered, it was calculated to attract and fix attention. The crime sent a thrill of horror through the country, it was so daring and so cold-blooded. The victim was a French gentleman, resident in Ireland, and noted as a man of kindly and charitable disposition; and the youth who was arraigned for the terrible deed most certainly had not the face of a murderer. On the contrary, his countenance was singularly mild and gentle in expression, and in his bearing he appeared retiring rather than aggressive.

The trial to which I allude was that of Thomas Halloran, for the murder of Gustave Thiebault, of Rockwell, on April 28, 1862. It commenced on Monday, June 23, 1862, in the court-house of Clonmel, the capital of the county of Tipperary. I have seen it frequently stated that a legal gentleman of high rank, being examined before some commission on the question of land tenure in Ireland, said that Tipperary, so far as it was concerned, had settled that matter with the rifle.

About the time of the murder of M. Thiebault the ancient and undying dispute between the owners and the occupiers of land burst out with all its old bitterness. The reply of the bullet on the one side, to the notice to quit on the other, was, for the hundredth time in our history, making men of all shades of opinion

hang their heads, and pray that God would send us some means of ending the unnatural strife.

In the beginning of 1862 one of these periodical waves of agrarian crime swept over Munster. A gentleman named Fitzgerald was walking with his young wife on a road in the county of Limerick, when two assassins accosted them, and, with terrible daring, slew him before her eyes. The body of an old man named McGuire was found fearfully mangled in a field near Carrick-on-Suir. The supposed cause for his murder was that he had taken a farm from which another man had been evicted. Colonel Knox, of Brittas Castle, in the county of Tipperary, was set upon as he was riding one day, by two men, and his life attempted.

In these circumstances, the Government determined to issue a Special Commission ; and it was before this tribunal the trial of which I write took place. It opened in the court-house at Clonmel on June 20, 1862. From that little space there, surrounded by iron bars, called the dock, hundreds of men went to their doom for having taken the law into their own hands, and wreaked on some landlord, or agent, or bailiff, what was called the wild justice of revenge. And now another act in the ever-recurring and apparently interminable tragedy was about to commence, and all the *dramatis personæ* were assembled, and ready, each one for his part.

The legal gentlemen who took prominent parts in this trial were at that day known in Ireland as men of very great ability. And when I mention their names it will be seen that the estimate of their countrymen was correct, for most of them have since placed themselves in the very front ranks of their profession in the kingdom ; and to-day some of them are of world-wide repute. The court consisted of Mr. Baron Deasy, subsequently Lord Justice of Appeal, and Mr. Justice

Fitzgerald, since raised to the peerage as Lord Fitzgerald, and now a member of the House of Lords. The prosecuting counsel were Mr. O'Hagan, Attorney-General, now Lord O'Hagan, and twice Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Mr. Lawson, Solicitor-General, the present distinguished judge of that name; and Mr. Serjeant Armstrong. The prisoner was defended by one of the ablest men at the Irish or any other bar, Mr. Francis McDonagh, assisted by, I think, a Mr. Johnson.

When the proceedings commenced the court was densely crowded. The popular mind was in a state of great excitement, and the sympathy of the crowd showed itself on the side of the prisoner. The crime was agrarian. It was another act in the long-drawn-out land war, and that was sufficient to enlist the masses in his favour. That this feeling did not arise from a wicked liking for crime was made very manifest during these days. Coming down in the van from the prison each morning with Halloran was another man awaiting trial also for murder. The charge against him was that he had poisoned his wife, and the loathing of the people for him and his crime was as marked as the lively sympathy they showed for Halloran. This man was subsequently found guilty and executed. The formation of the jury was closely watched. I was amongst the spectators, and, knowing nothing of the inner workings of the proceedings before me, I could not see beneath the surface. But, from the remarks in the crowd around, I could perceive that if there was strong feeling enlisted on the side of the prisoner, there were also feelings not friendly to him, but not so numerously represented. One of the throng, well dressed, and evidently moving in the upper circles, after surveying the jury, turned to a companion, and said—

"There could not be a better jury. They are all

county gentlemen—all, too, I think, in the commission of the peace."

The other side of the question was not long in coming. A rather tattered-looking agriculturist ejaculated for the benefit of all around—

"Oh! Wisha! May the Lord protect the poor boy! I know every man on the jury, and he is either a landlord or a magistrate."

And this was the state of affairs in the court-house. On one side there was satisfaction that the tribunal was composed of gentlemen of position and intelligence, who would know the value of evidence and whose verdict would be according to it. On the other, there was apprehension, doubt, distrust, that the men in the box, taken from the same class as the murdered man, would not require much pressure to induce them to send the peasant in the dock from where he stood to the scaffold. It was in such circumstances that the real business of the trial commenced.

The Attorney-General, Mr. O'Hagan, rose to state the case. From the rumours and anticipations for days before I was prepared to look on the proceedings as a desperate struggle on the part of the Crown to secure the conviction of the prisoner. I had accordingly pictured to myself the kind of men who would do such work with thoroughness, and the pictures I had called up were not by any means prepossessing. I looked, then, upon the face of this man with great curiosity. The wig, that peculiar and, to my eye, not graceful article of dress, made his appearance strange. But I could not help feeling that there was certainly nothing ferocious or bloodthirsty in the countenance of this principal character in the terrible tragedy on which the curtain had just been raised. On the contrary, the face to me spoke rather of calmness and benevolence than of any of those characteristics which tell of a bad

and malignant disposition. It was the face of a man calculated to make a most favourable first impression; and before he had commenced to speak all my preconceived notions had received a rude shock. He turned to the bench and to the jury, and in a subdued and solemn voice, but with none of that sepulchral solemnity which seems to tell the twelve men that their business is to send the prisoner to the grave, commenced his statement. After a few formal sentences he took his eyes from the jury, and, resting his elbow on the ledge of a bench behind him while he continued to toy with a piece of paper, went on to detail the facts which, the Crown held, connected the prisoner with the murder. The surprise which I had felt at his appearance was surpassed by my surprise at the calm and impartial dignity of his words. There was here no trace of partisan rancour. There was clearly no attempt to strain any one point against the unfortunate man in the dock. The facts were detailed so as to make a narrative that would abide in the mind. The brutal and cowardly character of the crime was made manifest, but there was no effort to raise prejudice against the prisoner on that account, unless the facts first brought the guilt home to him.

And now for the gist of this statement. The victim was a Frenchman, named Gustave Thiebault. He had a brother, Charles, for whom he acted as agent over some landed property, while he owned and managed some other land himself. He resided at Rockwell, in the South Riding of the county of Tipperary. He was found lying on the roadside murdered, not far from his residence, on the afternoon of April 28, 1862. A double-barrelled gun was lying under him with the stock smashed, and also a broken pitchfork, and his face and head had been mercilessly battered in. The gun was his own, and its two charges had been lodged

in his breast. These were the circumstances which first challenged the attention of the police. Following up his movements on the fatal day, and the facts surrounding him, it was found that he had left his home about noon, having taken a child by the hand some distance down the avenue, and there relinquished his little charge to the nurse. He carried a gun, and was accompanied by a ferocious dog. It did not appear clearly, but the inference left was that this dog was kept for purposes of protection, as Thiebault had been in receipt of some of those missives, terrible to Irish landlords, known as threatening letters. These had so disturbed his wife's peace that she insisted on his taking greater care in his movements ; and it was stated that he said jokingly, when he thought her solicitude for him was needless, " Me no fear. If I am killed, you get another husband."

As a precaution he was also occasionally accompanied by a herd named Connors. He was next seen standing on the side of a road, leaning on his gun, his back to the fence, in conversation with a man who was facing him resting on a pitchfork, and within a few feet of him. This view was had by a man named Woodlock, the leading witness for the prosecution, and his eyes, with the exception of those of the murderer, were the last which saw the unfortunate gentleman alive. Woodlock was taking a harrow which he had borrowed to its owner. He was seated on the side of a donkey-cart, and drove slowly up the hill past the two men. When he reached the summit he heard the report of a gun-shot, immediately followed by another, and, turning, he saw smoke rising from the spot on which the two men had been conversing. On this spot was found the dead body of M. Thiebault. He swore that Thomas Halloran was the man he saw leaning on the pitchfork. There was other evidence corroborative of the theory

put forward by the Crown, that the man in the dock was the murderer; but this was the backbone of their case, and, if it stood the test and went unshaken to the jury, few indeed would be the days of the young man looking out from the dock.

When the Attorney-General sat down, some formal evidence was gone into amid almost breathless silence. It was not the evidence now being given that occupied the minds of the audience, for they did not give much attention to it. Almost every man there was speculating on Woodlock—what manner of man he was; how would he give his evidence? would he hang Halloran? And, in the whispers of the country-people standing around, the opprobrious epithet *informer* was frequently hissed with vengeful venom. When at length the name of Woodlock was called, there was an impatient stir and a murmur. When footfalls were heard approaching, every neck was craned to get a view of this man, who was supposed to hold the balance of life and death. When he got on the witness-table, and stood out in full view before us, there was not much to be seen. He was a man over seventy years of age. His appearance was very shabby. He wore an ancient brownish-red wig. His coat was rusty-looking and very old, and his hat, which he, with great self-possession for a man of his opportunities, laid quietly down beside his chair, showed that its owner was walking one of the very humblest paths of life. Altogether his appearance was shady. His face was weather-beaten, and the flesh about his eyes was compressed and wrinkled, and gave him a shrewd and inquisitive look. Meeting him casually, and not under such trying circumstances, I have no doubt he would present the appearance of an intelligent man of his class. But the grave nature of his position gave him an anxious, suspicious aspect, which did not tell in his favour.

The Crown took him in hand very gingerly. He was treated with kindness and consideration. His answers were received with smiles, and as he went on he was made to feel at every step that he was putting the right foot forward. And so he was. His evidence was given clearly, consistently, and quietly. Every word of the opening statement, as far as it concerned him, was distinctly proved. As the examination slowly proceeded, I could not help imagining that this man had his hand on the prisoner's collar, and was dragging him along, surely and steadily, until he brought him to the corpse of his victim, and tied him to it—a spectacle for all men to see. He told his tale with deadly precision. He was driving on his donkey-cart. He saw two men in conversation by the side of the road, facing one another. One of them had his back to the fence, his face to the road. That man was M. Thiebault, whose mangled body was subsequently found there. Did he know the other man? Yes. Look round and tell us if you can see him. Standing up, and looking steadily at the dock, he pointed to the prisoner. Yes, there he is, Tom Halloran.

A groan went up from the body of the court. These words should certainly be Halloran's death-knell. What advantage was there now in prolonging the struggle? The law had marked its victim and should have him. How did the prisoner bear it? I looked at him, and when he took his eyes from the face of Woodlock he threw an earnest, appealing glance towards the bench on which his counsel sat. There, he evidently believed, was his only hope. For the rest, he appeared calm and smiling. Presently the direct examination closed, and it was now the time for the struggle.

Mr. McDonagh, the advocate for the prisoner, was smiling, and apparently joking with one of the Crown counsel. It seemed as if he did not feel that there was

any responsibility on him. As he rose he was still whispering in the ear of his friend; and, as he drew himself to his full height, they both indulged in a hearty chuckle. It almost sickened me to see such levity and indifference, while the creature in the dock, innocent or guilty, must be suffering something like the tortures of the regions below. This strange advocate seemed in no haste to commence. He turned over the leaves of his brief, made a few remarks in an undertone to his junior, and then gave what appeared to me to be a somewhat comical side-glance at the Crown counsel before referred to; who smiled, shook his head, and threw his eyes in the direction of the witness. All this passed rapidly, but my eyes and mind were fixed on this strange advocate.

His face was white and rather wrinkled, and it struck me that it would not be out of place on the shoulders of a graceful and fashionable old lady. His attitude and his action were so exceedingly graceful—studied, I thought—that they seemed finical. The wig concealed his head, so that I could not observe it; but the mouth and lips were a study, they were so flexible and mobile. As he stood there, a smile playing over his face, I thought him a man whose leading characteristic was humorous and very caustic sarcasm. Suddenly he shot a piercing glance at the witness, swayed slightly and gracefully from side to side, dangling his glasses, and then commenced. Soft as the smile of a mother, grateful as the cooing of a babe, were his first accents. Those who expected the lightning and the thunder were disappointed. Had Woodlock been his brother the tone could not be more bland or soothing. He asked some trivial questions of a formal nature, and before one minute had elapsed the look of anxiety and fear had left the face of the witness, and was succeeded by one rather easy and indifferent. As soon

as this stage was reached a change, rather slight though, abruptly came over the manner of the advocate. A harshness crept into his tone.

"Was there not an inquest in this case, Mr. Woodlock?"

The witness said there was, and that he had been examined at it. And then with portentous gravity, and an increasing harshness of tone—

"Does your evidence here to-day fairly represent what you told the coroner?"

The witness unhesitatingly said that it did.

Without notice—and I shall never forget the tone, harsh, grating, and scornful, while the whole appearance of the man changed, his head thrown a little forward, his shoulders slightly raised, his eyes fixed on the witness and scintillating like diamonds in the gaslight—the counsel called out, "Repeat that answer." And, before Woodlock could comprehend the change, he thundered at him, as if he were an already discredited witness, "Look at the jury, sir!"

Woodlock started, turned to the jury, and reluctantly repeated the answer. It was as if the whole court had been electrified. Here was a vital issue lying concealed until now, and as yet not disclosed. The interest that had been flagging was revived, and the idea that it was all over with the prisoner was shaken. Words could not describe the intense anxiety that awaited the evident crisis that was coming. Snatching up a paper, the barrister asked—

"Had you ever a doubt about the identity of the man you saw speaking to Thiebault?"

The answer came promptly, "No."

"Then," asked the counsel, "why did you say, when the coroner asked you if you knew the man, 'How could I know him when I never saw his face?'"

The witness denied ever having said such a thing.

With withering wrath came the denunciation and query—

"You contaminated perjurer, do you deny your own words?"

One can better imagine than describe the excitement that now took possession of the crowd. The attention of every individual in court was strained. There was a silence that no one would break, each was so eager to catch the slightest accent in a contest on which depended the life of a man.

The witness denied ever having used the words imputed to him. From the first he had never any doubt that Halloran was the man he saw speaking to Thiebault. Gradually, and under a terrible fire of questions, one branch, the main branch of the defence, developed itself. This was founded on the report of the proceedings at the inquest given in a local paper. According to this record, it would appear that Woodlock, on the first day of the inquest, not only did not name the prisoner Halloran as the murderer, but that he went farther, and intimated his inability to identify the man he saw in conversation with the Frenchman. A man named Connors, the herdsman before referred to as accompanying M. Thiebault for purposes of protection, was spoken of as possibly the person who did the desperate deed. The newspaper report gave it that Woodlock, when asked, on the first day of the inquest, if he was sure it was not Connors, rejoined, "How could I be sure?"

It was on this report the cross-examination first turned. Woodlock quickly recovered his self-possession, and became calm and cautious. All the experience and the ability pitted against him could not move him. He adhered to his present statement, that he never had a doubt as to the identity of Halloran with the man he saw on the roadside, and that he never

expressed any such doubt. But he admitted that on the first day of the inquiry before the coroner he was not in any way pressed for the name of the man, and that he did not then mention Halloran. But that on the next day, when the police had arrested Halloran and his two brothers, and produced them in court, he, without any hesitation, identified the youngest man, the present prisoner, as the man he saw in conversation with Thiebault. From this position he could not be moved. Nothing could change him. It mattered not to him what the paper contained or what any one stated. Halloran was the man. He said so now, he always said so. To the taunt that he was an informer he answered, Irish fashion, how could he be? And when asked why he could not, he explained simply that he was no participator in the crime. His evidence was not given in the hope of a reward. He had got nothing from the Crown, and had not stipulated for anything.

Such was the position, as far as his evidence was concerned, when an incident occurred which startled all and astounded some. On the jury was a gentleman named Southcote Mansergh, a man of property and a magistrate. Woodlock was being cross-examined as to his knowledge of Halloran's pursuits for some time before the murder, with the view of showing that he knew very little about him, and leaving the inference that his identification could not be relied on. It transpired that Halloran had been a militiaman, and that for purposes of duty and drill he should have been absent from home for some time. The witness was being severely questioned as to his knowledge of the prisoner's movements, when all attention was arrested by a gruff, stern voice from the jury. The voice came from Mr. Mansergh. The question came like a shot when the cross-examination was hottest. The prisoner's

counsel stood rigid for a second, and then blandly smiled approval at the juror. In a gruff, threatening voice, that reverberated through the court, the question was again flung at the witness. There did not appear to be much in it. The answer, Yes or No, would have slight effect on the issue, but the excitement was intense. There was electricity in the air, and the manner of the juror to the witness was hostile and contemptuous. Serjeant Armstrong, who was on duty for the Crown, jumped up. In an angry tone he protested against the question. It was unfair and illegal. Their lordships should not allow it. It did not arise from the direct examination. Before the judges could interpose, before the purport of the objection could be realised, there came the reply, thundering in defiant tones from the juror—

"I know that, but I believe it was the fact, and anything tending to acquit the prisoner I feel bound to put forward."

A roar of triumphant delight greeted the announcement. Despite the menacing appearance of the judges, and the frantic exertions of the police, the predominant feeling would have its way. Cheer after cheer set the order of the court at defiance, and Southcote Mansergh, juror and magistrate, divided popularity with Thomas Halloran, the prisoner at the bar. To this day the incident, and its effect on the trial, are recalled by those who heard the startling announcement. The cloud that a minute since was all dark and black now showed a streak of silver lining, and the prisoner had a friend on the jury. The judges by a glance, and a gentle bending of the head and shoulders, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows, indicated something to one another. There was hurried whispering in the ranks of the prosecution, and the prisoner's advocate now renewed his task like a giant refreshed. The word

from the jury had a depressing effect both on the witness and the Crown counsel, and when Woodlock left the table there was an impression that he was somewhat discredited.

Other witnesses were now produced to support the story told by Woodlock. Persons who had seen the prisoner on the day of the murder, at a distance from the scene of it, deposed to the colour and the texture of the clothes worn by him. A boy, who had heard the shots, saw a man of the prisoner's height, wearing such clothes as had been described, cross over a fence and go off through the fields, a few minutes after the firing. This boy indicated the direction in which the man went, and his statement was borne out by a gentleman who met the prisoner at a time and place which he could have reached, according to the theory of the Crown, after completing the crime.

And now for the motive. Why should this young man take the life of that foreign gentleman? And with such ferocious brutality, too? The prosecution had the answer, which, on hundreds of similar occasions, had been given to a like question in this very court-house. He had been evicted from his farm. The murdered man had evicted him and his family, and that, said the Crown, was the cause of the murder. No man could indicate any other ground for hostility to him, such deadly hostility, too, as could only be satisfied with his blood. And so the Crown left the case to the jury. It seemed complete enough.

"If they do not convict, they cannot acquit him," whispered a voice near me.

"Well, then, they won't convict him," said another voice, "for there is more than one man in that box afraid of getting a hole through his own skin."

This latter view I heard canvassed in many ways by persons speculating on what the verdict would be.

There were many, especially amongst the agricultural element, who attached no importance to any other aspect of the case, and who spoke as if, considered from this point, a verdict of guilty was out of the question.

Now came the time for the defence. It consisted of two branches. One was an assumption that the principal witness for the Crown was perjuring himself, and the other was an attempt to establish an *alibi*. The speech for the prisoner, by his wonderful advocate, was mainly devoted to the first part of the defence. His task was to make it, if he could, impossible for the jury to convict on the evidence of Woodlock; not because it was a case of mistaken identity; not because there was any doubt of his being where he stated he was on the day of the murder. It was admitted that he saw two men in converse, as described by him. It was admitted that he heard the shots and saw the smoke, and then saw the murderer cross over the fence and move away through the fields. But it was not only denied that Halloran was the man, but it was imputed that Woodlock, with fiendish malignity, selected him, for purposes of his own, as the easiest victim. There was against him what there was against no other. In his case was the terrible motive of eviction, a motive which had been sanctioned as sufficient by scores of convictions in like cases, and so Woodlock, like an old fox, with cruel cunning, selected him, and was now trying to walk over his dead body to affluence.

The speech for the defence was worthy of the man who delivered it. In matter and in manner it was perfect. It suited the occasion and the times and the temper of the people. With irresistible force and marvellous keenness it assailed the weak point of the prosecution. There was no incident, no matter how

trivial, which could bear a favourable construction for the prisoner, or help to throw discredit on the Crown witness, which was not seized at the proper time, and with dramatic effect, and placed before the jury in a light so bright and clear that mental vision should have altogether left the box if they failed to see. The voice was not pitched in a high key. The leading tone was one of scorn for the witness, and incredulity that he could, by possibility, be credited by a single individual. No doubt the sympathy of the majority of his hearers went with the orator. But even those who did not sympathise with his efforts were spell-bound by the magic effect of his earnestness and his genius. It was clear that there was no resource at his command which he would not use to keep the rope from the neck of the man whose life was now in his hands. The newspaper report of the proceedings at the inquest, in which, as before stated, Woodlock was represented as saying that he did not know the man who was speaking to the unfortunate Frenchman, was handled with startling power. The paper was the organ of the Conservative and landlord party in the district, the *Clonmel Chronicle*. The gentleman who made the report was well known and respected in the locality. Did he invent all this for the purpose of subsequently inconveniencing, in his effort to hang an innocent man, Woodlock, the contaminated perjurer they had seen writhing before them on the table? Could he know months ago what was to happen here to-day, and so, out of a spirit of pure malignity to this amiable instrument of the Crown, attribute to him words which placed him in his present pitiable predicament? Absurd assumption! The pressman went to the inquest to do his duty: he did it. He reported what was said, and there it was—*litera scripta manet*—and the Crown and all the force of the law would find

that no amount of swearing, even on the part of the scrupulous and model pet of the prosecution, Woodlock, would wipe out these letters, or remove their effect from the minds of the twelve gentlemen he had the honour to address. His was no special pleading to get off by an artifice a man whom all believed to be a murderer. He would, amongst other witnesses, produce the gentleman who made that report; and he would ask them, when he had given his evidence, and told them that Woodlock swore at the inquest that he did not know who the man was whom he saw speaking to Thiebault, he would ask them to place the oath of this gentleman at one side and the oath of Woodlock at the other, and then to put to themselves the question, Were they going to kill the young life there in the dock to gratify the malignity and the cupidity of a creature, whom he should again describe to them as a contaminated perjurer?

And so the battle raged, all the warriors giants. It was a truly remarkable combat. Each in turn carried captive the intelligence of the crowd.

I did not attach much importance to the evidence given in support of an *alibi*. It was not, I thought, proved that he could not have been at the scene of the murder when it was committed. But other evidence of vital import was given in his favour. The gentleman who reported the proceedings at the inquest deposed to the correctness of what appeared in his newspaper. He stated that the coroner asked Woodlock, when he came up to where the men were, whom did he find the second man to be; and that the witness answered, on his oath, he never saw his face. And he added, that when further pressed, and asked if he was not then perfectly sure that the second man on the road was not the herdsman, Michael Connors, he replied by asking what would make him perfectly sure.

As far as the swearing was concerned, the case may now be said to have closed, unless one of those surprises should happen which, at times, suddenly occur in courts of law, and make matters more or less favourable for the prisoner. All the evidence that the jury had to work upon had been laid before them; and, to my thinking, the whole case turned on the question, "Did they believe Woodlock?" If they did, then let doom be pronounced on the prisoner. If they did not, let him go forth a free man.

A gentleman without a beard or whiskers, with a rather heavy expression of countenance, and wearing wig and gown, now stood facing the jury, about to reply for the Crown. In his appearance there was nothing to indicate the possession of great intellectual power. From where I stood he seemed to me to have a somewhat dull look about the eyes. This look was subsequently explained, when he bent down so close to his papers as almost to touch them with his face. His sight was very short. This was the Solicitor-General, now Mr. Justice Lawson. Without delay he commenced. He had not gone far when it was clear that this was a man terribly in earnest, with a mind of rare vigour. He did not waste any time throwing *palaver* into the jury-box. He grasped the whole case; the weakness and the strength of every point of it, and to it, and it only, he addressed himself. He spoke to the reasoning faculty in the jury, and struggled long and hard to coerce them to the conclusion that there was only one logical deduction from the evidence, and that was, that the prisoner at the bar was the man who shed the Frenchman's blood. He boldly took up Woodlock's evidence, and proclaimed it the backbone of the case against the prisoner. There it stood, and let rational men examine it, and see if, in the main, it did not fulfil every requirement which, as business

men, would satisfy them in the ordinary concerns of life. Did any one deny that Woodlock was driving on that road at the time, and under the circumstances he stated? Did any one deny that Thiebault was murdered in the manner described? The whole place was friendly to the prisoner. Did he bring on the table a single individual able to satisfy the jury that he was elsewhere on the day and hour of the murder? Not one. And they were asked, under such circumstances, to say that the man in the dock was not guilty, because, forsooth, on some points the witness Woodlock was at variance with a newspaper report. And not only that, but they were asked to shut their eyes to the complete corroboration which every word spoken by the chief witness had received. And this corroboration came from witnesses of unimpeachable character. Was it denied that a man dressed exactly as it was shown the prisoner was dressed on that day, crossed over the fence immediately after committing the deed? That denial was not attempted. Where was the prisoner when this deed was being done? It was a matter of life or death to him. If he was elsewhere he could make some intelligible effort to show it; but he had not done so. And yet, in the face of the positive swearing of Woodlock, against whose character there was never, until the present trial, a bad word uttered, and in the face of the complete corroboration which his testimony had received, they were asked to say that this man was innocent. Granting, for argument sake, that he had at first hesitated to name the murderer, what did that convey to men who knew the state of affairs working in agrarian questions in this country? It simply showed that he was afraid to speak until he felt that the all-powerful arm of the law was around him, and then he boldly turned, and, as they saw him rise from that chair, and in the face

of all men, proclaim, pointing at the prisoner, that you, Tom Halloran, did the deed.

The speech was what might be called a terrific burst. There was no cessation from start to finish ; no hesitation, no stop. It was all plain, solid talk, directed with striking precision to the one point for which he contended, that, on the evidence, there was no escaping the conclusion that the murderer stood in the dock. It insisted on the Crown case ; it ridiculed the defence, and when, amidst breathless silence, the learned gentleman suddenly sat down, I felt that certainly he had gone straight for his man, and that, as he left the matter, there were ten chances to one he had him.

We were now approaching the end, getting into the calm, judicial time, when all contention is at an end, and the whole of the case is to be dealt with by the judge and the jury. Each one settled down as comfortably as he could, and awaited the closing scenes in painful anxiety. I shall never forget my position at the moment : I was leaning against the left-hand corner of the dock from the outside. Halloran, the prisoner, was leaning against the same corner from the inside ; two inches of space did not separate us, and I could not help realising the awful position in which this other human being now stood. On the bench there was a rustling, and a settling of books and papers, and presently was to come the cold intimation of opinion, so powerful with the jury, of such vital importance to the prisoner.

If ever a prisoner was in luck, it was this man Halloran. He was fortunate in his youth, and in the gentle and amiable appearance, which told so much in his favour. He was fortunate in his advocate, alive with energy and intellect, and now intoxicated with a strife in which he measured his strength, single-handed, against all the giants of the bar. He was

fortunate in the riotous sympathy for him, which could not be repressed, and which manifested its existence everywhere amongst the multitude ; and now the Crown lawyers, when the case had closed, placed a trump card in the hand of his advocate. With the permission of the bench, they called the coroner to contradict the version given by one of the witnesses for the defence of an occurrence at the inquest. The contradiction was given, and the wily advocate for the prisoner seemed not to heed what was going on, until a polite intimation from the judges conveyed that, if he wished, he could question the witness. Blandly he rose, and ignoring all minor points, whilst he clung with the tenacity of genius to his one chance, he quietly elicited from the witness that at the inquest he had asked Woodlock who was the man with Thiebault, and that Woodlock said he first thought it was Michael Connors, the herdsman. With a slight inclination to the jury, the counsel resumed his seat. The shot had told on the bench and with the bar ; but it yet remained for the groundlings to realise its importance. He was now asked if he wished to observe on the rebutting case. With a deprecating gesture he rose, conveying, as clearly as words could do, that he felt he was only wasting the time of the court and the jury ; but that, as it was a matter of duty, he would even still persist in showing, what was quite evident, that the man at the bar was innocent. He took the *Clonmel Chronicle* in his hand, and, when necessary, referred to it.

They all knew the coroner, a local gentleman of unimpeachable character. They had seen Woodlock, and they could estimate the manner of man he was. Woodlock swore that he never expressed a doubt as to the identity of the man he saw speaking to Thiebault ; and now the coroner comes up, and states on his oath —and he is a Crown witness as well as Woodlock—

that when he asked him who was the man with Thiebault, he said he at first thought it was Michael Connors. Where was the use now in talking more over this matter? As men of honour, jealous that justice should be done, he asked for no mercy, but he would like to know if there was a man on that jury who would hang a dog on the evidence of Woodlock. This was the last word for the prisoner.

And now we settled down to hear the judge. He was then Mr. Justice, he is now Lord, Fitzgerald. I looked very intently at him. He was a slight man; his features were small, and delicately formed. There was an air of quiet, observant repose about him. Calmness and keenness seemed to be his mental characteristics, and it was with great desire I waited for his words. What solution would he suggest of the contested question? Very quietly he took the jury into his confidence. Many minutes had not elapsed when it appeared as if they were all old friends, talking, in a business-like and gentlemanly way, over this deplorable occurrence—he expressing the minds of the others completely to their satisfaction. The expression of his face was very gentle, and there was constantly playing about his mouth a smile, which left the impression that, if he were forced to find fault, his sternest rebuke would take the form of chiding. Throughout this charge he appeared to me to hold a beam and scales in one hand; whilst with the other he picked up the particles of evidence *pro* and *con.*, and placed them in the balance. Everything was done with the greatest exactitude and neatness, and as stage after stage of the case was dealt with, it was clear what the judge's opinion was, and that the balance was preponderating more and more against the prisoner. Amidst breathless silence his words ceased, and the jury retired.

As minute after minute sped, each individual privileged with a place in court held his ground. I was still leaning against the bars of the dock. After a short absence the judges were on the bench, the jury stood in the box, the prisoner in his cage. I looked at him. His face or manner showed no trace of excitement, but, glancing at his hands, I saw they were tightened with vice-like grip around the rails, driving the blood away from the knuckles and fingers. Here was the only indication of the awful fear that must have consumed him. The jurors' names were being called over.

"Southcote Mansergh!" said the official; this was the gentleman who had previously expressed an interest in the prisoner.

"Here!" came from the box in a tone of gruff triumph.

There was a sudden start in the court, and then it seemed as if the roof would have been lifted off, such a wild cheer went up. The police, the sheriff, the judges were all paralysed. There was only one man in the court at that moment who was not sure what the verdict was, and that man was the prisoner. Unmoved he stood, with his desperate grip tightening round the bars, and his figure getting more rigid, waiting for the actual word. His sympathisers grasped each other by the hand, and paid no regard to the threat of the policeman, or the menace of the judge. Clear the court, indeed! what more was to be learned? But, until the last word was said, the prisoner was rigid.

"Not Guilty," said the foreman, and then it seemed to me that Halloran's knees lost their power, for he suddenly sank some inches, and, as suddenly grasping the bars, he stood smiling before the bench, the blood coming with a rush over his temples.

"Is there any other charge against the prisoner?" asked the judge.

"No, my lord," replied the Crown.

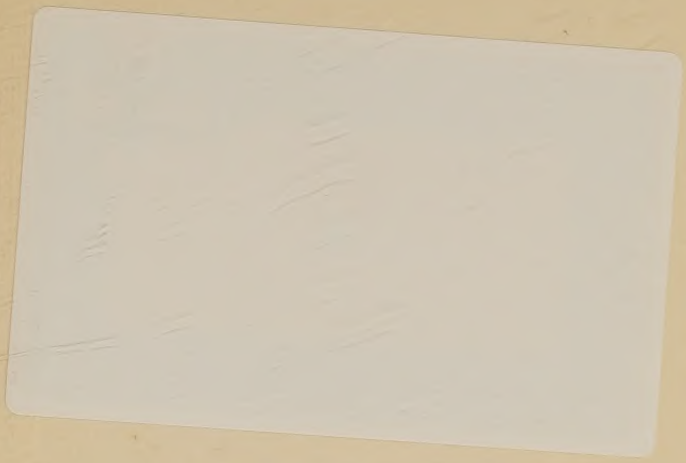
"Then discharge him," said his lordship.

A little door in front of the dock was opened, and out of the terrible trap, into freedom and sunshine, darted the man who had endured this terrible ordeal.

It was all over now save the shouting, and of that there was a great deal. Halloran was placed on a car, and borne through the town with green branches waving around him, and thousands cheering for joy that he had escaped. It was a wild scene.

Many words of genuine sympathy I heard uttered for the poor French gentleman, whose Irish experience was so lamentable.

It was all very extraordinary; and, to a stranger, inexplicable, unless on the ground that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark.

J. O'Donoghue.

THE END